

CONFERENCES

UPON

HOMŒOPATHY.

BY

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(OF NIMES,)

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

^{*} (*E, the special authorization of the Author*),

BY

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"L'Homœopathie ne consiste pas dans les globules, il n'y a que les ignorants qui disent cela"—L'AUTHEUR.

"Numquid lex nostra judicat hominem, nisi prius audierit ab ipso, et cognoverit quid faciat?"—JOHN vii. 51.

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TRANSLATORS' PREFACE.

LATE in the Autumn of 1856, a party of friends left England for a tour in Italy. When passing through the South of France, one of the travellers fell ill at Nimes, and during six weeks of painful and dangerous indisposition, was attended with great skill and care by the author of this work. Freed from the tedious convalescence generally attendant upon Allopathic treatment, the patient was enabled at the end of that period, to resume the journey without the slightest inconvenience, more than ever impressed with the value of Homœopathy, and grateful indeed to find in this remote city, so able a representative of the system.

In the numerous visits necessitated by the serious nature of the case, it was easy to perceive that the Doctor's attainments were both varied and profound. No matter on what topic the conversation might turn, his remarks showed so much thought and originality, that it was one day suggested to him, that he should at least

give to the world his ideas on Homœopathy. Professional engagements and want of time were pleaded as an excuse. "Write a book Doctor, and we will translate it into English," at last stopped the discussion, and seemed to leave an impression.

..... Eighteen months afterwards, when on their way home, the travellers were agreeably surprised to receive the first proof-sheets.

..... The present translation is a fulfilment of the promise.

In the autumn of 1858, the original work was given to the French public. It met with universal approbation, and from the scientific world the most unqualified praise. It has been extensively, and always favourably reviewed. From very long articles in some of the leading journals and periodicals, a few short extracts have been made, and are bound up with this volume.

To speak of the difficulties of the translation, is of course superfluous; in proportion to the power of thought and expression in the original, will be the hopelessness of doing justice either to the one or the other in a foreign

language. The discriminating reader will easily trace any peculiarities of style to their true source, for in many cases the translators have preferred giving a literal version, to weakening the originality of the author's illustrations.

The original is full of simile, metaphor, and poetic language; it displays in every page, the warm imagination and impetuous feeling of the Frenchman of the Midi—that sunny clime which nursed so many chivalrous poets, from which some of later date and greater reputation, have drunk their first inspirations. A man so imbued with the music and poetry of old Provence, could not treat, even a medical subject, with the cold and prosaic dryness of the schools, and this renders the present work very different from anything that has yet appeared on the subject of Homœopathy. To do justice to such a writer is simply impossible. The translators would gladly indulge the hope, that this version may be the means of inducing some to read the original.

No apology will be necessary for the use of many words, which Homœopathy has introduced into our language. To the learned, these and many other scientific terms, will present no difficulty; to the general reader, the abundant illustration will render them sufficiently obvious. Wherever it has been possible, the language has been simplified and made popular. Occa-

sionally, there have been some slight omissions and abbreviations, the author having given the translators full permission to exercise their judgment in all respects.

Though this translation^e has cost no small amount of time and labour, and has presented unusual difficulties, yet so great have been the benefits derived by the translators from Homœopathy, and so desirous are they that others should share^e in them, by becoming better acquainted with a doctrine whose real principles are so imperfectly known, that they can never regret what they have devoted to this object, and they gratefully dedicate this free-will offering to the friends and enemies of Homœopathy. .

H. E. W. & C. A. C. C.

Bayswater, London.

July 11, 1859.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE Translators of the "Conferences upon Homœopathy" are pleased to find, that a second edition has been called for, much sooner than they had ventured to hope. This affords the best proof that their efforts have not been unsuccessful, in endeavouring to make Homœopathy more known and appreciated, by presenting Dr. Granier's interesting work to the English public. They take this opportunity of thanking those professional gentlemen and other persons, from whom they have received so many encouraging and approving letters. The advocates of the system will learn with pleasure, that many individuals have been converted to Homœopathy from the perusal of the work.

The Translators are gratified to think, that the warm eulogiums of the foreign press on the original work, have been re-echoed by that of this country, and that no unfavourable notices have appeared; for they can scarcely

count as such, the personal abuse and clumsy criticism, so innocent of argument, that could only proceed from one well-known organ of the medical body, since such notices are ever ready, when a new book or doctrine is becoming dangerously convincing. It is not Homœopaths alone, who have learned to measure the importance of their labours, by the bitterness of certain opponents, who, forgetting to find faults in the work, prefer finding fault with the workers.

The whole has been carefully revised, and it is hoped the present edition will be free from many typographical errors that were unfortunately, to be found in the first.

June 1st, 1860.

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First Conference.

I DO NOT BELIEVE IN HOMŒOPATHY!

AMONG the words, which in every language serve to express thought, there are few more frequently employed than the verb *Believe*. Certainly, in the machinery of language, it is one of the parts most frequently in motion.

I believe. I do not believe.

Either in an affirmative or negative form, this verb is found in all conversations, all debates, and all discussions. Be it clothed in French or English, German or Spanish, Italian or Russian, it always carries its head high, walks with a proud, disdainful step, and assumes all the importance of academic dignity.

I believe I do not believe

Everyone says this—the pupil and the professor; the young and the old; the ignorant and the learned.

I believe I do not believe

It has been said everywhere, both in the market-place and at the bar; in the street and the senate; in the shop and the university.

In the palmy days of Greek philosophy, there was a celebrated school at Crotona, where none were admitted

FIRST CONFERENCE.

until they had passed through a long noviciate. Among other tests the disciples were expected to submit to a silence of several years, in order to acquire a perfect equilibrium of mind; and, in his addresses, Pythagoras often said, that the two words most easily uttered, *Yes* and *No*, required the most careful consideration. What prudence, wisdom, and reflection are necessary before we venture to make use of terms so absolute! What serious consequences are involved in an affirmative or negative, and yet how many suffer them to escape their lips with the most careless indifference!

Do you really know what is meant by believing . . . or not believing? Perhaps not. Listen.

To believe, or not to believe, in a philosophical point of view, and apart from the theological acceptation of the term, signifies to give or withhold one's approval, after having fully and seriously examined every new idea that bears the stamp of truth. Now, I ask, do you always form your opinion in this conscientious manner, before arriving at a decided conclusion?

When a new idea knocks at the door of your understanding, do you examine it before giving or refusing it admission?

When a discovery demands a right of domicile in the domain of truth, do you examine it before you give or refuse it a spot of earth, or a share of sunshine?

When a doctrine appears in the horizon of Therapeutics, do you examine it before giving or refusing it a place among the medical planets?

In short, have you thoroughly investigated all you deny or affirm?

I know not which is the most irrational of two persons—one of whom denies, and the other affirms something, of which they are ignorant—and yet, we must confess;

that little else is heard in the world but blind negatives and affirmatives.

You disbelieve Very well !

You have, then, so intimate a knowledge of the secrets of nature, that you consider yourself authorized to pass judgment upon all its phenomena !

You know intuitively all the mysteries of science, and venture to place the seal of your encyclopedical acumen on every fresh conception of human intelligence !

I do not believe in Homœopathy !

I have heard this said by all kinds of people.

First, by medical men, who know everything in medicine, *except* Homœopathy ; by the learned, who have studied everything, *except* Homœopathy ; by professors, who teach every subject, *except* Homœopathy.

I have heard Homœopathy denied by men whose whole education consisted in having occasionally passed before the walls of a college, and glanced over the pages of the periodical literature of the day. I have even heard Homœopathy denied by ladies, giving themselves all the airs of blue stockings, quoting at random the sayings of Labruyère, Pascal, and Montesquieu, and, in reality, not believing in anything—not even in a first cause.

You do not believe in Homœopathy !

Very well But I wish to know, and I have a right to demand, why you do not believe in it, for you ought to have reasons for your opinion. Let us calmly discuss the matter ; and will you endeavour to answer the following questions before pronouncing your judgment ?

What is Homœopathy ?

What is the radical and scientific meaning of the word ? What is understood by medical doctrine ? What

are its principles, and how are they to be examined and estimated?

Suppose this question answered:—What are the principles of the medical doctrine of Hahnemann?

Are you acquainted with,—Its physiology? its method of considering man with respect to his organization and rank, in the general classification of beings?—Its pathology? its manner of viewing health and disease?—Its therapeutics?—the general principle upon which turn all the elements of the doctrine?—Its *materia medica*? how the medicines are studied, examined, and administered by the Homœopathic school?

Well, now I ask, has your examination led you, I will not say into the depths, but only as far as the rudiments of this medical doctrine? .

Have you ever seen Homœopathy at work? Have you ever watched its effects, in private, dispensary, or hospital practice? for, permit me to observe, you will find it in all these places. Have you endeavoured to collect facts and verify its statistics?

No! Why then do you disbelieve it?

Homœopathy, though still young, has already produced a sufficient number of works, to form a valuable library on the subject; it has its periodicals, its disciples, and lecturers everywhere.

Have you studied these works? Have you ever read a single treatise on the doctrine with candid attention? Are you determined to discover whether it be true or false? Have you held the torch of investigation over the depths of its mysterious truths?

No! Why, then, do you disbelieve it?

These are, however, very important questions, and if you can answer them, I shall consider you have a right to say, *I do not believe in Homœopathy.*

If my reader is not in the profession, he will probably not have understood all these questions. I therefore propose to explain and develop them in these conferences, and he will then perhaps see the rashness of his blind opposition, and find out he was speaking of a thing he did not understand, like a deaf man who pretends to judge of one of the symphonies of Beethoven, or a blind one who endeavours to criticise the frescoes of Michael Angelo, and the Madonnas of Raphael.

I do not believe in Homœopathy ! •

There is not only one, but a great many ways of denying truth ; for instance, all false representations, whether made in good or bad faith, and others I have already hinted at ;—thus Homœopathy experiences the most varied and contradictory attacks.

Thus, some say there is no such thing, and that it may be compared to the Eldorado of the Spanish dreamer ; the mysteries of Isis ; the Arabian Nights ; or the philters and sorceries of Egypt. That its globules are lying grains (*grains de mensonge*) ; its prescriptions, clear water or white powder ; and its practitioners, jugglers, who are more or less clever in managing their patients and their — guineas. That its principles are most amusing delusions, its pretensions pure Quixotism, and that this little medical mouse was brought forth one day in the throes of a German reverie.

Homœopathy ! It is the system adopted by those who are always fancying themselves ill ; by the idle and the rich, who know not how to spend either their time or their money. It is the system for boudoirs and weak-minded women, who divide their life between globules and novels. Others pray listen say that Homœopathy is a system of poisons, and that the traces of its violent remèdes never disappear.

"Is it possible, sir, that you venture on Homœopathy? Are you aware that Homœopaths only use poisons? . . . such as mercury, belladonna, arsenic; and that the system never recovers the shock of its terrible medicines?"

Homœopathy then, can only be compared to the hydra of Lerna, that many-headed monster. One drop of its blood poisons a wound, and makes it incurable. The therapeutics of Hahnemann is more fatal than the robe of Dejanira, or the arrows of Philoctetes; and our age ought to bring forth another Hercules to deliver suffering humanity—more unfortunate than Argolis of old.

Others say: Homœopathy is the medicine of those reformers who are in love with every new idea—pretend to go along with the age—hasten the hatching of every scientific chrysalis, are ever ready to form a chain to turn tables, and to start off in Petin's balloon for a pleasure-trip from Paris to the moon.

Another: Homœopathy is too mysterious. I do not understand it—consequently, I do not believe it.

Again: Homœopathy does not suit my constitution, nerves, or habits; therefore I will not have anything to do with it.

Again: Homœopathy may be very well in certain diseases—perhaps in chronic affections, where time is not of so much importance; but in acute cases, which demand active treatment—an inflammation of the lungs, for instance—it is quite out of the question.

Another says: I dare undertake to swallow all the globules of a Homœopathic pharmacy.

Another: Homœopathy merely consists in a strict regimen. One must avoid certain scents, give up certain kinds of food, so that at last one is scarcely permitted either to eat or drink.

Again : Homœopathy consists in a single remedy—always a poison, administered in water or powder for every kind of disease.

Again : Homœopathy is the art of administering medicines in globules, or infinitely small doses.

Again : Homœopathy consists in curing one disease by the same disease ; for instance, you receive a blow : give yourself another in the same place, and you will be cured !

Again : Homœopathy has had its day : it died with its author.

Lastly : If Homœopathy be true, why is it not more popular, and adopted by the Academy and the Faculty, &c. &c. ?

In fact, who has not heard these contradictory hypotheses and these sarcastic criticisms discussed over and over again ?

Now, what is the cause of all this opposition ? The ignorance and prejudice of weak minds—the would-be geniuses, the wits, the men of system.

By whom is Homœopathy opposed—I do not say in a scientific manner, but in society, where calumny is the current coin ?

Principally by the ignorant—those who have never over-taxed their mental powers by hard study, and have never sprained a foot while labouring in the field of science—by those who have eyes and they see not, ears and they hear not, hearts and they feel not—by those who are ever ready to persecute every new-born truth—by those, in a word, whom we must forgive, for they know not what they say.

I confess, however, that when I have heard these observations, I have been scarcely able to restrain my indignation.

You do not believe in Homœopathy?

It matters little, for in spite of your reproaches and calumnies, it will go onwards in the path of medical progress; it will seek you everywhere, and find you everywhere—you, your children, and your grandchildren—not to pursue you with the sword of vengeance, but to load you with benefits. Its expansive power will triumph at last over the obstinate opposition of the schools, for the rays from the focus of its dynamism already shine from east to west.

Listen to this sublime strophe of an immortal poet :—

“ Le Nil a vu sur ses rivages
 Les noirs habitants des déserts,
 Insulter, par leurs cris sauvages,
 L'astre éclatant de l'univers.
 Cris impuissants, fureurs bizarres !
 Tandis que ces monstres barbares
 Poussaient d'insolentes clameurs,
 Le dieu poursuivant sa carrière,
 Versait des torrents de lumière
 Sur ses obscurs blasphémateurs !”

But if there be many things that you disbelieve without understanding them, there are still more which you as blindly believe. That would not be difficult to prove. Endeavour to fathom the secrets of nature, and you will, at each step of your search, stumble against a mystery.

For example : The air you breathe, in which you live, and which surrounds you on every side,—do you understand it? Can you measure its currents and variations? Do you feel the enormous weight that bears upon you without crushing you? If I told the most feeble and delicate person, that he has constantly a weight, of more than 31,000 pounds of air upon his shoulders, would he

credit it? Nevertheless, it is the case, and you cannot deny it.

Again : When I speak, each word strikes the air, and produces on this compound gas, an undulation similar to the circle made by a stone falling into still water. Now, this undulation expands, breaks, divides, enters into the auditory canal, and communicates my thoughts. Do you understand this?

You are at a concert ; the orchestra is composed of all kinds of instruments, and each has its peculiar tone. Obedient to the movement of the time, each note, flat or sharp, produced either by a larynx, a string, or a metallic tube, sounds, spreads, and presents itself under the form of a wave, to your ear. All the diatonic sounds and chromatic changes enter the ear simultaneously ; you hear all, yet distinguish the difference between them. Do you understand this?

The chemical and physical history of air also, shows us what have been the vagaries of human intellect, and its oscillations between error and truth. The ancients placed air in the number of the four elements ; and since Lavoisier, Humboldt, and Gay Lussac analysed it, it is found to be a gas composed of several others—oxygen and azote as the base and carbonic acid and carburetted hydrogen in variable quantities.

The ancients believed that water ascends in the cylinder of a pump because nature abhors a vacuum ; but since the experiments of Galileo and Torricelli, it is found to rise by atmospheric pressure, exercised upon the surface of the liquid contained in the reservoir.

Now let us turn our attention to the changes which have taken place in astronomical science. Until Copernicus and Galileo appeared, it was thought the sun turned round the earth, and that our little planet was

the centre of attraction to all the celestial spheres. Since then the tables are turned. The sun is tired with his journey of 6,000 years; he has gone to rest, and seated himself, like a proud sultan, in the centre of the heavens; all the planets, his odalisks, fascinated by his gaze, revolve round his throne by the power of an irresistible attraction, and dispute the favour of his rays.

Since then the motions of all the planets have been accurately calculated, and it is now proved that the earth turns upon its own axis as it revolves round the sun. The mean distance of the earth from that orb is nearly 95,000,000 miles; it has a rotatory motion at the equator of more than seventeen miles a second, and a progressive one of more than 1,100 miles: yet, what is all this compared to the motion of the sun? For when I told you it had gone to rest, it was but a metaphor.

Telescopic science has established the fact, that the sun also possesses the two motions of rotation and progression—for, strictly speaking, there are no fixed stars. He requires twenty-five days and a half to turn on his own axis; and it has been discovered that he travels with his seraglio of planets towards the constellation of Hercules, at the rate of at least 70,000 leagues a day. But although the distance of the sun from the earth is ascertained, as well as its motion, volume, &c., will it ever be known what is its nature, the cause of its spots, and, above all, the source of its light and heat? What mysteries!

Then compare the astronomy of the ancients with our present progress. Cleomenes, in the reign of Augustus, thought the sun was only a foot in diameter, yet Eudoxus had already estimated it at nine times that of the moon. Anaxagoras supposed the sun might be about the size of the Peloponnesus, and Zeno considered

it a little larger than the earth. Do not all these philosophers of antiquity resemble the shepherd of Mantua, who imagined Rome was no larger than his own hamlet?

“*Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibæe, putavi
Stultus ego, huic nostræ similem.*”

Would you have an approximate idea of the smallness of our planet, and the magnitude of the sun? Imagine one of those soap-bubbles which you have so often made in your childhood; blow one in imagination the size of the earth, continue to blow until this bubble of your fancy becomes a million and a half times larger, and then you will have a notion of the size of the sun. Our globe, which we ignorantly believed was the largest, is, after all, the smallest. Arago said one day in his astronomical lectures, that if the sun were put in one scale, there must be 335,000 globes the size of the earth put in the other, to make the balance even.

Humboldt makes this supposition: “The moon is upwards of 238,000 miles distant from the earth; if we were to place the earth in the centre of the sun, and make the moon turn round it, the moon’s orbit would be completely within that of the sun, and a considerable margin would remain;” so that our planet, compared to the sun, is but a speck; one little poppy seed compared to the head, which contains thousands of others.

How then are we to believe that this brilliant sun, which gives light and heat to the whole universe, is but a feeble lamp, a grain of sand compared to the stars? or, as astronomers tell us, that although light travels at the rate of 164,000 miles a second, there are nevertheless stars so remote from the earth, that their rays have never yet reached us? Fathomless abyss, whose fearful depths can never be sounded by the investigations of science!

Explain the mystery of planetary attraction ! Inquire of astronomy, she is silent ! The genius of a Newton remains dumb !

But if from the mystery of gravitation and universal harmony, we pass on to the phenomena of physiology, the domain of mystery would still further enlarge its borders.

Do you understand colour, odour, taste, and how, by means of the eye, the pituitary membrane, and the lingual papillæ, they reach the brain, and there produce their specific sensations ? Do you comprehend life, spirit, matter, the vital fluid, and the affinity of these elements ? Or digestion, circulation, the secretions, and the machinery of all your functions ?

How many mysteries there are which will for ever remain shrouded in profound silence ! Yes, every thing in nature is mysterious : thus the Egyptians wisely represented her under the image of a veiled female, to show she is impenetrable.

Casting a glance at the far-off past, and returning to the horizon of the present, is it not easy to perceive that many things never have been, and never will be understood ; many others were first obscure and afterwards seen clearly ; many rejected and afterwards received as true ? In all ages the footsteps of truth have ever been haunted by the phantom of unbelief. Discoveries have been repulsed by the blind opposition of ignorant prejudice, and inventors have all drunk of the same bitter cup.

Remember what was once said of the mariner's compass, printing, and other daughters of progress !

But we will permit the errors of antiquity to sleep on ; we have no need to disturb the traditions of the Chaldeans and Egyptians, the Greeks and Romans, not even those of the middle ages, or more modern times.

Think what was said only yesterday of steam-boats ! a chimera !—of railroads ! a delusion !—of the electric telegraph ! a utopian idea !—of photography ! a dream !—of galvanoplasty ! a lie ! &c., &c., &c. All these children of progress had well nigh been devoured by a scepticism, more cruel than old Saturn in the fable.

Yesterday you denied all these things ; to-day you believe them. Yesterday you said *No*, because everyone said *No* ; to-day you say *Yes*, because others do. The *Yes* of to-day no more proves your wisdom than the *No* of yesterday ; the mind remains in darkness !

Why then do you, that would pass for men of intelligence, and who pride yourselves in not believing what you do not understand, reject Homœopathy, and take for granted things far more mysterious and incomprehensible ? Are you not in danger of having the opinion of Pascal applied to you, "*The incredulous are the most credulous ; they believe in the miracles of Vespasian, that they may not believe in those of Moses.*"

When you see a white vapour rise from the kettle, you say, "That is steam." True ! but what is steam ? I do not ask the technical definition of this powerful element. Explain simply, how, under the influence of heat, the particles of water separate, pass from the liquid to the gaseous state, and acquire an irresistible power of expansion—a power which, in mechanics, supplies the labour of a thousand hands, and laughs at all opposing force.

When your portrait is taken by photography, a ray of sunshine steals the features and expression of your face, carries them through the focus of the daguerreotype, and that faithful pencil portrays, in a few seconds, a perfect likeness. Do you understand the mystery of this rapid operation ? Ask chemistry ; she is silent !

When your thought, carried by an electric spark, flies from Europe to Africa, and even from one hemisphere to another, as we shall soon see, do you not tremble as you bend over the gulf of such a mystery? Do you understand this wonderful process, the swift transmission of the spark, or the rapid decomposition of the electricities of the wire, the multiplied action and interruption of the current, and, above all, how soft iron is magnetised by the galvanic fluid?

I have often remarked that the hand of the telegraphic dial can register at least 25 letters in a second, that is, 25 interruptions of the current in one second. Now let your imagination travel through space; it will with one bound plunge into infinity; but in one second to make an imaginary journey from Paris to Marseilles for instance, 25 times, as the telegraph can do, is an experiment you will never be able to make. Do you not see that you give the lie to the impossible, when you can thus converse with a friend by means of a wire a thousand miles long, which serves as a speaking-trumpet to convey your thoughts into his very ear? Inquire of physics; you will receive no reply!

Why did you but yesterday disbelieve all these startling phenomena, and believe them to-day? The mind that then proudly denied, now humbly bows to facts it cannot understand. Perhaps even in this generation, splendid discoveries may yet be made, the possibility of whose existence will be received with the smile of incredulity! For instance, will the reign of gas and steam last for ever, and their universal application to arts and manufactures be the last effort of progress? Very soon, may we not see locomotives propelled by electro-magnetic force, and the gas-lamps that but dimly light our streets, be replaced by an incombustible substance placed

between the poles of a galvanic battery ; and this artificial sun make the alternation of day and night well nigh forgotten.

It is no longer reasonable to deny the possibility of these scientific and practical results : we might as well say, the Isthmus of Suez will never be cut through, that the two Americas will always be united by the Isthmus of Panama ; or that we shall never go, some of these days, from Dover to Calais by railroad.

There are just now two inventions, or rather two new modifications of the inventions already in use, which will wonderfully extend the horizon of science.

An electric machine is on the tapis, which, by means of the signs of a new language, will accurately report any sermon, speech, &c. Stenography was at one time thought a great step in advance, by the rapidity with which it followed public speaking ; but it is nothing compared to the *electrostat*, which may truly be called the daguerreotype of thought. Another photographic machine is spoken of, which is to represent, telegraphically, the living image of persons at a distance. Could a more brilliant ray stream from the focus of the *possible* ? And yet certain natural philosophers consider the *electrostat* and the *photostat* as exceedingly probable, since, even before their birth, these twins of progress have been baptized, and had their names inscribed in the register of science.

And this is not all ; could your vision penetrate into the distant future, how would you gaze with astonishment at the view of discoveries yet unmade ! discoveries that we cannot calculate, and of which we do not even dream !

What would Homer and Virgil say could they see the Iliad and the Æneid printed ? What would Alexander

and Cæsar think of our artillery, or Louis XIV. and Napoleon of railroads and the electric telegraph?

If the ancients were right in saying, "*Know before thou lovest*;" it is quite as true to say, "*Know before thou lovest not.*" St. Augustine said, "*It is better to incline towards doubt than assurance, in things difficult to prove and dangerous to believe.*" Solomon also says, "*He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him.*" Therefore, when any new idea is presented to your notice, suspend your judgment, until you have thoroughly investigated the subject.

One day M. Lordat, the illustrious physiologist of Montpellier, was asked, what he thought of Homœopathy? "I neither receive nor reject it," said he, "since I have not had time to study it; I have heard such contradictory opinions on the subject, from thinking and enlightened men, that I must reserve my judgment until I have a right to have an opinion: that is to say, *until I have submitted it to a careful examination*, especially as this doctrine has the approval of one of the most distinguished teachers, Monsieur D'Amador, Professor of Pathology and Therapeutics." You may venture to follow this example; and, when any one speaks of Homœopathy, instead of condemning and ridiculing so grave a subject, have the good sense to say, "I do not know anything about it."

Broussais, the fiery Broussais, who at one time spoke of Homœopathy as the greatest absurdity, and *unworthy of the least examination*, was shaken in his opposition by the force of truth, and exclaimed in one of his last lectures, before his numerous pupils, "I do not recognise in science anything but the authority of facts, and at present I am experimenting upon Homœopathy." These words were received with a general murmur of

incredulity; but the illustrious professor, striking his desk, repeated in a stronger and more indignant tone, "YES, I AM EXPERIMENTING UPON HOMŒOPATHY." This time the smile faded away from their lips.

I leave these two examples for your consideration.

But if Homœopathy be opposed by the prejudiced and denied by the ignorant, it is often but ill understood even by some of its warmest friends, who favour its progress with all the zeal of fervent proselytism.

Some imagine it only to consist in globules and infinitesimal doses. Now, I wish it to be distinctly understood, that our doctrine does not solely consist in this secondary principle. Leave this assertion for ignorant and infinitesimal minds. Others only see the principle of *similia similibus*, and make use of this lever to the neglect of all the other parts of the machine.

Truth is one, but it has many faces; and in order to know it well, we must become acquainted with all its aspects; for an erroneous opinion may do Homœopathy as much harm as blind denial.

In general, Homœopathy is not understood. It has been repeatedly said, both by its friends and enemies, that it is a very easy science. On the contrary, there is nothing more difficult. An intimate knowledge of its philosophy requires long and painful study; the practice of its principles demands all the powers of the most energetic mind; and this steep and arid path, so full of stumbling blocks, often discourages the most determined footstep. And yet in their simplicity, so many imagine they understand Homœopathy, though totally ignorant of it; others undertake to clear and cultivate this soil, but finding it ungrateful and sterile, give themselves up

to despair; their wearied and feeble hand drops the plough, and they slumber on the furrow.

Were Homœopathy known and understood, both by the public, which deny without knowing what they say, and the Academicians, who deny without knowing what they do, its steps would be less shackled in the field of practice, and in the road that leads to the Faculties. Its light would not so long remain under a bushel, and its reign would commence far more speedily.

This is the reason why I undertake these Conferences.

If you will follow me patiently to the end, I trust you will learn to know and love Homœopathy.

I will endeavour to explain what it is, and what it is not; unveil its various faces; take its machinery to pieces; and you shall be present at its birth, growth, and dissemination. I will submit all its principles to the most scrupulous analysis; separate the tares from the wheat, and pluck out the briars and thorns which may arrest your faltering steps. I will endeavour to answer all objections, and clear up all doubts.

As I wish to be understood by all, I shall be as simple as possible, and only introduce the elements of medical knowledge; dispense with the more scientific part of the argument, and banish from my language all the vain subtleties of the old school.

My aim will be, simplicity, clearness, and truth.

In bringing this first Conference to a close, I should wish to leave the same impression on the minds of my readers as is always left on mine, after reading the following lines in the "Apology" of the great Tertullian to the senators of Rome, in the times of the persecutions of the Christians:—"Let the truth be permitted to reach your ears by the secret way of silent writings. She

asketh no favour for her cause, because she feeleth no wonder at her condition. She knoweth that she liveth a stranger upon earth, that among aliens she easily findeth foes, but that she hath her birth, her home, her hope, her favour, and her worth in the heavens. One thing meanwhile, she earnestly desireth, that she be not condemned unknown."—*Pusey's Translation.*

Second Conference.

MY CONVERSION TO HOMŒOPATHY.

WHAT is a Homœopathic Doctor ?

It would, perhaps, be difficult to say in general what a doctor is, but as to a Homœopathic doctor, nothing is easier ; he is a Quack.

He is a magician of the school of Zoroaster, worthy of figuring at the court of Pharaoh, and of assisting the famous Simon Magus in his encounter with St. Peter ; a more skilful charmer than the Circe and Medea of superstitious Greece ; a more cunning enchanter than the celebrated Merlin of the middle ages ; and a more dexterous wizard than the Contes, the Boscos, and the Robert Houdins of our day ; he is a *charlatan*, and when you have said that, you have said all.

But what is a charlatan ?

Every one knows. He is a man whose profession it is to deceive the public in some way or other, and of this genus, there are many species.

But what is a quack doctor ?

I do not here allude to such worthies as the Chiarinis, those well-known quacks, who appear in public in a carriage drawn by quiet horses, thoroughly accustomed

to the trade. They are profusely ornamented with rings and charms, call the crowd together with fife and drum, and after haranguing the multitude, they pocket many a sou in exchange for their wonderful nostrums, that cure all complaints. •

In this case no one has any right to complain, for it is a principle in law, that says, *scienti et volenti nulla fit injuria*. *There is no great crime in deceiving those who have their eyes open.*

But medical quackery is quite another thing ; it is a hundred times more serious and culpable, inasmuch as it implies a breach of confidence. We will examine the affair more closely, and see how a quack doctor manages to turn his practice to account.

We will say nothing of his equipage, servants, and handsome establishment, the idle gossips paid to fill his waiting-room, his mannerism, his affectation of the style and bearing of the fashionable world, and all other contrivances to gain publicity, nor of the skill with which he advertises his cures. It is a praiseworthy and philanthropic zeal, which would have all sufferers participate in the resources of a science that can perform such miracles. This is cheating in open daylight. But let us seize those pirates on the frontiers, who carry on a more subtle system of contraband. Suppose a patient under the care of a physician ; after a time he begins to tire of his treatment, and sends for another, who happens to be our quack. He comes, after having been impatiently expected for some time, and quite out of breath from the imperative demands of his immense practice : the consultation takes place, and in leaving, he says to the relatives who ask his opinion, "It is too late, if you had sent for me sooner, I could have saved him." Or perhaps on another occasion, "I am just in

time, a few hours later and the patient would have been lost." And these important assertions would not have had their due weight, if unaccompanied by severe strictures on the treatment of his brother practitioner. Now as the absent are always in the wrong, the first doctor is sure to be blamed, however the case may terminate.

Another patient is suffering from some organic affection, consumption for example, and the doctor says, "The disease has been either misunderstood or neglected, for if it had been treated skilfully in the commencement, things would not have gone so far;" if issues have been ordered, he wishes them to be healed, if they have not been ordered, he prescribes them; he breaks the bottles, changes the medicines, merely for the sake of opposition; and all this is sure to gratify the patient and every one about him.

Again; a lady has a trifling eruption on the nose. The first surgeon she consulted, simply ordered a little cerate, which was probably sufficient, but the patient fancies something more is necessary, and consults another. He, more conscientious, exclaims, "Upon my word, Madam, it is well I have seen you, for the least neglect on your part would have resulted in a most serious disease, probably a cancer."

Another suffers from hæmorrhage. The usual medical attendant promptly employs the best means, such as every good practitioner would prescribe in the same circumstances. But as the symptoms continue, another physician is called in, and he arrives just in time to appropriate to himself the credit of the cure. Let us suppose, as an extreme case, that the first practitioner employed the liquid perchlorate of iron: this preparation applied to the skin, produces a kind of tanning of the tissues, and that which is thrown off very much

resembles the detritus from a gangrenous sore ; now in such a case, an ignorant practitioner might be deceived himself, and consequently deceive others. But a quack takes advantage of this fortunate circumstance, and addressing himself to the relatives, plays the part of Sganarelle to admiration. "*Do you understand Latin ?*" "*Not in the least.*" "*You do not understand Latin ?*" And then for the benefit of his listeners, as gullible as G ronte, he makes a most brilliant digression full of technical terms, and winds up by saying, " You see how it is : three hours later and your daughter would have had a mortification." And G ronte cries out after this tirade, "*That's true, oh, what a clever man !*" And I, in the words of Val re to Sganarelle would say, "*How can a person like you, Sir, find amusement in such gross deception, and demean himself by talking in this way !*"

He then is a real quack, who, whilst he pockets the fees, endeavours to make himself valued at the expense of a brother practitioner, and having some mistakes to account for in his practice, lays the blame on another. This is pretty nearly the character of the ordinary quack doctor. I say *nearly*, for I have but shown the lining of this specious garment. I say, also, "*of an ordinary quack,*" for a Hom opath is not only all this, but a great deal more. He is supposed to be a physician and he is not ; he is thought to earn his money, but he steals it, for instead of doing something, he does nothing.

Oh, ye calumniators, you are quite at liberty to vent all your spleen upon us, and though I risk being accused of borrowing from M. Guizot, I shall be satisfied with merely saying with him, "*Your insults can never equal our disdain.*" I have even found reasonable and honest-minded persons entertaining most singular ideas

of a Homœopathic physician: these are some of the questions that have been put to me with the greatest seriousness and simplicity:

"Sir, do you know the other system of medicine? Are you a surgeon and accoucheur like other practitioners? Where did you study? Who taught you Homœopathy? Who was your professor? &c."

Poor Homœopathic doctor! thou art *indeed* a mysterious being. What distant and desert country gave thee birth? What is thy zone—thy clime—thy sun? Art thou not some aerial being; some genius of the clouds; some mysterious sprite?

Alas, no! a Homœopathic physician is a mortal, like other men. Why should he not be a surgeon and accoucheur? Why do you imagine he knows less than other physicians? He is not the disciple of any one in particular; he loudly protests against the humiliating supposition, that he is the mouth-piece of any man. I know—and I desire always to have the merit of being impartial—that certain Homœopathic physicians, with a considerable amount of practical knowledge, who have acquired vast experience at the bed-side of their patients, and are enjoying immense popularity, give themselves up by degrees, to the pleasing delusions of pride and flattery, and become at last, as thorough autocrats as Louis XIV., exclaiming, "*Homœopathy, I am Homœopathy.*" Then follows the desire of being the centre of a circle, forming a new school, being invested in the ermined robe of the professor, and having a name to descend to posterity.

I know all this; but what can we expect? To err is human.

The Homœopathic physician knows the old system of medicine but too well. He followed the usual course of

medical study. He obtained his diploma, and that confers on him the full power of practising medicine anywhere, according to his judgment and conscience. therefore no one has a right to ask him a reason either for his principles or his acts. As a man he may be subject to social law, but as a physician he is responsible to God alone!

Would that there were in France, as in other nations, Faculties to bring into the world pure Homœopathic doctors. They would have sucked the milk of genuine Homœopathy alone; their minds would have been fed by its specific teaching only; and their ideas fertilized and developed by the sun of Hahnemannian doctrine.

But because in France the thermometer of medical progress remains, and will remain invariably at zero; because the Faculty smothers as much as possible every germ of regeneration; because it closes its triple-barred gates of brass against every just effort of reform; all students must at first be Allopaths. They must be nursed in the bosom of the Academy; receive the diploma there; be baptized there; for out of its pale there is no salvation!

Suppose there is a plant which you desire to add to your collection, the seed of which requires to be sown in the soil of a distant country before it can germinate, and afterwards it is to be transplanted into your garden. But you say, it may die on the journey, or it may not thrive in a new climate, much time would be lost, for, in my own garden, with my care, sunshine, and dew, I might have seen it bud and bloom

Yes, you are right, but—so it is.

I for one, have spent much time in learning worthless things; I have been at much pains to find a place on the shelves of my memory for many absurd formularies.

I have made great efforts to classify many a useless article amongst my medical furniture. How often have I regretted this trouble, and could I but sink the whole, like a wedge of iron that has passed for an ingot of gold, I would have done it long ago.

However, I have one consolation, my Allopathic practice was not of long duration; I took but few steps in this dark labyrinth, and scarcely soiled my feet in the ruts of the old road. But do not suppose however, that I have always been an apostle of Homœopathy; were not the allusion too sacred, I would remind you that before his conversion, St. Paul was the enemy of Christians.

I can easily imagine what are the opinions formed by physicians and the world at large respecting Homœopathy; I have only to remember my own ideas on the subject, both when I was a student, and during my short Allopathic practice. They were those of indifference, hatred, or opposition. I was what doctors generally are; I knew what they knew; I believed what they believed; I did what they do; and against Homœopathy, I said all they said. A pupil of the same school, I made the same systematic opposition, taught the same principles, employed their antagonism; and armed with the same weapons, I entered the arena to endure the same conflict.

When I was a student at the school of Montpellier, there was a Homœopath among the professors, a man of great merit and unquestionable genius, who practised Homœopathy clandestinely; he could not openly avow his opinions, for fear of bringing down upon himself the thunderbolts of the Academy, but his lectures and teaching always savoured of Hahnemannism. His class was therefore not very well attended, and as to myself, I confess never to have been present on a single occasion. He was once my examiner, and I quickly perceived he

was leading me on to the ground occupied by the new medical reform ; I stoutly resisted his arguments, made an absurd opposition, and was nearly being rejected, which I should have richly deserved.

At that time I had an intimate friend among the students, who held the same violent opinions as myself. How often have I said to him, " If I had a son who was going to attend the lectures of our Homœopathic professor, I would take him away from the school." And now, if I had a son, he would be a Homœopath from the moment of his birth, and he should grow up under the shade of the Hahnemannian tree !

This friend is now a Homœopathic practitioner. It was not without much difficulty he entered the path of truth, but now, nothing would make him change his course. Whenever I heard Homœopathy spoken of, or found any book, journal, or scientific body of men discussing the doctrine, it had the same effect upon me, as the history of Gulliver, or the four sons of Aimon. I remember one day, the porter of the school had on his stall among other second-hand articles for sale, a box of Homœopathic medicines. Like the rest, I stopped to examine it, and looked upon it as a curiosity, a plaything, or some talisman, and a smile of pity curled my lip. Afterwards, when I had left the school furnished with my diploma, and was in practice, had I met a Homœopathic practitioner, I should certainly have turned him into ridicule ; and if a consultation had been proposed to me, I should indignantly have refused to meet him.

As long as I live, I shall remember being called into the country to see a young girl suffering from erysipelas in the face ; she was under the care of a Homœopathic practitioner, whom I would not see. When I entered the

patient's room, I perceived a glass of water on a table at the bedside. "What is that?" said I to the mother. "Sir, it is my daughter's medicine, which the doctor himself prepared." And then, with pious indignation, I poured out this mysterious remedy on the floor, wrote a long prescription according to the rules of art, and left, amazingly satisfied with myself: I had avenged the shade of the divine Hippocrates, by throwing a glass of cold water in the face of Homœopathy.

Why then should I be surprised at all the doctors can say and do against me? I pardon them with all my heart, for I have been as guilty, perhaps even more so. I solemnly declare by way of reparation, that when I denied Homœopathy and was its calumniator and persecutor, I was completely ignorant of it, and knew no more of the doctrine than of Arabic, Syriac, or Hebrew. Now when you hear a physician or any other person ridicule Homœopathy, stop him short, and say, "Do you know anything about it?"

However, my mind was not at ease, nor was my conscience satisfied. In general, we only believe in medicine when we first begin to study it; then, all appears true, beautiful, and seductive. We hope to pick up more knowledge than dust, on the time-honoured benches of the lecture-room; the words of the professors exhale the perfume of infallibility, and to the statue of Hippocrates, each one offers his share of incense. But, when the Faculty has placed the doctoral crown upon the head of the student, and he plunges into private practice, what trouble, regret, and disappointment he experiences! In proportion as he advances in his career, doubts arise in his mind, and by degrees he is overwhelmed with unbelief. Ask doctors if they *believe* in medicine, and hear what they will say—as a general rule, the faith of a

medical man, is in inverse proportion to his past studies and actual knowledge. This is sad, but it is true.

Thank heaven it is not so with Homœopaths. Theirs is a living and universal creed, for the corner stone of the Hahnemannian edifice is unity of principle. But we will not anticipate.

Like the greater part of the profession, I had learned to regard medical science, as a Christian regards the Koran. By intuition I believed in the God of medicine, but to adore him in the persons of the professors, was repugnant to my convictions, for the Faculties were, in my opinion, like the mosques of the false prophet.

I was an *Allopathic* doctor. I had been brought up in the bosom of *Allopathy*, that is, the old school of medicine; I had been baptized at Montpellier, and yet I was not a believer.

What was to be done?

Follow the dogmas of Hippocrates? But hear what he says; "One physician prescribes a strict diet, another allows a liberal one, a third forbids both; so we need not wonder that the art of medicine is *said to resemble astrology*."

Can any one be satisfied with such teaching?

What was to be done?

Follow the dogmas of the vitalist school of Montpellier? But one of the most celebrated professors of this school, Bérard, has gone so far as to confess his scepticism in medicine; after having spoken of the relative perfection of other sciences, he concludes by saying, "In medicine, on the contrary, no part is, properly speaking, complete. The best established truths seem to be, or really are, overturned by new ones. Each new stone added, shakes a building that is incomplete, and in every part of which, we may have to supply defects."

How can any one remain in so dogmatic a sanctuary ?
What was to be done ?

Follow the doctrine of the materialist school of Paris ?

But, to begin with, I am not a materialist in any point of view ; besides, I read in the *Gazette des Hôpitaux* of October 31st, 1843, the apology of this school in these startling terms : Mons. Jean Raymond says, " I am one of those who declare that this school represents neither a principle, nor a method. I say more, *that it has no system of instruction whatever*, for when we speak of a school, we imply a principle, and when we speak of instruction, we suppose agreement and unity in that teaching. In this point of view, there is in Paris, neither school nor instruction ; there is certainly a university, where 26 professors, paid by the state, impose their opinions and doctrines on the pupils who are preparing for examination, before men who hold such and such opinions. . . . Be pleased to observe that I am not writing a criticism, *I simply say what exists* ; my conclusion when the school of Paris is spoken of, is, that I hear a high-sounding expression, *but devoid of sense*."

Enter into such a tower of Babel !

What remains to be done ?

Be an eclectic ? That is, — reject for the most part all the dogmas of the schools ; — choose from each whatever may be valuable, and gather from the brushwood of the various systems, wherewith to make up my bundle of therapeutic faggots ; — follow that absurd stream, which had its rise in the ancient school of Alexandria, and which terminates in the proud pretensions of Cousin, Jouffroy, and Damiron !

Moreover, the celebrated Broussais said, with his biting irony, " The eclectics are always men of superior merit : they are never mistaken in the choice they make among

the different sects, and to be on their list, is to be infallible. This is, I hope, a fine dose of presumption! What do you think of it, gentlemen of the eclectic school? Could you succeed better if you wished to prove that medicine is only a mass of traditions both true and false; of precepts both good and bad; of practices both useful and dangerous; and, consequently, not worthy of a place in the rank of sciences? It appears to me, that to say we are eclectics, is to declare there is no sound doctrine, that all the professors have erred in a great many particulars, and that *we* are the only ones among all physicians, past and present, who are never mistaken."

Be an eclectic after that!

On the 16th February, 1846, Magendie said to the College of France. "You may rest assured that a disease usually runs its course without being influenced by the treatment. If I were to say all I thought, I should add, that it is especially in those cases in which the most active means are employed that the mortality is the greatest."

Kurt Sprengel, one of the most celebrated professors in Prussia, and associate member of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, has come to the conclusion, after much study and great practical knowledge, that scepticism in medicine is the perfection of science, and that the wisest course is to regard all opinions with indifference, without adopting any. How then act, with such confessions weighing on your conscience! Besides, I remembered that the famous philosopher Jamblique, said, with one of his mysterious smiles, that "*medicine is the daughter of dreams.*"

Lastly, the English Hippocrates, Sydenham, said, with sorrowful naïveté, *Quæ medica appellatur revera confabulandi garricundique potius est ars, quàm medendi.*"

What is called medical art, is rather the art of talking and gossiping, than the healing art. And I said to myself, in meditating upon these confessions, how can a doctor continue to practise? Why does he not exert all his efforts to escape the cruel sentence of the celebrated Hecquer, ancient dean of the Faculty at Paris, a man as remarkable for his piety as his science? "*Medical men are laying up for themselves remorse for the future, and in their old age they might form a fraternity of penitents.*"

What an ocean of doubt!

Do not now ask me what an Allopathic physician is, for I shall take very good care not to answer your question. Would not the elements of the confession we have just heard be sufficient to form a definition? If you require more, consult the writings of Molière, Lesage, &c.

But if in spite of all these accusations, you think my imprudent hand ought not to have thrown aside the regal mantle that covers the rags of Allopathy, I would say with the sardonic Montaigne, "I would not have dared so boldly to have unfolded the mysteries of medicine, had I not been assisted by its partisans themselves. If you meet with them some day, you will find they speak much more roughly of their art than I have done. *I only scratch, they wound.*"

Nevertheless, I was hearing the new doctrine continually spoken of; it was said to progress with a speed alarming to the Academy, and its light everywhere dissipated the clouds of unbelieving opposition.

One day, by chance, I was witness of a discussion between two doctors representing the two camps. I was struck with the clearness and energy of the arguments of the Homœopath against the Allopath, and singularly surprised to hear it predicted, that Allopathy

would one day be the humble servant of Homœopathy.

Another time, circumstances brought me in contact with a Homœopathic physician, of great merit, *but still greater modesty*; on that account I do not mention his name. We had a long conversation, or rather discussion. He found in me, on the one hand, all the fire of antagonism; but on the other, a very easy conquest for any kind of medical reform. At that time, I had lost faith in my system, and the most painful doubt pervaded every act of my practice.

Though I was not convinced by this discussion, I at least determined to satisfy myself either *for*, or *against*, by a fresh course of study. I then made up my mind, for I wished to have a clear conscience. I procured books, began to work, and abandoning my former idol, entered for the first time into the temple of Hahnemann. Then, after the example of Descartes, I laid aside *all my preconceived notions*, and divested my mind of every medical system whatever.

First of all, I read the philosophical explanation of the principles of Homœopathy, which made a favourable impression upon me, when I saw that Hahnemann had said, "Do not take my word for it, verify the facts."

Name me any innovator who has given with more frankness, a greater guarantee for truth.

Then I devoted some months to reading the principal Homœopathic works, and they are already pretty numerous. In proportion as I advanced in my new studies, I felt my doubts vanish, conviction take possession of my mind, and tranquillity was restored to my conscience. I wanted but the corroboration of facts. I procured some of the principal Homœopathic remedies, and prepared to submit them to the test of experience. From that

time I resolved to treat all cases which might be within the limits of my newly-acquired knowledge, Homœopathically, but only when the danger was not imminent. My faith was not as yet sufficiently strong, nor my knowledge sufficiently extensive, to treat all diseases according to this system, and to confine myself to a rational and methodical exclusivism.

My first trial was upon two young children, sisters, suffering from intermittent fever, which presented the same character and type in both. I gave the same medicine—the one was cured with a single dose, and had no return of the attack—the other was ill for a fortnight. I was obliged to feel my way, and try four or five remedies.

Some time after, my experience was much increased by a prevailing epidemic of cholera. It chiefly attacked children, and many sank. I treated all my patients by simple Homœopathy, and can assert, that I did not lose a single case.

One evening I was sent for into the country, to see a woman who had the quinsy. The symptoms were very severe; she could only breathe with the greatest difficulty, and swallowing was almost impossible. At this moment my mind was greatly tried. I felt all the pain of my former uncertainty. I had to make great efforts not to order leeches, blisters, &c. My anxiety to observe and be put in possession of facts carried the day, and I gave only the Homœopathic medicine which appeared suited to the case. But I was far from being easy, and resolved not to persist in this treatment if the symptoms became more aggravated. Thus the young and feeble swimmer, advancing with a trembling and timid step, makes his first attempt, and at the least noise or the gentlest wave, flies affrighted to the shore.

The next day, great was my anxiety to visit the patient, but still greater my satisfaction, to see her calm and almost well. The day after, this woman was cured, and could find no words to express her joy and gratitude.

Two or three days afterwards, I was sent for to a patient in the country, a young girl of fifteen, whom I found in a very alarming state; she was writhing in convulsions, and had excessive vomiting; the list of symptoms was fearful, even to a physician; she had been treated by two doctors, who had pronounced her incurable. As I had had the precaution to take with me a case containing several of the principal medicines, I lost no time in putting a drop of the one I judged most like the symptoms, into a glass of water, and of this I immediately administered a tea-spoonful. Some moments after, she had a terrible attack, more violent than any previous one. We then thought this was the death struggle; she however rallied, and I ventured upon a second dose. We all anxiously waited, and I especially, was racked by the most cruel uncertainty. But, there was no return of the fits; I stayed two hours with the patient, and she remained calm and tranquil. I gave her nothing more, but left her, perfectly bewildered with surprise.

The next morning I went to visit an old man living near, and the first person I saw at his bedside was this same young girl, who was bestowing all the care of the kindest friend on this poor patient.

I am now going to relate a fact that happened to myself, and which, perhaps more than anything else, brought about my conversion.

Without any apparent reason, or being able to account for it, a tumour larger than a pea, gradually formed on my right eyelid. For some months I had treated it

without result. I consulted some of my colleagues, and scrupulously followed their advice ; but all in vain ; the tumour increased daily. The treatment being unsuccessful, I was thinking of going to Montpellier to have it removed, when a circumstance brought me in contact with a Homœopathic physician. In the course of conversation, he said to me, "This tumour on your eyelid, for instance, may be dispersed by purely Homœopathic treatment." "I am willing to try," said I, "and if it succeeds, I am certainly a convert."

He pointed out the treatment to me ; I followed it, and at the end of six weeks the tumour had disappeared. This is now eight years ago, and it has not returned. In this manner I advanced step by step in my new path, and in proportion as I progressed, and was at a greater distance from the old road, I felt more and more encouraged. But I was still very far from being satisfied. I obtained facts, but I doubted them, and endeavoured to account for my success on the plea of coincidence, the resources of nature, &c. I was in that transition state, which every one so painfully experiences in passing from one opinion to another. On the one hand, I had not yet forgotten what I no longer wished to know ; and on the other, I had not yet learned what I *did* wish to know. This state of mind resembles the vague and uncertain light of the hour that precedes the dawn of day, where regret for the past, and desire for the future contend for the mastery. Like the traveller, who having left his first path, stops at each new difficulty, and often looks behind, afraid to proceed. Nothing beclouds the mind so much as doubt ; once entangled in this net, we become a prey to indifference. Doubt is like a calm at sea ; the sail hangs motionless, and the vessel lies in desolate stillness on the unruffled surface of the waters.

It was thus, that for nearly a year, I practised sometimes Homœopathy and sometimes Allopathy, and, as a matter of course, I practised neither well. I wanted some decisive, irresistible fact, which would grapple with, and master all my doubts. This happened one day, as follows :—

A young man put himself under my care ; upon examination, I saw he was suffering from inflammation of the lungs, of a severe and well-defined character. Both lungs were affected, which it scarcely required a medical man to discover. “Sir,” said the patient, “I have called you in, because I heard you were a Homœopathic doctor ; my brother died a month ago of inflammation of the lungs ; he was bled five times—but they say *you* will not bleed *me*, and I will not be bled.” These words fell upon me like a thunderbolt. “Then promise me,” said I, “that whatever may happen, you will have entire confidence ; only do what I prescribe, and pay no attention to any opposition that may be made.” “I am willing to do so,” he replied ; “you may begin your treatment.”

This was certainly a case I should not have treated Homœopathically, could I have followed my own inclination. I saw before me a young, robust man, in a state of high inflammation, yet my lancet must remain in its case. With what conscientious satisfaction should I have taken it out ! But my patient fettered my inclination, and made himself responsible for the result.

This happened towards night ; I gave him suitable medicines, but I did not sleep, and if this patient suffered from pain, I was tortured by a feeling of the heaviest responsibility. The next day he was worse, and his friends made all kinds of remarks. “What ! no bleeding ! no leeches ! no blisters ! but he will surely

bleed him ! he will be obliged to come to that at last ! Why do you not call in another doctor ?" All the neighbourhood was up in arms, and there would have been no difficulty in finding some one to throw the first stone at the poor Homœopath. But, the patient kept firm. It is useless to enter into details ; suffice it to say, that on the tenth day this man was able to resume his work, and nearly all the persons who had been most opposed to my treatment came to consult me.

This was, indeed, the best "*amende honorable*" towards Homœopathy.

This fact, like all those I have mentioned, happened just as I relate it. As a physician, I can answer for the correctness of the diagnosis, and as a man, for the truth of the circumstances ; therefore I consider no one has a right to call them in question.

From this moment my conversion was complete. I was convinced that all maladies could be treated Homœopathically, both acute and chronic, serious and slight. From that moment I had neither uncertainty nor doubt. I threw off my old garment, and clothed anew, entered into the sanctuary of Hahnemann, shutting the door behind me, that I might never more hear the sound of false doctrine. Though I have spoken much of myself in this Conference, it is not from self-love, nor from any purely personal feeling. If I have only related simple facts and cures, which cannot pass for miracles in the medical world, it is, because in my Homœopathic noviciate I felt I must confine myself to such, and, as far as my early experience went, they were exceedingly important.

In a word, I have endeavoured, by describing my own experience, to show what must often occur to others. When we consider the importance of his obligations and

duties to the public, is not every physician bound to be thoroughly conversant with each new discovery in medicine? And if he be asked, "Are you acquainted with such and such a doctrine, is it pardonable to reply "No?" All physicians ought to meditate upon this maxim of Hahnemann, "*When it is a question of cure, to neglect to learn is a crime.*" A most solemn truth when looked at in a conscientious point of view. I would fain submit this difficulty to the consideration of every physician. It is a searching one, and it is difficult to avoid its alternative. Homœopathy is either true or false. Submit it to careful experiment, and if it be false, expose it; if it be true, adopt and disseminate it.

Arise then, you who slumber in culpable and systematic indifference. Listen to the cries and pains of suffering humanity. To cure, relieve, or at least console, is your sacred mission. To open your mind to truth, and follow the march of progress, is your sacred duty!

Third Conference.

THE ALLOPATHS AND THE ACADEMICIANS

"If, as you assert, Homœopathy is *the* truth in medicine, how is it that Homœopathic doctors are less numerous than others, your doctrine banished from the Faculty, and rejected by the schools?"

AT first sight, this observation appears to present an irresistible objection—it is, however, more sophistical than true, and I will endeavour to show you its fallacy.

I am willing to allow that Homœopathic practitioners are, comparatively speaking, not yet numerous, and that Homœopathy meets with serious obstacles, *at least in France*—permit me to mention this exception—the reason of it will be seen in the next Conference.

Direct your attention for a moment to the fundamental part of the question, and you will at once see it in its true light.

1st. Why is Homœopathy rejected by the Faculty? Because the number of Homœopathic doctors is small.

2ndly. And why is the number of Homœopathic doctors small? Because Homœopathy is rejected by the Faculty.

Now this is termed in logic, reasoning in a circle; that is, a false argument, the correlative parts of which

produce, and by the same process, mutually destroy each other: like a river, whose bed has no inclination, and whose stream, ever running on the same level, has neither source nor outlet.

Let us examine the first point.

If, as I have already hinted in our last Conference, Homœopathy had its own professorships, and official schools, in which a man might be qualified as a Homœopathic practitioner, without being obliged to pass through the routine of the other schools, the case would be very different. The stream of young medical students would divide into two branches, and that which would take the direction of Hahnemann's doctrine might soon equal, and even surpass, its rival. But, unfortunately it is not so: the Allopaths have still the monopoly of the diplomas: what is the consequence? Those brought up within its pale, rest satisfied with their present acquirements; there they are, and—there they remain.

This is the principal hindrance to conversions to Homœopathy—a hindrance which, in its turn, is the cause of many others; such as,

Habit.—What a delightful thing, is habit! Its bed is so soft; its pillow so downy! Once rocked in this comfortable cradle, how men shrink from all contact with external objects: they neither wish to see nor hear anything more: they slumber on in happy indifference—like the senseless needle, which mechanically accomplishes its appointed number of evolutions round the dial. Doubtless this is the reason why many philosophers, comparing habit to instinct, refer it to a mechanical principle of action.

But if the force of habit be harmless in some persons, and under certain circumstances, in a medical man it is certainly culpable: his practice should not resemble the

mechanical action of a machine, which once set in motion on the rails, continues its course obedient to the impetus given.

Prejudice.—This again, is reasoning in a circle. Men will not believe in Homœopathy because they do not study it; and they do not study it because they do not believe in it.

When we hear of any thing new, the mind at once receives an impression either *for* or *against*. But if asked the "*why and wherefore*," we should often be puzzled to answer.

— Study Homœopathy!—"No, I do not like it. I do not believe in it; it is repugnant to my reason." "And why?" "I do not know, but I have an aversion to it." We might well address the following question to the world in general, as well as to medical men, "How can you study what you dislike, or know and love what you do not study?"

Age, Position, Fortune.—A medical man will say, "How can I adopt any new medical system? At my time of life one cannot begin a course of hard study; one must be young to do that." But it is never too late to embrace the truth. I know men who at sixty or seventy have emigrated to our colony; but they had, what every one does not possess—a good will.

Another on the contrary, will say, "I am too young; when I am a little more experienced I shall think about it,"—but in the mean time, he grows old, without having given the subject a thought.

I will not speak of the rich and the titled of the profession—Hippocrates has too well described this class of his disciples.

Negligence and Discouragement.—I should like to say the word, *idleness*, for once in possession of a diploma,

few men are sufficiently industrious to increase their professional knowledge. "How am I to learn Homœopathy? A new study necessitates hard work, and much time: I already have a practice,—I will keep it as it is, and it will keep me as I am."

But here is something still worse.

I once knew a medical man, well disposed towards our system, and to whom I lent Hahnemann's "*Exposition.*" After reading the two first pages, he shut the book and returned it, saying, "I did not continue, lest I should be convinced: really the book is too dangerous."

I know several others who imagined our doctrine was very easy, or at least, more so than Allopathy. At first, they applied themselves in good earnest and with scientific curiosity; afterwards also, in the hope of rendering their practice more convenient and pleasant, they even went so far as to make experiments and try some medicines, but soon unexpected and repeated difficulties paralysed their efforts, and they returned to the point whence they set out.

We have followed their progress in the new path, and have seen how far their studies and experiments were carried out. They have treated such and such maladies by Homœopathy, and did not succeed. It is not their mistake, but the fault of the system, which is responsible for their want of success! They will say with an air of perfect candour, "If I cared to practise Homœopathy, I know it well enough; I have even tried it, but I had no success."

Apprehension and Fear.—A practitioner newly established in a town may pass as an experienced Homœopath. This may be taken for granted; but it would not be so with one of the old school, who wished by degrees

to introduce Homœopathic principles into his practice. He would have need of much tact and prudence, for few of his patients would like to be the subjects of his first experiments, and he would be liable to lose favour with the public.

One of my colleagues told me the following fact:—He had for some time treated a lady for a chronic malady. Finding that she did not improve, but became more and more dissatisfied, "Well, madam," said he at last, "since the remedies have not had the desired effect, I will now try Homœopathy." "In that case, sir," said she, "I should prefer sending for a Homœopath, for I should not like you to try your experiments on me."

Public opinion.—The undue deference shown to public opinion too often fetters the mind, and neutralizes the inclination towards truth. "What would be said of me if I became a Homœopath? I should be called a quack, and I could not endure the disgrace." Such men have not the moral courage to avow their convictions, and are satisfied to go with the stream of popular opinion; they might possibly consent to become the disciples of Homœopathy, but dare not wear its livery. These persons should meditate upon the saying of a celebrated moralist: "There are two things to which we must learn to submit—the ravages of time, and the injustice of mankind."

As an illustration of this, here is a fact, related to me by a patient of mine, at our first interview.

"In the town I have just left," said he, "I was under the care of an Allopathic doctor: one as much my friend as my physician. He treated me for a chronic malady I have had for three years, and for which I am come to consult you. Notwithstanding his care and

attention, I received no benefit. 'One day, when conversing with him, more as a friend than as a medical adviser, I ventured to speak thus confidentially—"My dear sir, it is evident that your medicines will not cure me; I am persuaded it is not for want of zeal or skill on your part; the fault lies in the means you employ. Suppose I were to try Homœopathy? What say you? I would not do anything without asking your opinion."

"It would be no bad thing," said he. "I consent willingly—I even advise you to do so."

"Very well then, you know the Homœopathic doctors of the town, will you point out to me the one I had best consult?"

"Why," said he, in an under tone, "I could treat you very well myself."

"What! do *you* understand Homœopathy?"

"Yes, to be sure, I practise it, and treat secretly such of my patients as have confidence in it, but I scarcely like to confess so much, as I do not wish to pass for an exclusively Homœopathic practitioner."

Thus you see what numerous causes keep medical men from the path of truth, and how powerfully false shame and undue apprehension fetter the steps of those who are in error. Let them remember this precept of the great Cicero, "*Cujusvis est errare; nullius, nisi insipientis, in errore perseverare.*" *All may err; but fools only persist in error.*

Happily there are men who triumph over all these obstacles, and who, with one vigorous bound, clear the barriers of public opinion. In our militia we have some, whose generous self-denial and energetic struggles are examples to all young and timid soldiers. Honour to those immortal heroes! They have a right to one of the gems that shine in the crown of their master. •

One tenders his resignation as chief physician to a large hospital, because he is not allowed to introduce Homœopathy into his clinical lectures ; another gives up the probability, or rather the certainty of becoming professor in a faculty, because he would be obliged to renounce that doctrine, and prefers the humble mantle of an obscure practitioner, to the proud ermine of the Academy. Others, fired by a sublime devotion, leave their families, fortune, and country, to carry the knowledge of Homœopathy to distant lands.

It requires much greatness of soul to accomplish these sacrifices, but, perhaps still more is needed to support the moral torture of another kind of trial : I mean the anger of the school where the Homœopath has received his diploma, the hatred and scorn of this Alma Mater, who has nourished him in her bosom, and will no longer own him as her child ; the disgrace into which he falls with his old professors, the indifference and neglect of his friends and fellow-students, who deprive him of the name of brother, and avoid his company.

All this happened to me, and happens every day. At such times I feel deeply wounded, but after all, I forgive them from my heart, and I pity them, more than they seem to pity me. "*Doctrina viri per patientiam noscitur, et gloria ejus, est iniqua prætergredi.*" The wisdom of a good man is shown in his patience ; and it is his glory to trample injuries under foot.

I confess that at first these humiliating circumstances hurt the feelings, and are exceedingly discouraging, but we become at last inured to warfare, and no longer dread the conflict. This is in fact the peculiar character of the Homœopath ; he does not work in darkness, or veil his prescriptions and principles in mystery. Why then brand as charlatanism, a doctrine which invites various investigation and public discussion ?

Some may perhaps accuse me of animosity and exaggeration towards medical men, but why fear public opinion, if I speak the truth?

I wish to avoid all personality. I still venerate that portion of the medical body to which I once belonged, and shall ever respect it; let this be clearly understood. At the same time, its manœuvres and tactics with regard to us ought to be made known. To show this, numerous quotations are unnecessary. I will only bring one fact before the notice of men of candour. • It is public property, since it has appeared in the medical journals; it contains the laws and stratagems of Allopathic attacks against Homœopathy.

Among the rules of the Medical Association of Paris appears the following article :—

“Every member who meets a *Somnambulist, Magnetiser, Homœopath, or any such charlatan*, in consultation, will be expelled.”

The following fact was a natural consequence :—

The meeting of January 4th, 1856. Mons. in the chair.

The following gentlemen have been *unanimously* expelled from the Anatomical Society :—

1st. Four members (whose names follow) for being authors of Homœopathic publications.

2nd. For a disgraceful action, already punished by the law, Mr. member.

Those who wish to know the details of this affair may consult *La Gazette de Médecine et de Chirurgie*, of Jan. 11, 1856.

Here are four medical men, for the crime and offence of Homœopathy, exposed to the same disgrace, as one who had been condemned in a court of justice. It is evident that if our dear brothers had the power, we

should be put in the stocks, and branded with a hot iron.

In this same society there were two other Homœopaths overlooked in the affray : they hastened to send in their resignation, and one writes as follows to the president :—

“ Having the most perfect sympathy with the principles, labours, and sacrifices for truth, of the honourable members who have just been expelled ; as moreover, I have recently had the honour of being struck by the thunderbolts of the Faculty, and deprived of an office in Val-de-Grâce, I am at a loss to understand, how the Anatomical Society has ventured to insult me by forgetting to send my dismissal. I formally protest against this omission, which is highly offensive to me, and am desirous of being expelled in such good company. Accept Mr. President, this sincere expression of

“ Your most humble servant and former pupil,

“ * * * * ”

Ask now, why Homœopathic doctors are not yet admitted to the honours of the Faculty, and in my turn I will ask, What has become of brotherly charity ? of medical dignity ? What an age is this for tyrannizing over actions, and forbidding the exercise of free opinion !

Do you again ask why Homœopathy meets with so many obstacles in her onward march, and finds herself met by the word *impossible* on the very threshold of the Academy ? Do you imagine Homœopathy has been subjected to official and repeated experiments, before being condemned by the Academy ? If so, undeceive yourself. Homœopathy, the victim of blind injustice and human frailty, has been condemned unheard. Do you think it has never sought permission to defend its cause, and bring forward its advocates and witnesses ?

It has, but its request was refused. Each time it tried to put forth its plea, its voice was drowned by mockery and laughter, and has never yet been able to reach the closed ears of the Academicians.

Ever since 1835, the pupils of Hahnemann have solicited permission from the government to subject their system to public experiment, in the various hospitals and dispensaries, but in vain. Since then, how often has not the same permission been asked, and as often refused.

At one time, a professorship was about to be founded for instruction in Homœopathy, but the project was overthrown. We will hope it is only deferred. I cannot here enter into details. I am not at liberty to say all I think, and moreover, this digression would lead me too far from the subject. I will only say, *sotto voce*, that the subterranean passages of the old school had been carefully explored, and if the first spark has not reached the train, it will yet be fired, and the explosion will take place some day.

But why should you be surprised at the difficulties that beset the progress of our doctrine? How can Homœopathy make its way without obstacles, spiritualist as it is, in an age so grossly sensual, and in the face of the materialist school of Paris—a school which could not forgive her great men, Dupuytren and Récamier, because they were spiritualists and Christians? How can you expect the old school of medicine to resign sceptre and crown to a rival, and acknowledge herself a conquered vassal of the new queen, which claims her throne and empire?

"Who," says Locke, "can even for the best possible reasons, give up all at once his former opinions, his knowledge, and the learning he has been at so much pains to acquire all his life long, and make up his mind to

adopt totally new ideas? The most convincing arguments could no more influence him, than the wind could induce the traveller to throw off his cloak."

The system of Hahnemann, like a new planet in the horizon of medicine, still remains, *in France*, eclipsed by the clouds of Academic opposition. It experiences the fate of all children of progress!

"One of the most oppressive laws from which progress suffers," says Professor Bouillaud, "is an opposition more or less violent. Every reform, every revolution in science, must be baptized in the waters of tribulation, before it will be received by the public. No one is permitted to bring forwards any new truth with impunity, *especially if opposed to generally received opinions*, and taught by *mén, occupying high positions*. The more important and fundamental the reform, the more numerous will be the opinions with which it will clash; and the magnitude of the opposition will be in the same proportion."

I cannot understand how the writer of these lines could be one of the bitterest enemies of Homœopathy, or one of the opposers of any truth struggling in the path of progress! What strange inconsistency, Mons. Bouillaud! With regard to Homœopathy you become the exponent of that absurd opposition, that you have so energetically decried!

In all ages, inventors have been misunderstood, discouraged, and persecuted. They have but to make their appearance in the domain of science, art, or literature, and they are sure to meet with the prejudice and antagonism of received opinions!

One would think that universal progress ought to keep pace with the age, and that while civilization was every where making its way, new ideas would be wel-

comed and protected. That however, is not the case, especially in France! It is very sad, but the further we go, the deeper we plunge into scepticism! Is it because our nation, considering itself more enlightened, becomes proportionally more strict in requiring from each discovery, its right to scientific naturalization? Alas! no. It is simply because we are under the influence of materialism and infidelity.

Inventions however, do not always share the fate of their inventors. Truth, though at first despised and persecuted, must at last burst the shackles of opposition, and triumph over the obstinacy of an unbelieving age. Though persecuted to death itself, she will rise from the tomb, more pure and bright, for truth is the daughter of heaven.

•Woe to the man who is a genius: like Aristides, he is sure to be condemned to exile by the ostracism of the Academies, or to the poison cup of Socrates, by the injustice of his age.

Let us now open the annals of literary and scientific martyrology: what pages, written in letters of fire, which the repentance of future generations can never efface!

Homer wandered from place to place reciting his verses, and eating the bread of charity: after his death, even cities disputed the honour of being his birth-place. Tasso, in a melancholy sonnet addressed to his cat, begs her to lend him her eyes, *for he had no candle whereby to write his verses*. Now Sorrento is proud of her immortal poet, and the "Jerusalem delivered," once despised by obscure critics, is translated into every language of Europe.

Milton was unable to sell his "Paradise Lost," and yet it produced an immense sum to the publisher Thompson,

who gave ten pounds for it. Every evening, Camoens used to send a slave to beg a little bread. The "Lusiad," which he is said to have saved in shipwreck, by holding it above his head when swimming, found no favour during his life-time : he languished in misery, and died in an alms-house. Yet on the tomb of the swan of Lisbon is inscribed,

"Here lies Louis Camoens, the prince of poets of his day."

Lesage lived in a garret, and died in want : and we are told that one day two gentlemen fought a duel, after having disputed for the last copy of the second edition of the "Diable Boiteux." And how many other celebrated literary martyrs, whose statues you now admire in your public places, have been the victims of the blindness of their age.

But let us look into the annals of medicine.

There are many simple and harmless remedies, which every one may use ; if they do not effect much good, at least they cannot do much harm. Others are considered the heroes of the *Materia Medica*, and their rise is in a great measure restricted to the official prescriptions of the doctors. These may be either very useful or very injurious : at first they met with the most violent opposition : and it was only after multiplied experiments, they were permitted to occupy their legitimate position in the Pharmacopœia.

Thus, Peruvian bark, imported in 1648, had to struggle against prejudice for more than a century. Guy Patin considered that the effects of this medicine were only temporary ; and Blondel said, "*whoever took it, committed a deadly sin, and made a compact with the devil,*" and to prove that any cure effected by this remedy, is owing to magic, said, "*It acts on all temperaments, and after a time the malady returns, which has been*

considered by all writers on magic, as one of the characteristics of cures effected by the agency of the devil."

Antimony, which had already been employed in form of sulphuret by Hippocrates, Galen, Dioscorides, Pliny, &c., was only found to be a metal in the fifteenth century, by the monk Basil Valentine, in his search after the philosopher's stone. For two centuries after this metal came forth from the crucible of the alchemist, it gave rise to the most scandalous disputes. It was at first cried down as a poison; the Faculty condemned its use, and declared by a solemn decree, that *it had a venomous property, which could not be corrected by any preparation whatever.* In 1566 Parliament forbade its use, and Palmier, a learned doctor, was expelled from the Faculty in 1609, for having transgressed this law.

The most furious warfare was then carried on between its friends and foes. Jean Chartier wrote in favour of this medicine in a book, entitled "*Le plomb des Sages*," and Eusebius Renaudot in another work, called "*L'Antimoine justifié et triomphant.*" But Jacques Perreau wrote against it, and called his book, "*Le Rabat-joie de l'Antimoine*," and Guy Patin gave a long list of patients killed by this metal, which he termed, "*Le Martyrologe de l'Emetique.*" Thus matters continued till the 29th of March, 1666, when, in an assembly of 102 doctors, this medicine was submitted to a severe test, and passed by a majority of 92 votes in 102. And on the 10th April following, Parliament revoked the sentence passed upon it a century before.

The illustrious Paracelsus who enriched the *Materia Medica* with opium and mercury, and was considered the most celebrated quack of the fifteenth century, died in an alms-house. Who does not know how long mercury

has been before the tribunal of public opinion, and the trial is yet going on !

The Faculty of Paris, that medical queen, that infallible guardian of the treasures of the *Materia Medica*, long proscribed the use, and even the mention of chemical remedies, both in theses and examinations ; and now they are the medicines the most in vogue. At this day, in fact, all the once rejected remedies, such as sulphur, mercury, cinchona, antimony, opium, &c., are the chief riches of the *Materia Medica*. Sydenham went so far as to say, that without opium, the practice of medicine would be seriously impeded.

In the sixteenth century, Amatus Lusitanus discovered the valves of the veins. This discovery was at first denied by celebrated anatomists, such as Fallopius, Thaddæus Dunus, and Vesalius ; Eustache and Vallésius went so far as to treat it as an absurdity. The progress of anatomy was hindered for half a century, and it needed the great Acquapendente to give it a new impulse. The immortal Vesalius of Brussels, at this day considered the founder of human anatomy, was accused by those jealous of him, of having dissected a living subject, and was condemned to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to expiate his crime. On his return, he was shipwrecked on the shore of Zante, and there died of hunger.

William Harvey changed the aspect of medical science, by his discovery of the circulation of the blood ; yet his theory was received by the learned with pity and contempt ; and this immortal professor, the glory of the English school, was obliged to be satisfied with speaking of his discovery to his pupils only, and thus misunderstood, mourned in secret. He was then looked upon as a madman ; now he is revered as the greatest physician of the seventeenth century.

Diseases of the chest, unfortunately so common, were much less understood before the application of auscultation and percussion. Auscultation assists us to discover the state of the organs contained in the thoracic cavity, by listening carefully to the varieties of sound produced by the respiration and circulation. Percussion leads to the same result, by indicating the shades of dull or clear sound given out by the respiratory organs, when the chest is tapped by the fingers on a plate of ivory. Yet, did not the world treat these discoveries as mere subjects for jest and derision? One professor said, "*I have not a sufficiently fine ear to hear the grass grow.*" And at a medical banquet, they went so far, as to propose testing the quality of the wines by tapping the bottles.

Edward Jenner had to struggle against the injustice and prejudice of his age, and yet at the inauguration of his statue, it was calculated, that if each person that had been vaccinated had given but a farthing, they could have raised a statue of gold.

An infallible test of real death has long been the subject of investigation. Lately Dr. Collongues thought he had discovered it, and read a paper on the subject both before the Academy of Sciences, and the Academy of Medicine, but he has never been able to obtain an examination of his theory by either of these learned bodies. Yet surely it was worth the trouble! Mons. Figuier is surprised at this culpable indifference of our Academicians: does Mons. Figuier not happen to know them?

What numerous facts of this kind could I quote! But as this would oblige me to enter into scientific details, I will confine myself to mentioning a few of a more general nature.

The mariners' compass was known to the Chinese at

least 1000 years B.C., and yet the use of this instrument was not general in Europe until about A.D. 1300. Gunpowder was also invented by the Chinese, and it is a well-established fact that they taught the art of fireworks to the Romans.* Yet several authors have attributed the invention of gunpowder to Berthold Schwartz, a monk of the 14th century. How slow is the progress of truth !

The art of printing appears also to have been known in China, yet we attribute the invention to Guttenburg in 1436 ; and seeing the immense benefit that the press now confers on society, it seems strange that it should at first have met with such fanatical opposition. A legend of the 16th century relates, that printing was looked upon as a diabolical art, by certain blind and prejudiced persons, and that a poor man, named Peter Kerlú, refused to give the hand of his daughter to a rich printer.

All remember the saying of Galileo, who exclaimed, stamping his foot, "*E pur si muove !*" "*Yet it does turn !*" Yes ; our earth does turn round the sun ; but as Joshua had once bid that luminary stand still, the unfortunate Galileo seemed to be uttering a blasphemy. Therefore the inquisition of Rome made him abjure on his knees, his monstrous errors.

But the finest human type of misfortune and suffering—the noblest victim of the injustice of men, is the poor Genoese, Christopher Columbus. Read the history of America, and you will weep for his sufferings. Treated at first as a visionary, eight months elapsed before he obtained means to leave Andalusia, for the realization of his hopes. From the port of Palos to San Salvador, what trials awaited him ! On his return, he was put in irons, and he who had discovered a world, died broken

down by infirmities and grief: and, if as misfortune were to follow him beyond the grave, the new continent which ought to have been named Columbia, will perhaps always be called America.

A few months since the following notice appeared in the *Courrier Franco-Italien*:—"The Exchange at Genoa is about to be enriched with a statue of Columbus. This is very tardy, but better late than never. Until now there was nothing placed in honour of Columbus at Genoa, but a bas relief on the façade of the Palazzo Farraggiana, a bust in the town of Negro, and a statuette in plaster, in a small house at Aquasole."

Let us now turn our attention for a short time, to modern discoveries.

When Franklin invented lightning conductors, he had one placed on his own house, amidst the jeers of his fellow-citizens.

Lighting by gas was discovered in 1811, by a Frenchman, named Lebon. The English adopted it immediately, but in France it was at first rejected by the Academicians, already too enlightened, and only begun to be used in Paris, under the administration of Mons. Chabrol of Volvie, in 1825.

And what rebuffs has not steam endured! It has needed all its power of expansion to triumph over Academical compression.

In 1615, Solomon de Caus formed the idea of employing steam as a propelling power. Is it to Watt or to Cugnot; that is, to England or France that the honour of first applying steam to locomotion belongs? This is of little consequence. One fact alone affects our subject: the slowness of the progress of this important discovery in the field of improvement. Be it as it may, the French engineer, Cugnot, about 1770, made an ex-

periment before the Duke de Choiseul, Minister of State, *with a machine set in motion by steam, and adapted to run on ordinary roads.* The Government bought this machine for 20,000 livres—and left the matter there ! Ever since 1801 it has been in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, at Paris. Cugnot died in 1804, poor and neglected.

This great discovery has been left in its cradle, ever since its birth ; and it was not until 1830, that the first locomotive of George Stephenson was seen running on the Liverpool and Manchester line. The example of England was soon followed by other nations : railways were immediately constructed in the United States, Belgium and Prussia ; but in France they did not follow this progressive impulse until a later period. And this delay (if we except the opposition made by the private interests of some alarmists) was owing to the temporizing of the members of the Academy. One day the model of a locomotive was exhibited before them : after it had been examined, a member of the learned Assembly smiling, said, “ Yes, all this is very ingenious no doubt, but unfortunately the machine will never move, it is too heavy, the wheels will turn round and round in the same place ! ”

And now-a-days, one might almost think the *Academy* was a heavy machine, that never moves onwards, because the wheels turn round and round in the same place.

When Mons. Perdonnet, one of our most skilful engineers, announced in his lectures at the *Ecole Centrale*, that railways were destined to cause as great a revolution as the invention of printing, he was looked upon as a madman. To another engineer, who proposed to construct the railroad to Rouen, Mons. Thiers replied,

"I ask the Chamber of Deputies to pass the bill for a railway to Rouen? I will do nothing of the kind, they would turn me out of the house." "Iron is too dear in France," said the Minister of Finance, Mons. Passy. "The country is too hilly," objected Mons. Allier, a deputy. The railroad was itself obliged to reply to all this opposition, as did the Greek philosopher—by going forwards.

Here is an extract from a Paris journal, about steam-boats:—"The Academicians, said the writer, are only useful on great occasions. Thus in 1805, Napoleon I., who had great faith in learned men, applied to the Academy to know if concentrated steam, according to Fulton's process, could propel a vessel: *these philosophers replied by a burst of Olympian laughter.* The emperor was extremely mortified for having shown his ignorance, and thanks to the learned sceptics, the clock of civilization was stopped for a quarter of a century, an irreparable loss to the men of that time. But for this monstrous blunder, I might just now have been as well acquainted with India and China, as with the Boulevard des Italiens. The day will come when our nephews will see squadrons of steamers, puffing in a harbour dug under the dome of the Institute." Is it not too bad, that a joke, so full of truth, can be thrown into the very face of the Academy!

What is in reality the first discovery of our day, and perhaps of all future ages? Certainly the Electric Telegraph. The idea of electric telegraphs was anticipated by Franklin, and proposed in 1774, by Lesage, a physician of Geneva. It was discussed in Germany, Spain, England, and France. The first trial was made at St. Petersburg, in 1832. Almost immediately, they were laid down in England, America and Germany. But

in France, when Arago wished to speak on the subject, the Academicians burst into a laugh, and declared the idea was *perfectly utopian*. In our enlightened nation, which pretends to be one of the most advanced in the path of progress, the first telegraph was established on the line from Paris to Rouen, in 1845, after it had already been in use eight years, in the United States.

But I must stop, or the abundance and richness of my materials would lead me too far.

Do you again ask, why Homœopathy is not recognised by the Academicians, and why Homœopaths are repulsed by the Faculty? Do you really know what an Academy is?

About 388 B.C., there was a celebrated school at Athens, founded by Plato; as the number of his disciples daily increased, the learned philosopher taught them in a large garden, belonging to one, Academus—from this the learned assembly was termed an Academy. But it is not of these I wish to speak: *that* master and his pupils were learned, as Academicians are supposed to be. Of course I do not make the least allusion to those of Paris.

Since then, learned societies have been called Academies. At the revival of letters they flourished, particularly in Italy, where every town had its Academy. They were afterwards established in England, France, and the principal cities in Europe.

I have had occasion to make some researches on the Academies of Italy of the 16th and 17th centuries, and was agreeably surprised by their names. I quote some of them :—

Academicians were called,

At Sienna Intronati Blockheads,
At Rome Humoristi, fantastici . Whimsical, Fantastical.

At Bologna	Otiosi	Sluggards.
At Genoa	Addormentati . . .	Sleepy-heads.
At Milan	Nascoti	Skulkers
At Mantua	Invaghiti	Envious.
At Cesena	Offuscati	Beclouded.
At Fabriano	Disuniti	Disunited.
At Ancona	Caliginosi	Mystified.
At Rimini	Adagiati	Slow.
At Città de Castella .	Assorditi	Deaf.
At Perugia	Insensati	Senseless.
At Maccratta	Catenati	Fettered.
At Viterbo	Ostinati	Obstinate, &c. &c.

We must allow that Academicians were then duly appreciated, and those who baptized them, showed much discrimination. I do not know what they are called in France, but doubtless they are lineal descendants from those of Italy, and they ought therefore to bear the same name. But if you wish to know what is the French Academy, listen to Méry, one of our wittiest writers.

“There are in this body, many learned men who certainly know a great deal ; but as a body they too often verify the words of Fontanes, spoken before the whole Institute in 1811. *Tous les vers sont faits*—they say—*Every thing has been discovered*. Learned corporate bodies have their *amour propre* ; if there was any thing to discover, as a matter of course, *they* would have discovered it long ago. No profane second-hand man could possibly be more clever than they.”

Would you have an idea of the supreme verdict of an Academy? Listen to one of our most biting Satirists, Mons. Aimé Paris.

In a letter addressed to some peasants, in endeavouring to explain to them the nature of an Academy, he quotes an anecdote of a member, who, “wishing to test the clear-sightedness of his brethren, took the blade of a

knife and buried it for two years, to give it the appearance of old metal. Sometime after, he read a paper before the Academy, to prove that there must have been at one time a severe engagement near that town, of which traces doubtless remained. He proposed that the ground should be examined; they consented; a commission was formed; and he was appointed to direct the works. The famous blade was found, to the great joy of the learned; the precious relic was carried in triumph to the Academy; and after a long discussion, as to whether it was the fragment of a sabre, javelin, or poignard, it was decided to be the poignard of a knight, and not the weapon of a foot soldier.

Our malicious friend thought the moment was now come for reading a short lesson to his colleagues—and he addressed them as follows:

“My dear Brethren, you would do well another time to put on your spectacles, and not run the risk of mistaking a common kitchen knife, for a Roman poignard. Judge for yourselves, here is the corresponding handle, which I broke off before I played you this little trick, for which I beg your forgiveness in consideration of my good intention.” Mons. Aimé Paris, thus concludes, “You would naturally think, that all laughed at the joke; nothing of the kind, my good friends; the orator was expelled the Academy, his name erased from the list; and the learned society declared *they could not be mistaken*. The account was printed; the kitchen knife still figures as a Roman poignard; has a Latin label attached to it; and is now in the Museum of the Academy.”

But would you know what an Academy really is? Listen! Victor Meunier shall tell you.

“For a long time, the Academy of Sciences com-

prised nearly all the learned world. The sacred fire that it kindled, spread over the whole universe, whilst the original source of this conflagration scarcely shed more light than the moon at mid-day.

"Now that science is become public property, the great living Academy is no longer confined to the four walls of the Mazarine Palace ; its audience is not limited to that handful of visitors, that the members of the Institute permit to attend its unprofitable sittings ; its perpetual secretary no longer takes his seat in that chair, where, after Arago, some one *might* perhaps sit down, but which no one will fill.

"The Academy is the world ; the press, endowed like her with ubiquity, is her perpetual secretary ; the public is composed of millions of readers, scattered over the face of the earth."

Let us conclude.

One Academician is a learned man ; the *body* of Academicians know nothing.—One Academician has eyes ; the *body* of Academicians are growing blind.—One Academician may be extremely wise and learned ; the *body* of Academicians no longer know what they do, or what they say.—One Academician may be compared to a perfect musician ; the *body* of Academicians form a most dissonant orchestra. This may seem most paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true.

To the vulgar, an Academician is an oracle endowed with infallibility, and an Academy more sacred than the temple of Delphos ; but to those who know the real state of the case, *nul n'est héros pour son propre valet ; no one is hero to his valet de chambre ;* an Academician is a mortal who does not give the lie to the old proverb ; *Omnis homo mendax ; Every one may err.*

Will you ever again ask why Homœopathy is not adopted by the Academicians? Is it, as one of these learned gentlemen said, because it is too young, *and we must leave it to cut its first teeth?*

In 1666, the University of Leipsic refused the rank of Doctor of Laws to a young man* of twenty, because *the wife of the President thought him too young*; yet his thesis will ever be considered a *chef d'œuvre* of jurisprudence. This candidate certainly *was* very young, but—his name was Leibnitz.

Why is Homœopathy banished the Faculties?—I will answer you this question, when you have told me why truth is always persecuted, and every discovery met at its birth by the monster of opposition, seeking to devour it.

Homœopathy is repulsed by the Academies; so much the better. It does but accomplish its destiny. If the Academies were the just protectors of discovery, the simple fact that they condemn Homœopathy would show, that our doctrine ought to be considered the most barefaced error. But as they endeavour to check all new ideas, and are the antagonists of scientific truth, it is an honour to be condemned by them.

There is no condemnation so terrible as silence. Nothing develops our strength like action. The footsteps of Homœopathy outstrip the age—its portion is with the persecuted *now*, but the triumph of the future will be its reward,

Fourth Conference.

THE SPREAD OF HOMŒOPATHY.

“We are a people of yesterday, and yet we have filled every place belonging to you; cities, islands, towns, assemblies, your very camp, your tribes, companies, palace, senate, forum; we leave you your temples only.”—*Pusey's Translation.*

THESE remarkable words of the fiery orator of Carthage, were addressed at the commencement of the third century to the Senate of Rome, in defence of the persecuted Christians.

At this time, in the capital of the empire, the jealousy and hatred of Polytheism were at their height, and the tempest of persecution was raging in unrestrained fury. The thunders of the Capitol resounded far and wide; the Cæsars multiplied their death-warrants; and scaffolds were daily erected in the public places.

Yet Christianity made progress; and in the darkness and silence of dungeons, caves, and catacombs, Christians assembled continually, fortifying each other with an energy almost divine—together they suffered, and together they prayed.

But a moment came, when each drop of the martyr's blood engendered a new Christian; the swel-

ling tide rolled onwards, and ever rolling, at last broke down the strongholds of old Paganism. It was then the great Tertullian exclaimed, "We are a people of yesterday, and yet we have filled every place: we leave you your temples only." I am tempted to apply this fragment of his immortal "Apology" to the persecutions that our unfortunate doctrine has endured. It has suffered ever since its birth, it suffers still; but the zeal of its disciples never tires; their number is ever on the increase; and the flame kindled by Hahnemann but half a century ago, has already illuminated every region of the scientific world.

Yes, we can say to the Institute—"we are but of yesterday, and we fill every place; we only leave you your temples"—we fill every place; cities, islands, palaces, dispensaries, hospitals, the domain of private practice,—*we only leave you your Faculties. The Faculty of Homœopathy is the world!*

* In our last Conference, I may have left a discouraging impression on your minds, by showing you the serious obstacles that stand in the way of our system, but now I propose to speak of its universal dissemination. And then, to those who say that Homœopathy is dead, we can answer, "Apply your finger to its pulse, and you will find it beats stronger than ever."

At the conclusion of the work, I shall relate the history of the discovery of Homœopathy, in the meantime allow me to suppose you are already acquainted with it; therefore let us trace its progress in all parts of the world.

Scarcely had Homœopathy made its appearance in Germany, than the most violent opposition endeavoured to stifle it in its birth. Like all discoverers, Hahnemann was misunderstood and persecuted, and his new system

banished from its native country, was obliged to take refuge in another clime.

It was towards 1830 that the doctrine of Hahnemann began to find its way into various countries. France, ever tardy and disdainful, and at that period especially plunged into political difficulties, gave it no attention. But the behaviour of England towards Homœopathy was more dignified. This protectress of discoveries, ever ready to give an impulse to progress, and to open her heart to receive every ray of new truth, held out a generous hand to the noble wanderer, and offered a shelter under her hospitable roof.

Once introduced into Great Britain, Homœopathy was not slow in developing its powers. It soon became known, and attracted the attention and sympathy of many of the aristocracy, and intelligent classes. The celebrated Dr. Romano, who was called from Naples by Lord Shrewsbury, has the honour of being one of the first to introduce Homœopathy into England.

Two years after, our noble wanderer cast off the garb of mendicity to put on his royal mantle,—left the cabin to enter the palace. The Queen Dowager, who was suffering from a serious malady, having been given up by the Court physicians, sent for Dr. Stapf from Germany. He cured the royal patient, and during his stay, disseminated much information among the new converts.

Dr. Quin, physician in ordinary to the King of the Belgians, left his appointment, to carry on the work commenced by Dr. Stapf in London. By degrees, the field of Hahnemannian doctrine extended its boundaries, and soon there was a want of hands for its cultivation. Workmen were in universal demand, and many doctors,

chiefly those who had not been appreciated in France, emigrated to Great Britain.

Thus England was quickly in possession of many excellent labourers, and the field, skilfully cultivated, gave a most abundant harvest.

Being now so well supported by persons of rank, the new doctrine has every reason to expect a complete triumph. It can now boast of a great number of dispensaries. An hospital was founded by Mr. Leaf the eminent merchant, who was converted to Homœopathy after having been cured of a serious illness, and has since generously consecrated much of his time, talents and wealth, to its dissemination. There is also another hospital in London which is again a centre, from which Homœopathy may spread.

It is evident, that our neighbour England is neither so ungrateful nor so thoughtless as we are, and we shall also see, as the result of the communication necessarily existing between us, that we owe our Homœopathic teaching in a great measure to her, as well as the impulse given in railways, telegraphs, &c.

Austria has not been behindhand in the work of dissemination. She knew how to appreciate the great discoveries of the 19th century, and lost no time in acknowledging this new medical truth. It was Dr. Marenzeller who introduced Homœopathy into Austria. He practised medicine at Prague, and successfully treated Count Gyulay, Commandant-General and Field Marshal, of a disease pronounced incurable by the Allopaths. This case attracted the attention of the emperor, who immediately allowed Homœopathy the privilege of having a fair trial. Why is not this example of strict justice and generous impartiality, more frequently followed by sovereigns?

Homœopathy came out triumphant from the trial ; it was in vain that the heads of the old school, endeavoured to prevent their well-attested proofs from being made public : the truth became everywhere known.

Count de Fickelmont, Austrian Ambassador to his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies, then at Vienna, wrote on the subject to General Luigi Caraffa, a friend of Homœopathy, who was wishful to know the result of the investigations commanded by the emperor, as follows,

“The system has passed through the trial, to which it was submitted, with the most brilliant success. That explains why its opponents put every difficulty, in the way of the publication of the report. I found since my last journey to Vienna, that Homœopathy had made immense progress. The consequence will be, that no one can refuse to believe the evidence of facts. The patients cured are a speaking proof, that must of necessity make converts.”

Since that time, the new doctrine has continued to spread throughout the empire. People of rank have given it their support ; the rich have assisted it with their means ; and the heads of scientific societies have favoured its dissemination.

At the present time, perhaps Homœopathy is more practised in Austria than in any other country in Europe. It has hospitals and dispensaries everywhere, and Homœopaths are nearly as numerous as Allopaths. The University of Vienna, and the Military Academy founded by Josephine, have professors of our school. Medical students are left to choose between the systems, and the official teachers of the old school are justly alarmed, when they see the wonderful cures which occur everywhere under the new treatment.

This brings to mind the remarkable case of Marshal

Radetzki, which has been talked of from one end of Europe to the other. The marshal had a malignant tumour in the right eye, which the physicians of Milan had pronounced incurable. Professor Sæger, Oculist to the Court of Austria, was sent by the emperor to the illustrious patient, but his treatment was unsuccessful, and at the end of some time, he was obliged to confess the affection beyond his skill. Having lost all hope, the marshal, as a last resource, tried Homœopathy; and the result was, Dr. Hartung radically cured him in four months.

Dr. Varlez, member of the Royal Academy of Medicine of Brussels, wishing to have the fact confirmed by the Marshal himself, received the following letter.

“ *Verona, December 13th, 1845.*

“SIR,”

“It is with pleasure and gratitude that I certify, it is to Dr. Hartung, Homœopathic physician, that I am indebted for my recovery from a serious attack of ophthalmia: and having been already given up by other medical men, it is to his skill I owe my sight, if not my life.

“The details both of the disease and the treatment, are inserted in the *Gazette Universelle Homœopathique*, of the year 1841.

“Receive, &c,
(Signed) “RADETZKI.”

Ought not such facts to enlighten everyone who really wishes to see?

In Hungary, the Viceroy Joseph has patronized the new medical reform, and warmly encouraged its progress. In 1844, the two Houses of the States of Hungary, in consequence of the express instructions, inserted in the

reports of the Delegates of the Committee of the Diet, unanimously seconded the demand for the establishment of a Homœopathic chair and Hospital in the capital ; the deputation was sent to his Imperial Majesty, the 9th of October, and on the 24th of the same month, the royal mandate was issued, sanctioning the adoption of the petition. Three clinical establishments have since been founded, and the reform, supported by the higher classes, has made everywhere its way.

In Prussia, there has been an Homœopathic establishment opened at Berlin, by virtue of a ministerial decree, where the treatment, and studies pursued by the pupils of the university are purely Hahnemannian. His Royal Highness the Prince of Prussia has one of our cleverest men as physician in ordinary, and the successor of the illustrious Hüfeland, physician to the King of Prussia, is one of the most distinguished disciples of Hahnemann.

At present, Homœopathy has scarcely anything to desire in Germany ; its reign is perfectly established. It has its journals, clinical instruction, and official teaching everywhere for educating Homœopathic practitioners. Deep conviction sustains it ; aristocratic purses support it ; and dukes, princes, and kings, introduce it into their palaces.

The immortal Hahnemann has met the fate of all great geniuses. Misunderstood during life ; he is worshipped after death. The solemn inauguration of his statue has just taken place, amidst an immense concourse of physicians, on a beautiful site offered by the Duke of Cœthen, near the terminus of the railways that pass through his domains.

Switzerland early adopted the new medical reform, and small as this nation is, it has long been a focus from

which our opinions have spread. Dr. Peschier, considered to be one of the most renowned Allopaths before his conversion to Homœopathy, commenced a journal at Geneva, which had a very extensive circulation. It is but a few years, since death removed him from the scientific world. This has been a great loss to our school, but he left numerous successors, and in every city of the Helvetic Confederation, our zealous apostles continue their labours.

When Hahnemann was in Paris, his disciples, then few in number, gathered round him to receive his instructions. Among them, there was a young Spanish physician, who expended nearly all his fortune, in translating the works of his new master into Castilian. He reached Madrid, full of ardour, but his efforts to spread Homœopathy were unsuccessful; he was received with coldness and derision, and he died in bitter disappointment.

But here is an extract from the report of the Hahnemannian Society of Madrid, in October, 1847.

"We are happy to be able to state, that her Majesty Isabella II., fully satisfied with Homœopathy, and with the services rendered by our worthy President, has deigned to bestow on Dr. Nuñez the honour of the grand cross of the Royal Order of Charles III., as a mark of her approbation; and at the same time, has appointed him as her physician in ordinary."

In Spain, the new school of medicine has also its chair and clinical lectures, authorized societies and numerous journals, as well as disciples among the most renowned and learned practitioners of that country: such as Dr. Francisca de Paula-Folch, Professor of Medicine at Barcelona; Dr. Joseph Nostenchi, Member of the National Academy; Joachim de Hissean and

Bartholomew Obrador, Professors of the Faculty of Medical Science at Madrid ; Dr. Felix Janer, Director and Dean of the Faculty at Barcelona, and Professor of Clinical Medicine, &c. &c.

Every one knows that Homœopathy has extended to Russia, and lately, during the war, the political journals have shown us the progress it has made. It is well known, that at the death of the Emperor Nicholas, the malevolence and jealousy of our charitable Allopathic brethren, wished to take advantage of the circumstance, to drive Homœopathy from the imperial palace. But these plots failed, and the Royal Family is always accompanied by a Homœopathic physician.

By order of the Emperor, there has been for some time, a military hospital at Tultschin, in Podolia, founded by Dr. Hermann, who received the rank of *Général d'Etat-major*.

A similar establishment has existed at Moscow since 1845, when it was solemnly inaugurated in the presence of the Governor-General, Prince Schtscherbattof. Our brethren are numerous at St. Petersburg and Moscow, where Homœopathic establishments have been founded by order of the Emperor. They exist also at Cronstadt, Riga, and the principal cities of the empire.

As in the case of Germany, a glance must suffice to show the state of Homœopathy in Italy ; there are so many particulars to relate and names to mention, that the details would lead us too far. I will confine myself to merely saying, that in this group of kingdoms and duchies, our system is everywhere well represented, and extensively spread.

Here—as in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, a royal decree grants to the Homœopathic Society the title of Royal Academy ; there—as in the Duchy of Parma, Her

Royal Highness Louise de Bourbon establishes an hospital in her own palace.

In every city, especially the maritime ones, our apostles abound. At Naples, Florence, Genoa, Bologna, and Rome, the system is most ably represented.

Here is an extract from the *Deutschen Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 827, of the 22nd November, 1844.

"The doctrine of Homœopathy has obtained a complete triumph over its opponents, the partizans of the old school at Rome. Their Dean, Dr. Lupi, had succeeded in persuading the Pope, that it was necessary to forbid Homœopaths the unrestricted use of their remedies. Dr. Wahle, whose repeated and brilliant success has given to Homœopathy its present popularity, availed himself in vain of his rights as a foreigner, and the influence of one of his protectors, the Dutch ambassador, Baron de Liederkerke. At last, the Pope, who had made himself better acquainted with the manner of preparing Homœopathic medicines, being solicited by several noble Roman families, allowed him the right of dispensing. Since that time, our compatriot has seen the circle of his practice extend considerably; and the convent of Jesuits, has just appointed him their physician, and given him fees, double in amount to those received by his Allopathic predecessor."

Our reform has also made rapid progress in Illyria and Sardinia, and was protected by his Majesty Charles Albert. In Algiers it is very worthily represented. A chemist, that I had the good fortune to cure of a chronic disease, embraced our doctrine, and established himself at Constantine, with great success. In India, our school has just commenced its labours, and we have reason to believe that it will soon succeed, for we already can boast of an hospital.

It is plain, that Homœopathy makes progress in every part of the old world ; notwithstanding its youth, it is strong, robust, well-developed ; and promises a brilliant future.

Let us follow the course of the new system in America—a free country where truth generally meets with a welcome. We must not suppose that the standard of Hahnemann has not experienced there, as elsewhere, the storm and the tempest. The wind of opposition blows from every point of the compass, but in the New World, it has been less furious, and sooner appeased ; and at this moment, our flag waves in triumph, moved only by the breeze of progress.

In examining the progress of Homœopathy, I have been struck by the difference of opinion between our nation and the English, both at home and abroad. It is very sad to remark, that it is the French and the old Creole population, that have shown themselves most opposed to our doctrine. It has not been the same with the Anglo-American race, amongst which Homœopathy has made rapid progress. Every thing may be expected from the Anglo-American ; he rejects nothing ; adopts nothing without examination, and a fair trial.

We are in the habit of continually hearing persons say :—Homœopathy may suit chronic diseases, but in acute cases, which may prove speedily fatal, its pretended activity is a delusion. Those who reason thus, are altogether ignorant of the actual state of the case in America. They have to learn that this hemisphere is the scene of its most brilliant success : they are even ignorant of the true character of the American ; impatient and excitable, he must think, speak, and act quickly ; every act is a passion. The American has accepted Homœopathy for the same reason that he has

adopted railways, steam-boats, and electric telegraphs. He would live, but live rapidly; he has no time to be ill; he pays his doctor liberally; he gives him gold by handfuls, but he must be cured at once; and — of what? of cholera, typhus, the yellow fever; those maladies that neither jest with the patient nor the doctor: and this is precisely what has gained a triumph there for Homœopathy; if these diseases did not exist in America, our doctrine would perhaps have languished, even there.

It needed very devoted apostles, endued with much self-denial, to carry the truth of Hahnemannism into the New World. Some, like the ardent Hering, extract the poisonous juice of plants, and the deadly venom from the fangs of serpents, in order to submit them to experiment, and therewith enrich the *Materia Medica*. Others, expose themselves to epidemic diseases, and are the first to fall under the fatal scourge.

It was in 1827 that Homœopathy made its appearance in the United States. The first spark was lighted at New York. In 1828, there were but two Homœopathic practitioners in the United States; four in 1829; six in 1830; eight in 1831; eleven in 1832; twenty-one in 1833; thirty-three in 1834; fifty-seven in 1835; several hundreds in 1845: since then, it would be difficult to enumerate them.

Several Christian missionaries, among whom we may especially remark Chazel and Bayer, practise the system, and by this means, make their way more easily among the people they wish to evangelize.

In the federal city, there is a special school called the Medical-Homœopathic College of Washington. In 1848, the state of Pennsylvania adopted a law passed by the House of Representatives, which established a Homœopathic College, with the same rights and prerogatives as the

old schools of medicine. This measure is all the more important, forasmuch as in the United States, medical students are only obliged to attend the practice of a qualified physician for two years, and two courses in a medical college, before being admitted to examination. By the new law, Homœopathic doctors who were at first excluded from special teaching, have now the same privileges as their opponents, and future practitioners can study Homœopathy, without being obliged to pass under the yoke of Allopathic doctrine.

At Philadelphia, a magnificent building has been erected which bears the name of the Homœopathic College of Medicine; a great number of candidates, every year, there receive the title of doctor, and go forth from this virgin school, pure Homœopathic physicians. After having spread nearly throughout the great Confederation, our doctrine has also penetrated into almost every island. We may cite the Havannas, where a school has lately been established with clinical instruction and lectures. Homœopathic physicians are very numerous here, in spite of, or rather, because of the yellow fever, which is so prevalent and terrible in this climate.

Homœopathy soon reached New Orleans. The first physician who carried it to the mouths of the Mississippi, fell a victim to the yellow fever, and in his zeal for Homœopathy, became a martyr to the cause. During the three months that this merciless epidemic devastated the city and environs, one of his friends took his place, and struggled against the scourge with the most heroic devotion. The same year, four American physicians came to assist their brother, and made great inroads into the field of practice. Their number has since augmented in proportion to their success.

The doctrine of Hahnemann was not long in reaching

the Isthmus of Panama, and from thence, proceeded to South America. It was introduced there in 1840, by Dr. Mure, one of the most zealous apostles of our doctrine. In a short time, it was established in the richest and most important country of the New World, the empire of Brazil. It spread rapidly, and in 1845, a Homœopathic Institution, and a free Dispensary were founded. At present, the province of Rio reckons twenty-five consulting rooms, in which there are 25,000 consultations annually. The mortality of the capital has diminished one-fourth, and among the slaves, one-half. There too, men celebrated for their learning, fortune, and social position, have rallied round Homœopathy.

I shall sum up by saying that the Homœopathic Institution reckons among its members, the most eminent persons, such as senators, ministers, the president, and many men of standing, both at the bar and in the state.

A school authorized to confer medical certificates, was opened in Brazil in 1844. There, our principles are taught in their purity, and our zealous missionaries go forth from thence, to scatter the seed of truth in all the provinces of the South. One of these men, endowed with indefatigable energy, after having successfully advocated our principles through the Brazilian press, in 1847 won the most brilliant triumph, in the province of Bahia, after a struggle of five months. Another, his successor, a clever writer and journalist, was the means of making thousands of converts, and founded a Homœopathic school and society.

Others went to fight the battle at Maceio and Teara, and the most complete success crowned their efforts in these two provinces. At Pernambuco, Hahnemannism

struggled incessantly, from July 1848 to the end of January, 1849 ; and this contest, the violence of which had no counterpart in Europe, ended like the others, in a complete victory.

In Parahyba, there is a branch society of the Homœopathic Institution of Rio. Here, the conquest was easier, Homœopathy was already known by its results among the patients, who had been cured in the parent establishment. The population of this province, had long been anxious for the arrival of a Homœopath, and when the news came that a vessel was in port, with four Homœopathic doctors on board, a deputation of the principal inhabitants, went to beg them to settle there. One therefore remained, to practise Homœopathy.

In the province of Maranhão, the hospitals of Mercy and Charity, are attended exclusively by our practitioners, and the branch Homœopathic society was formed there in March 1849. Our system is also established at Para, Pelotas, Porto-Alegre, and Rio-Grande. It has penetrated as far as the eastern republic of Uruguay, and from thence to Monte Video, on the banks of La Plata.

I lately heard, with no small pleasure, that our reform had been known at Chili for two or three years. A merchant, who had come from Valparaiso, called me in to see his child, and told me, that my little patient had been already treated by Homœopathy, for in that city, it had now two or three representatives, and another practitioner was expected at Santiago. He related much of the success of these men, and assured me, that Chili would become one of the most favourable soils for the growth of the Hahnemannian tree.

But the school of Brazil, is the true centre from which

all this proceeds. The healing art has there been best understood, and most zealously studied; Hahnemannian principles will here be preserved intact, and were they to disappear from other parts of the world, the shores of Brazil would probably send forth disciples, to propagate the truth in all its purity.

These facts show us, that Homœopathy needs but light and liberty to become successful.

But let us return to France, and see if Homœopathy cannot show some indications of progress amongst us.

Dr. Conte Des-Guidi is the father of Homœopathy in France. He was born at Naples in 1769; obliged to quit his country in 1799, on account of political troubles, and sought refuge in France. In 1802 he was naturalized for having introduced some useful inventions into our country. Profoundly skilled in ancient and modern literature, mathematics, physics, chemistry, medicine and law, he was made professor of physical science to the Lyceum at Lyons; in 1819 Inspector of the Academy; and in 1818 he received the diploma of M.D. from the Faculty of Strasburg.

Two years afterwards family affairs called him to Naples; he was accompanied by Madame Des-Guidi, who had long been suffering from a painful disease, for which she had in vain consulted the most celebrated men of the old school. In this perplexity, the doctor heard of Homœopathy, and wished to try it for his dear patient. The celebrated Dr. Romano attended her, and some time after she returned in perfect health.

Astonished at this miraculous cure, Dr. Des-Guidi was very soon converted to the system that had restored his wife; he studied its principles; followed the clinical instruction of the military hospital of La Charité at Naples, and returned to Lyons to propagate the doctrine

which had enlightened him. From that period, he devoted his whole time in making known this new medical reform; he soon effected numerous and striking cures; permitted those doctors who came from all parts, to inquire into the secrets of this new system, to visit his consulting-room, and investigate the cases. Many conversions followed, and Homœopathy spread from this centre throughout France. Since then, a gold medal has been struck to his memory, and he has received the Star of the Legion of Honour.

Paris was soon represented. In 1830, there were only two practitioners, and now there are about three hundred. There are several well-attended courses of Homœopathic instruction; they are certainly, not officially recognised; and our professors are neither appointed nor paid by the Government.

But the Hahnemannian vessel does not need its officers to be invested with the honorary insignia of the State. Liberty is her pilot—truth, her compass.

Formerly Homœopathy was never mentioned in the schools, or if so, only in derision: now, many pupils study it, and I myself know several who are only waiting for their diploma to enlist under our banner. Once, Homœopathy dared not cross the threshold of the university; now, even candidates treat of Homœopathic subjects in their theses, and the examiners are obliged to receive them. It is a step, and an immense one, towards the professor's chair. Formerly, Homœopathic physicians were not sufficiently numerous to form any fraternal society, and resist the shock of opposition; now, they assemble yearly, at a fête consecrated to the memory of their founder; they call meetings, to which they invite the free discussion of their opponents; but Allopathy wraps herself in the mantle of Diogenes, and refuses to leave her tub

Here let me quote some lines from an article in the *Monde illustré* of April 24, 1858, entitled, Anniversary of the Birth of Hahnemann. "A numerous audience, among which we may enumerate some deputies of the legislative body, counsellors of state, a *Colonel d'Etat-major*, a celebrated writer, various distinguished members of the bar, and a great number of representatives of the literary and scientific press, were assembled last Saturday, in the sumptuous saloons of the Hôtel du Louvre, to celebrate the 103rd anniversary of the birth of the famous German.

"General d'Orgoni, minister and ambassador of his Majesty the Emperor of the Burmese, had been invited to this fête, as a token of gratitude for the protection which he had given to those missionaries, who practise Homœopathy in the states of his sovereign."

I have already told you, that a struggle lately took place between the rival sisters. Allopathy, this time, remained mistress of the field. But the contest will be renewed, and perhaps before long. The battlements have been dismantled, the ground thoroughly examined, and now we know the secrets of our enemy's camp. Remember the observation of Pyrrhus after the battle of Heraclea; "*another victory like this, and I am lost.*"

In our last Conference, I told you much that was discouraging; permit me now to quote some confessions made by our adversaries, which may well inspire us with hope.

In the *Gazette Médicale de Paris*, we read,—"*We are of opinion that any belief which has made its way into every part of the learned world, and drawn to itself a certain number of distinguished men, always merits*

Listen to a professor of Paris, "*All seems to smile*

upon us ; the breezes favour us, but in the midst of these fortunate circumstances, *alarming symptoms manifest themselves* ; we talk about the future of medicine, would it not be as well, to take some care for its very existence ?”

“Medicine can only exist so long as patients have faith in it, and seek its assistance. It is not by *theory* that it lives, but by *practice*. Now, it is impossible in these days to ignore the fact, that a certain party is leaving classic medicine, which is ironically termed the old school, and patients are giving themselves up, heart and soul, to what they call the new school. Homœopathy, (for it is to that I chiefly allude,) proposes nothing less than overturning the whole structure of medicine.”

The following extract is from the pen of the chief editor of the *Union Médicale*. “My dear brethren, Homœopathy gains ground ; the waters rise visibly. It is even in the train of the young and beautiful Empress, in the palace of Cæsar. From time to time, our medical societies see members separating themselves from the old stock. Even last month, one of these societies was pained by receiving a letter of resignation, caused by a desertion to Homœopathy, and addressed by a brother who had given proof of much talent. *Where ?—where are we going ?*”

Do you hear these lamentations and cries ? Do you hear the signal of distress ? * Do you see the waves of progress rise ? Homœopathy is advancing ;—Allopathy trembles.

Will they venture to tell us our doctrine has had its day, and that our apostles are few in number : we will reply, like the great Tertullian, “*We are but of yesterday, and we already fill every place.*”

Let your hearts rejoice. . Turn your eyes towards the east, and behold !—By degrees the shadows disperse, and the dawn breaks on the horizon. Every being in nature awakes, to chant the song of universal harmony. The God of day rises, bathed in light, and sheds his glorious beams over the universe !

Fifth Conference.

THE TEMPLE OF HIPPOCRATES.

I WILL take you to-day, into a very ancient temple ; one almost as old as the world. It will remind you in many particulars of those antique edifices, dedicated by the pagans to their divinities, and when you have seen the mysteries hidden in its sanctuary, you will be surprised it should still be in existence.

Examine its dimensions ; they are immense ! There is one grand entrance, but the side-doors are even more numerous, than in the famous temple at Thebes. The winds and tempests enter on all sides. Each one in its turn blows and blusters, till another more violent and impetuous drive it out ; they disappear, one by one, howling with rage.

In the sanctuary of this temple is placed an altar, and upon it is seated an idol, to which sacrifices are offered night and day. But both idol and priests are continually changing, the altar alone remains the same ; the idols and the priests, like the winds and the tempests, are each day replaced by others more violent and restless than the former.

In the old pagan temples, certain symbolical animals

were offered up, but here they sacrifice men—hecatombs of men. The blood which deluges the altar, is the blood of human victims, who, one after the other, fall under the knife of the high priest.

This description, too vivid perhaps, is nevertheless a true one, of what I shall term, *medicine as it is* (*le positif médical*) ; this image though doubtless too much unveiled, is a faithful and exact representation of medical practice.

This temple is the universe ; the winds and tempests which there struggle for mastery, are the various conflicting opinions which clash in the atmosphere of the medical world, like those ever-changing clouds, which, after they have assumed a thousand different forms, fade and disappear. The idol seated on the altar, goddess of an hour in this sacred sanctuary, is the system of medicine which triumphs to-day, and gives place to the rival of to-morrow. Do you not recognise in the high priests, the authors of those systems, which hold for a short time the reins of the medical chariot, but soon become lost travellers in the wilderness of ephemeral theories ?

Yes ! this is a rough outline of medicine in general — a faithful image of that art, called, perhaps in mockery, the healing art ; these are the dogmas of that system, called Allopathy.

It will not be an easy task to explain clearly, in what the doctrine consists ; or to say what is its origin and essence, especially if we would strip the discussion of its scientific bark, too hard for those, whose hands are unaccustomed to the culture of the abstract sciences.

I will do my utmost to make myself understood. Let me first draw a rapid sketch of the history of medicine, from its commencement to the present day. These

general notions are almost indispensable for the better comprehension of Allopathic doctrine ; but I will be as brief as possible.

Medicine does not stand alone ; it is always accompanied by a cortège of the sister sciences ; physics, chemistry, natural history, &c. Now as all these sciences have made but slow advances, they necessarily retarded the progress of medicine, with which they are so closely connected. This happens to all truths, that linked in one chain, are intimately connected with each other.

Medicine has existed from time immemorial ; it is the most ancient of all the sciences ; it dates its origin from the first cry of pain, the first disarrangement of the various pieces that compose the human machine. In the early ages, all the curative means employed, were undoubtedly the result of the blindest empiricism ; they cured, because they cured, without knowing exactly why or how. Are we any wiser now ? Perhaps not, but I will leave you to inquire of the learned professors of our official schools :

Nevertheless, several means of curing certain maladies were known, and these means, which then formed all the baggage of Therapeutics, were handed down from generation to generation, and became gradually enriched by new experiments. Kings, heroes, poets, and priests, were then the chief doctors, and the depositaries of all knowledge ; the priests especially, for they looked upon diseases as punishments sent by the gods. The doctors of the Egyptians, Indians, Jews and Greeks, were likewise their priests, and they knew well how to turn the credulity of the people to account, and thus increase their influence. Mythology had gods for everything, it had even those who were supposed to preside over health ; the Greeks at last went so far as to deify the men who

consecrated their lives to the care of the sick ; thus Asclepias, or Asclepius, or Cœsculapius, became the god of medicine. From this, his successors were called Asclepiades : they were the families who had descended in a direct line from Cœsculapius : this god had temples at Cos, Cnidus, Pergamos, Rhodes, and Epidaurus.

For a long time the practice of medicine was monopolized by the Asclepiades, and was confined to Asia Minor. And what a system of medicine it was ! It consisted in the most superstitious practices, which in the hands of the priests were confounded with the still darker superstitions of paganism.

But let us turn to the brilliant age of Socrates and Pericles. The study of philosophy then became speedily and generally extended ; the time came when philosophers wished to know more of mankind, more particularly in a physical point of view, and thus they commenced, not only to study, but to practise medicine. From that time, this science was no longer exclusively in the hands of the Asclepiades ; their secrets were unveiled.

It was at this period that Hippocrates appeared, one of the most celebrated physicians the world has ever seen. Born in the island of Cos, 460 B.C. and descended from the Asclepiades, he travelled for the purpose of study in Greece, and several provinces of Asia. It was especially during the Peloponesian war, that he acquired the greatest fame. He brought together the facts already known to medical science ; before his time, the priests used to write the details of diseases, and the remedies that had cured them on tablets which were exhibited in the temples. He collected all these observations, stripped medicine of the superstition and jugglery of his predecessors, and generously made known those curative

means which, until then had remained secret. He set aside the hypotheses, by which the phenomena of nature had hitherto been explained; above all, he made known the value of observation in the practice of medicine, and showed, that it is on that alone, general principles can be based. In this respect, he may be called the precursor of Bacon, who was, in his turn, the precursor of Hahnemann. We may truly say, that if in his day, there had existed a Berzelius, an Arago, and a Geoffry St. Hilaire, Hippocrates might have effected anything in medicine.

The *divine old man* of Cos, as people have been pleased to call him, left to all future generations of physicians, the legacy of his secrets and principles, which, under the name of *Aphorisms*, are even now the foundation of modern medicine. * He carried his generosity so far, as to make a confession of his errors, and, as is generally the case, it is these especially that have been inherited by his successors.

His pure doctrine was not of long duration; Greece fell, and with her, philosophy, medicine, science, and the arts. Everything was eclipsed, and remained obscured, until the moment when the school of Aristotle appeared. He vaguely pointed out the necessity of anatomical study. Till then, and even long afterwards the opening of dead bodies was opposed by prejudice and false modesty. They then began to acquire general notions of anatomy, from the examination of the victims offered in sacrifice to the gods; these notions were still more spread by the school of Alexandria, which, under the protection of the Ptolemies, gave a little more liberty to anatomy. After the fall of Greece, medicine, together with science, letters and the arts, passed from east to west, and took refuge in Italy. Hippocrates was revived

in the person of Galen at Rome, as Homer and Euripides had been by Virgil and Horace.

Galen, born at Pergamos, A.D. 131, practised his art for some time in his native city, and afterwards went to Rome, where he became physician to the emperors Marcus Aurelius, Verus, and Commodus.

Galen is the true father of the present system of medicine, Allopathy. It is he who founded polypharmacy, and propagated the absurd use of bleeding, leeches, purgatives, blisters, cauterizations, setons and other similar expedients. We have said, he endeavoured to revive the doctrines of Hippocrates, but he only spread his errors, and instead of advancing the art of medicine, he drove it back to the time of the Asclepiades. If he has the credit of enlarging the bounds of anatomical and surgical knowledge, he has also that of narrowing the circle of medicine, properly so called, and by that means, has greatly retarded the progress of the science; for, above all, a practitioner should be a *physician*. One may be a perfect anatomist, or skilful surgeon, and yet a very bad doctor.

Imbued with the ideas of Aristotle, Galen endeavoured to explain all in medicine as in physics, by what he called the four elements; air, earth, fire, and water, and he could only see everywhere, hot and cold, dry and moist. Leaving the system of observation adopted by Hippocrates, he could not preserve himself from the spirit of hypothesis. Eclectic in philosophy as in medicine, he laid the foundation of many systems, yet never built a really solid one. Gifted with prodigious facility, and immense erudition, he rather abused, than made use of his acquirements. And yet, I repeat, Galen is the father of our old system of medicine, and his statue, and not that of Hippocrates, ought to be placed in the schools.

I am obliged to curtail my general remarks, on these two most celebrated physicians of antiquity; other characteristic traits of their doctrine will be found in various places throughout our Conferences.

The fall of the Roman empire followed that of Greece; and as medicine had declined in the first, the same thing happened in the second empire, that is, it fell into the same state as it had been before Hippocrates. It was again given up to superstition and empiricism, and found itself buried with other sciences in the darkness of the middle ages. The monks alone saved it from utter ruin, but it was now so degraded, that popes and councils forbade the priests to practise it; surgery especially was laid under a severe interdict, and from this time may be dated, the real separation of surgery and medicine.

Yet, by degrees prejudice gave way, and the first ray of progress shone on the horizon. A happier era was dawning amidst events of a very conflicting nature, for in the thirteenth century, during the political struggle between Philippe-le-Bel, and Boniface VIII.; Frederic authorized the public dissection of a dead body *every five years*, in Bologna and Sicily. It was the learned Mondini, who first took advantage of this privilege; he was the only surgeon whose works came into favour after those of Galen.

In 1374 the Faculty of Montpellier obtained permission from the Vatican to open dead bodies, and in the following century, Pope Sixtus IV. granted the same license everywhere. From that moment the impulse was given, anatomy and medicine were studied in the universities of Europe, and knowledge of all kinds made common progress. While the scalpel of the anatomist was revealing the secrets of the human body, Christopher Columbus discovered the New World, and printing

appeared to publish the conquests of intelligence, throughout the universe.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, flourished Vesalius, the father of human anatomy; a century later, Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood; Pecquet, the chyle duct; and these immortal anatomists pointed out the right path for all future experiments in physiology. Galileo laboured in the field of mathematics, Descartes, of philosophy; Bacon, of science in general; the impulse being given, everything rapidly advanced.

I must here close our historical digression: since, from this epoch to our day, there would be too much to relate. What most concerns us to know is;—that when physiology had revealed nearly all its secrets to the researches of the studious, medicine was divided into two very distinct systems by which they endeavoured to explain the nature of man; the one could see nothing but mind or soul, and founded the system of spiritualism, or "*animism*;" Stahl and Vanhelmont are the authors of this system, which has been adopted by the school of Montpellier, and advocated by Barthez, Bérard and Lordat.

The other, seeing nothing but matter in the healthy subject, and only certain organs in the diseased one, formed the system of materialism, or "*organicism*." Hoffman and Boerhaave are the authors of this system, since adopted by the school of Paris, and supported by Cabanis, Bichat, Broussais, Corvisart, Piorry, &c.

We must not however suppose these systems are new, and only date from these great men; they are on the contrary coeval with the most ancient philosophers and physicians, and are but old ideas brought out second-hand by modern science. This will be apparent as we proceed.

Here our historical sketch must terminate ; it is not my intention to enter further into details ; in the course of our Conferences, each chronological fact will be found in its proper place. I will now submit to you a few general considerations, which will materially assist you in understanding what follows.

What is the real object of medical study ?——MAN.

Let us imagine we see a dead body in the dissecting room. Consider it as a machine, take all its parts to pieces, describe its wheels and levers, give a name to all, and the science which thus analyses this machine, is called *anatomy*.

Let us now set this machine in motion,* by means of steam, that is to say, let us animate the body, by giving it a soul, a vital principle. We will suppose the whole as accomplishing its functions, and call this apparatus, a man. This man stands up, walks, digests, sees, hears, speaks ; in a word, performs his functions. The study of these functions is called *physiology*.

But this animated and active being, destined to fulfil an evolution of more or less duration, may get out of order while accomplishing his destiny in the various acts of life. All the parts may be disarranged in their movements, and relative action. Considered in reference to universal harmony, the notes of this vital instrument are often put out of tune. Composed of hard and soft, liquid and fluid parts, in fact, of mind and matter, this man may experience as many lesions, as there are tissues in his organization. The study of all these disarrangements is called *pathology*.

When man is disturbed by these disorders, and obliged to suspend his activity ; when the harmony of his various organs is affected, and the equilibrium of his functions upset, we direct our investigations to the cause

of his disorder, endeavour to re-establish the harmony and equilibrium, grapple with the disease, and restore him to health. This science is called *therapeutics*.

To effect this, we employ various means, we have an arsenal which contains all the instruments necessary for these operations; in a word, we possess the remedies which cure these diseases. Now, the knowledge of these remedies, and the manner of their administration, is called *materia medica*.

Man may be considered in many other aspects, but however important these may be, our attention must be especially directed to the more general features of the subject, which present man as an organized, acting and thinking being; either in health, or disease.

At first glance it would seem, that the analysis of these materials ought invariably to show the same results, as a revolving light presents the same appearance and colours to every eye; but such is not the case. Man in health and disease has been viewed in a different way by each school, and the most opposite opinions exist, especially between the Allopaths and the Homœopaths.

We will first enter the temple of Galen, and examine the doctrine called Allopathy; afterwards its rival Homœopathy, and we shall then see clearly their real constitution and difference.

Looking at man simply in an anatomical point of view, it is evident that all the schools must agree; in this respect we can neither change nor modify the human body, which presents the same tissues to every scalpel, the same elements to all analyses. The structure and organization of man is perfect. Happily we are obliged to accept him as he is. Had the Almighty

not hidden the secret of his work, we should have meddled with it, and it would have been spoiled!

But if we consider man in a physiological point of view, how various are the conflicting opinions that distract the schools! At this signal, every one retires to his camp, to prepare his means of attack and defence.

Let us examine the school of Paris, this queen of the medical world, and see how she has sacrificed the traditions of Hippocrates, on the altar of her haughty rationalism. Ask her what man is, and you will wonder at her reply.

Physicians like philosophers, have studied this question from time immemorial, and if you were to glance over the history of philosophy and medicine, and compare the two, it would be apparent, that in this point of view, the systems walk in parallel lines. Whether the winds of philosophy blew towards spiritualism or materialism; dogmatism or scepticism; traditionalism or rationalism, the medical barometer very faithfully indicated every change. To give an account of these changes would be tedious, I must therefore leave the past and come to more modern times.

Towards the end of last century, the too famous Cabanis, at once a profound philosopher, and skilful physician, sowed the seed of materialism in the school of Paris, in which he was a professor; a seed, that since then has been fostered by the same teaching, and has grown into an immense tree, under whose spreading branches, our unfortunate young medical students take shelter.

Before his time, the celebrated professor Descartes in his theory of animal spirits (*esprits animaux*), had declared that animals are pure machines, mere automata, or, as he expressed himself, like an organ brought

into action by the wind of the bellows, and made to speak under the fingers of the player. A grand mistake. But between this idea, and declaring that man also was but a machine, yawned a deep gulf; yet Cabanis with one bound dared to leap it, and, once on the other side, he boldly proclaimed, that man is matter, and nothing but matter.

If you will, adopt this system, which makes man into a steam-engine, and converts his brain into a mere boiler for generating thought!

Cabanis was succeeded by Bérard, the present professor of physiology at the school of Paris, Dean of the Faculty, and Inspector-General of Medical Schools. The pupil has perhaps surpassed his master, and this ardent apostle of physiological materialism, scatters his opinions in the field of instruction with a prodigal hand.

He takes his scalpel to dissect an animal or a man, and seeing but matter, treats only of matter. In commencing his lectures on physiology, as he must give his pupils a definition of man, he attacks the subject boldly, without being at all embarrassed.

"Man," says he, "is a *mammiferous, monodelphous, bimanous* animal." To the minds of persons ignorant of natural history, this explanation conveys the following idea:—

"Man is *mammiferous*," that is to say, an animal like the monkey for instance, having *mammæ* for the nourishment of its young.

"*Monodelphous*," that is, an animal also like the monkey, having a single uterus, in which its young is developed, until it reaches its full time, when it comes forth to be fed by its mother's milk. In this respect, man differs somewhat from the marsupial animals, whose young when born, enter a pouch situated near the

abdomen, and there continue until they are perfectly developed like other mammifera.

These ought to be called *didelphous*, as was proposed by Mons. de Blainville.

Lastly, man is *bimanous*, that is two handed, not like the monkey, which is *quadrumanous*, or four handed : now as the hand is more perfect than the foot, it may be said, that in this particular, the monkey is more perfect than man.

We have often heard quoted the words of a celebrated naturalist, "*man is a reasoning animal.*" This definition fails signally in making man into an animal, since the adjective which qualifies the substantive immediately gifts him with reason. We know also the definition of Mons. de Bonald : "*Man is an intelligence, served by organs.*" If this definition be imperfect, inasmuch as it does not clearly indicate the union between these two terms, it has at least the merit of admitting that man above all, is a spirit.

But in the definition of Mons. Bérard, what do we find? Man considered as — matter,—animal,—monkey.

Some of these days we shall hear of the ourang-outangs meeting to form an Academy in the forests of Sumatra, or Cochin China, and this learned body will unanimously define the monkey, a *mammiferous*, *monadelphous*, *quadrumanous* animal : and then, jumping from branch to branch, amidst shouts of laughter, they will all take up this democratic strain—*The nations are our brethren !*

This reminds me of a very witty satire, from the pen of Mons. Adolphe Glassbenner of Berlin ; he is describing an ourang-outang, who, stick in hand, is showing a menagerie of men in cages to an assembly of animals. "Man," says he, "has only two hands ; this is the animal

that resembles us monkeys the most, though to be sure he climbs but badly, and cannot crack a nut without nut-crackers. He eats and drinks all manner of things, and when he is ill, he is not able to help himself, but crawls to be cured to another creature of his species, who carries a gold-headed cane, and scratches something with a pen on a bit of paper."

Be no longer surprised that certain imbecile, white-skinned aristocrats deny the intelligence of those poor black animals of Havanna and New Orleans, that are commonly called negroes. It is true, these creatures think and speak like us, but what does that signify? They are but black animals, created and brought into the world to serve the planters, cultivate sugar-canes, and receive in return — many a good beating.

Man is a *mammiferous*, *monadelphous*, *bimanous* animal.

Do not tell me that in giving this definition, the Professor of Paris, only wished to put man in his proper place in the animal kingdom: remember, Mons.^e Bérard is professor of physiology, and when man is spoken of in a physiological point of view, he is considered as a being possessing thought, volition, and intelligence, and not simply as an animal, the brother of the ourang-outang, the companion of the monkey in the menagerie of mammiferous animals.

Mons. Parchappe, in his *Histoire physique de l'Homme*, after having spoken of certain analogies between the structure of men and animals, adds,

"The minds of men have been so much occupied by this similarity of organization, as to lose sight of the difference between the natures of men and animals, and improperly place man who speaks, thinks and believes in a God, in the same order of living beings as the animals,

in the same class as the mammifera, and in the same family as the bimana." Let us for a moment leave these painful reflections, and turn to the beautiful words of the prophet: *Homo cum in honore esset, non intellexit et similis factus est insipientibus et jumentibus.* (Ps. xlix. 20.)

Materialist physiologists are not even agreed in their explanation of the action of man's organization. Thus, some attribute it to the very essence and nature of the tissues. A muscle contracts, because it is composed of contractile fibres; the heart beats in virtue of a movement communicated to it, by the hydrostatic play of the circulation, &c. This is in fact pure mechanics. Others attribute this action to chemical combinations. According to this system, all our movements are produced in the same way, as an effervescence is caused by the mixture of certain affinities. Thus, digestion is effected by the action of certain acids and salts; respiration, by means of certain gases, &c. This is pure chemistry.

This school of materialist physiologists, is opposed by another, not less celebrated, and perhaps not less absurd—that of the "*animists*" of which Stahl is the head. I have only time to point out its leading features. It endows man with a soul, but gives to this soul a power far too extensive, and attributes that it cannot well possess. Thus, they make it not only to think, speak, and will, but also digest, breathe, and preside over all the organic functions. This system will not bear examination; for instance, stop the circulation of the blood by your will!

The theory of Stahl seems to have had its origin in the physiological doctrine propounded about a century before him, by the celebrated Van Helmont. The metaphysician of Brussels recognised two immaterial principles in man; the *archæus*, or vital principle

which permeates the entire body, and there fulfils, not only the functions of nutrition and digestion, but has sufficient power to struggle with disease: the *dumvirate*, or intelligent principle, the soul properly so called: they make this principle to exist, not in the brain, but in the stomach and spleen, and result from the sympathy between these two viscera.

With some modifications, this system has been adopted by the school of Montpellier, which admits a *vital principle* in man, that is to say, a sort of occult power which serves as a point of union between matter and spirit. In this respect, it is the most perfect school. But what avails it that vitalism be admitted in theory, if rejected in practice—that its physiology and pathology be vitalist, if its therapeutics be "*organicien*," as in the school of Paris?

Now, as you will soon see, every system ought to present a unity of dogmas.

Let us now pass on to *Pathology*.

It is taken for granted, that we do not speak of surgery. This is the same in all schools. We have considered man in health, we will now examine him in disease. What is health—disease—life?

I shall take good care not to lose my time in attempting the least definition of these words. The doctors have taken great pains to find one, and have struck the most vigorous blows on this rock of granite, without producing a single spark; all have cast their treasures into the crucible, without having discovered the secret of this mysterious alchemy; all have wandered day and night round this enchanted palace, and like the stranger in the Arabian Nights, have failed to find the door.

Moreover, why weary the mind in endeavouring to discover and comprehend the essence of truth? We understand what is meant by these words, what more is necessary? Mathematics has its axioms, why should not

medicine have some also? It has never been demonstrated that a part is less than a whole, or that a straight line is really the shortest way from one point to another.

I will say nothing of the essential and radical cause of maladies; this is completely unknown to us. Neither will I speak of their nature, for of that we are equally ignorant. We will confine our attention to those pathological phenomena which come within the sphere of our reason, and examine successively their *origin*, *manifestation* and *physiology*, in disease.

1st. **The Origin of Disease.**—I have already said that medicine went hand-in-hand with philosophy, but it was especially pathology which followed the movement. We may also remark, that as a natural consequence, physiology engenders pathology. In each doctrine and school, the manner of treating maladies depends upon the special teaching of physiology, just as light proceeds from a spark, water from a spring, or fruit from a flower.

Thus, where would materialist physicians seek the origin of disease? In a particular and local derangement of the organs, which may be simple or complicated, but which can affect nothing but the organs, and has no deeper seat; whose origin in a word, will manifest itself only in a circumference, without ever pointing to a *centre of primitive action*. In the machine called man, a certain lever or wheel, might be out of order, but they do not care to examine if the cause of all this derangement, cannot be traced to a more remote origin. But what does it signify if man is only to be a locomotive!

More than this, *disease* does not even exist in the eyes of the "*organicien*" school. "Why do you talk to me of disease?" cried Mons. Piorry before the whole Academy. "Disease is a vain abstraction, a chimerical

entity, a creature of our imagination, nothing but a series of organic derangements. In small-pox for instance, there is pharyngitis, the conjunctiva is affected, and there are many organopathic conditions—the only guides to therapeutic measures ; but there is no disease !”

In the face of such errors, all commentary would be superfluous.

Physicians of the spiritualist school on the contrary, would make disease depend on an immaterial and occult power ; according to their theory, it is the soul which by a direct effort of its own will, causes a derangement or such or such organs.

These two systems are too absurd to bear the least analysis.

The vitalist physicians make disease depend upon a radical derangement of the vital fluid, whose constant variations fluctuate between spirit and matter. Such is the idea of the school of Montpellier, which I repeat, in this department of medical science, is in the right, but is absurd enough to abandon this theory in their practice, and adopt a materialist system of therapeutics.

These then, are the three principal opinions which are now current in the Allopathic schools, and which comprise all others. But were it necessary to sketch the history of all the opinions upon the origin of disease, from Hippocrates and Galen to the present day, it would be the history of innumerable follies and errors.

2ndly. **Manifestation of Disease.**—Can diseases exist without showing themselves either internally or externally, by certain phenomena termed symptoms? This is scarcely possible. Be they ever so deep, so hidden, or so obscure, the cry of suffering nature must awaken some sympathetic note in the organization.

Symptoms then, are the manifestation of disease ;

they are to disease what colours are to painting, and tones to music. According to the materialist school, symptoms have their seat in the organs; they consist in a derangement in the material of the tissues; in purely physical phenomena of disturbance in the apparatus; or in a chemical change of the fluids, gases, &c.

The school of Montpellier, which calls itself vitalist, has made a distinction between the affection and the disease; and to this distinction, borrowed from Galen, it attaches great importance. It has always been moved with pious indignation, when other schools have confounded these very distinct terms.

Thus, it considers an affection to be a primitive and radical attack on the vital principle; and disease to be nothing but the organic manifestation of this affection. This is only a high-sounding distinction, for it does not hinder the practitioners of Montpellier from almost entirely neglecting the affection, and giving all their attention to the disease, or to material and organic symptoms only; this is the fact, whatever they may say to the contrary.

If you were to be present at the consultations, or visits of a hundred Allopathic physicians, you could not fail to perceive, how little they understand of the diatonic scale of symptoms.

We said just now, that the cry of suffering nature always awoke some note of the sympathetic organ. If I may compare the symptoms of disease to a key-board of infinite extent, you will see, that the tones which express their meaning are infinite also. Will the mysterious finger which passes over this key-board, always touch the same notes, and form the same chords? Certainly not, and if these tones and chords be thus varied, will they always produce the same shades of harmony?

I will now show you what passes daily in the consulting-room of a physician: the patients enter in turn; we will suppose them to be country people, that you may listen to the statements of simple, rather than of educated persons; and we will bring upon the stage the most ordinary complaint, and one with which you will doubtless be acquainted. These honest peasants generally suffer from rheumatism.

The first says——“Sir, I have a pain in my leg; when I am still, it is all right; but when I move, it hurts me.”

The second——“Sir, when I walk I am all right, but directly I stop, I get a pain in my leg.”

The third——“I can bear the pain in the day-time, but at nights it's very bad.”

The fourth——“It is not at night-time that I have the pain, but in the morning or evening, or at a certain hour of the day.”

In short, one will complain of a sensation of heat, another of cold, another of contraction or relaxation of the organ. In Peter, the pain will be constant; in Paul, intermittent; in Anthony, confined to one place; in William, moving about, &c. &c.

Now do you suppose all these cries of nature should be heard and interpreted in the same manner by the physician? All these varied symptoms are the manifestations of very different affections, and the practitioner ought to be able to distinguish between these varied shades of tone: but this is not the case. Look at his prescriptions, they will be pretty much the same in each case of rheumatism, the difference may consist in a blister, a few leeches, or an embrocation, &c., more or less, but in the main, the peasants will all be sent away with the same advice. What is the consequence? The

treatment may cure one—that one, in fact, to whose case it is suited ; but it cannot possibly cure all.

We now see the manner in which Allopathy interprets symptoms ! See how routine, turning the handle of the musical instrument, can only play the same tune over and over again.

3rdly. **Physiognomy of Disease.**—These considerations naturally teach us, how careless physicians are in observing the physiognomy of disease : all beings have their peculiar, characteristic, and individual physiognomy ; why then should not diseases have theirs also ?

But do not speak to Allopathy of individualising disease, it only knows how to generalise, and this egregious error always engenders the probability of confusion, and the possibility of mistake, at least in this branch of medical science.

Were you as skilful a nosographer as Pinel, the instant you attempt to classify diseases as you would a plant or an animal, you run the risk of no longer recognising their specific attributes, and you force them, *nolens volens*, into the same therapeutic mould.

Thus—all diseases whose names end in *gia*, for instance, gastralgia, cardialgia, &c., will be treated in the same manner ; that is, by soothing remedies ; all those ending in *itis*, as hepatitis, enteritis, gastritis, &c., by bleeding, leeches, blisters, &c.

Do you think that Nature will be obliging enough to accommodate herself to all your classifications, and to submit to your cut and dried theories ! Undeceive yourself, and learn, that every kind of verse requires its own rhythm, every colour its shade, and every melody its own chords.

Sixth Conference.

CONTINUATION OF THE SAME SUBJECT.

WE have at length reached the sanctuary of the temple of Hippocrates. Here is raised the altar for human sacrifices; this is the secret place in which is accomplished the mystery of the perpetual dissolution of life.

This temple is as old as the world. The art of healing came into existence with the first cry of pain, with the drop of blood that fell from the first wound, with the first broken chord in the harmonic scale of our organization.

Now, in the early ages, and indeed for a long time afterwards, therapeutics must have been of the very simplest nature, but by degrees, the art of healing became more complicated, for we must not forget that therapeutics has its foundation in pathology.

Up to this period, man had not sought to discover the real cause of his sufferings, and the remedy naturally went side by side with the disease; but he soon had the desire to penetrate this mystery, and after a time, being lost in the darkness and superstition of paganism, he believed in occult causes. He supposed the Gods sent diseases as a punishment, and victims were sacrificed to appease their anger.

From these hidden and mysterious causes, they gradually descended to those of a more material and visible nature, and each one wished to have his opinion to the exclusion of others. Then began to be alternately woven and unravelled, that web to which every new thread gave an additional shade. Then burst forth that tempest, whose conflicting winds still agitate the banners of doctrine. Then began to rise that capricious sea, whose restless waves have rolled on, even to our day, and still dash against the threshold of the schools.

Let us cast a rapid and analytical glance over this obscure history, and pass on.

It is evident, that doctors have always endeavoured to cure disease, according to the notion they formed of its origin.

Thus, those who imagine disease is caused by the effervescence of the different salts existing in the fluids of the body, and the chemical fermentation resulting therefrom, expect to cure them, by expelling the morbid matter with alexipharmic remedies.

Others, seeing disorder in the levers, wheels, movement of the fluids, &c., called in to their assistance mathematics, mechanics, and hydraulics. It was at this period, that the physical theory of Newton was applied to medicine.

According to others, disease arises from an excess or want of power, and thus their treatment consists in lessening or increasing the strength of the patient, without intermission.

Some, supposing there are poisonous humours in the system, endeavour to expel them by evacuants.

Others, imagining worms to be the cause, give nothing but vermifuges.

Finally, some think there is too much blood in the system, and that it accumulates in the affected part ;

these attack the disease with the lancet, leeches and cupping.

And then, taking into consideration the power of moral means, they employed the mystic virtues and curative properties of such and such religious superstitions, to quell that disturbance of the functions, which has been caused by the agitation of the mind.

But now we will stop; to proceed, would as I said before, be nothing more or less than giving the history of human folly.

Let us examine what that system of therapeutics really is, which the Allopaths call by the somewhat pretentious name, of *rational medicine*.

It matters little, whether the old sage of Cos, the immortal Hippocrates, the founder of the Grecian school be the father of medicine, or we seek for its origin in the remote period of Egyptian darkness: it is certainly from him the genealogical tree has sprung, of which our schools are the branches.

This wonderful genius, conceived two great ideas which strove for the mastery from the very cradle; the one was *contraries are cured by contraries*; and the other, *similars are cured by similars*. Immediately after their birth, one endeavoured to strangle his brother, and imitate the murderous jealousy of Cain towards Abel. But this time, Abel did not die; and after having escaped the fatal struggle, he planned out for himself a solitary path through time, walked unseen by his brother's side, carefully preserving his proofs of royal birth, in order that at a future day, he might put in his claim to the crown. We will now leave him—we shall meet with him again.

The elder son of Hippocrates was to a certain extent, after the death of his father, adopted by Galen, the chief of the Grecian school. It is in reality Galen who

adopted and revised the principle of *contraries*: this gave rise to two others, *revulsion* and *substitution*.

Accordingly, Allopathic physicians, treat diseases by medicines *contrary* to them, that is, by means that displace, counterbalance, or destroy them, by producing other artificial diseases.

A few reflections and examples will be sufficient to make the matter plain. An impetuous torrent comes rushing by, threatening to overwhelm everything. There are several ways of meeting it: the Allopath knows of three—one is, to oppose to the current another coming in the opposite direction, and this, being the stronger, drives back the first, and obliges it to return to its old channel.

Another way is, to open one or more lateral channels, in order to give the torrent a more easy, and less dangerous outlet: another is to make an embankment to arrest the torrent in its progress. Sometimes Allopathy uses only one of these means, but frequently, all of them together.

Now, allow me to say in anticipation, that Homœopathy recognises but one means of neutralizing the force of the opposing torrent, that is—to go to its source, and dry it up.

Contraries cure Contraries.—This system is the richest vein ever discovered in the mine of error.

First of all, what is the contrary of a thing? Reflect well before you reply, for the answer is not easy. Two things are contrary to each other, when they are opposed in their essence, and mode of existence; now, things contrary in *this* sense, are but very seldom found.

There are in the world some most erroneous ideas on this subject, although they present an appearance of truth. For instance, we hear it every day said, that heat is the contrary of cold; shade, the contrary of light;

silence, the contrary of noise, &c. These are errors, for cold is only a greater or less degree of heat ; shade, a greater or less absence of light ; silence, the repose of the air when at rest, for caloric is everywhere, and everything in nature vibrates. It is in this sense, that evil is not the contrary of good ; falsehood, of truth ; or health, of disease, &c.

Be careful how you arrive at a rash conclusion upon certain antagonistic states, which at first sight, appear opposed to each other, but which in reality, are only degrees more or less distant, upon the same scale. I will give but a single example.

What is apparently more contrary than the terms *more* or *less* ? nevertheless more is not the contrary of less. Take a thermometer, and reflect a moment—the first degree below zero, is a degree less ; the first above, a degree more ; does it therefore follow, that these two degrees are contrary ? No, since the degree *less* upon the scale only indicates two degrees of heat lower, than the degree *more*.

When therefore, you hear physicians profess to cure diseases by contraries, you may venture to assert, it is impossible.

What in fact would be necessary, in order to oppose a disease by contrary treatment ? It would be necessary to know the essence of the radical forces of our organism, and the *real nature* of disease. Now I have said, that these secrets will always remain veiled in profound mystery. How then will you oppose one state to another state of which you are ignorant ? In order to judge of the relation of two things to each other, we must, at the very onset, know what these two things are. We must, *à priori*, know the nature of the malady, and we do not know it ; we must next know the remedy in its

essence and manner of action, and of that we are also ignorant.

I dare affirm, that *as a general rule*, it is as impossible to find the *contrary* of a disease, and to oppose it by this means, as to drive back an ascending by a descending current, on a bed that is perfectly level.

Thus, you would be exceedingly embarrassed how to reply, if I asked you what is the contrary of small pox, measles, or scarlatina—of rheumatism and gout—of intermittent and typhoid fever, &c.

In vain do you tell me that blood-letting is the contrary of congestion—an inflammation of the lungs, for instance. I reply, that in this case you do not practise medicine, but simply perform a physical and hydraulic act; you unload the vessels, lessen the mass of liquid contained in a reservoir,—but this is not the *contrary* of a disease.

It is no use saying, that a purgative is the contrary of constipation, for it will produce precisely the effect you are trying to avoid. Are you ignorant of, or do you affect to despise, the phenomenon of vital re-action? if you give purgatives a certain result will follow, but, by the re-action of vital force, you will as a necessary consequence, produce a constipation more obstinate than ever.

In this sense, diarrhoea is not the contrary of constipation; weakness of strength; or bleeding of congestion. In a word, you may search in the domain of theory for *contraries*, and never find them; you may ask the system-mongers for that of *contraries*, they cannot give it you; and when you wander in the vestibules of your rich Academies searching for *contraries*, you may knock at every door, but not one will be opened.

Revulsion, Derivation.—This is the second principle of Allopathic therapeutics; I might say, that *in practice*, it is the only principle, since that of *contraries* is but a

delusion.' I shall therefore, treat this subject more fully, as it embraces so to speak, the entire therapeutic system of the old school.

Let us first have a clear understanding of the real signification of certain scholastic terms.

The system which consists in treating diseases by remedies fitted to produce effects contrary to those of the diseases, is called *Enantiopathy*, from two Greek words, *Enanthios*, contrary, and *Pathos*, disease.

The system which consists in treating diseases by various means, capable of giving a different direction to the morbid principle, by removing it from one organ to another, is called *Allopathy*, from *Allos*, other, and *Pathos*, a disease.

Lastly, that system which consists in treating diseases by remedies capable of producing effects *similar* to those of the diseases, is called *Homœopathy*, from *Homoios*, like, and *Pathos*, a disease.

Take care not to confound *Isopathy* (from *Isos*, equal, and *Pathos*, a disease) with Homœopathy. This system, if such a one could exist, would treat diseases by the *same* agents, that would have produced them ; for example, the effects of mercury, by mercury itself.

We will now explain what is meant by *Revulsion* and *Derivation*.

When, in order to attack a disease situated in any organ, we exercise upon some other organ, an attractive or antagonistic action, we say there is *revulsion*, if this manœuvre affect a part distant from the organ at first attacked ; and *derivation*, if the manœuvre is in an adjacent organ. An example will perhaps make this better comprehended. Suppose a congestion in the head ; if we bleed in the foot, there will be *revulsion*, but if we bleed in the neck, there will be *derivation*.

A few words will explain the foundation of this system—a foundation laid by Hippocrates, and upon which a modern school professes to have erected the edifice of therapeutics. The workman who laid the first course, is Barthez; he developed his principles in his "*Mémoire sur les Fluxions*."

"I term *inflammation (fluxion)*," says he, "every movement which sends the blood, or any humour with greater force to any particular organ, in an order, different to that of the natural state."

After having shown the difference between both local and general inflammation, Barthez adds, "The part which determines the inflammation to a place more or less distant, as for instance, when a lesion of the liver produces epistaxis (bleeding of the nose), is called the *pars mandans*; and that organ where the inflammation is going on, is called the *pars recipiens*." The first part, in this example, is the diseased liver; the second, the nose which bleeds.

About three years ago, the question of revulsion was debated by the Medical Academy of Paris; there was as usual, two parties: a camp was formed by each, and the struggle was both animated and violent. The most renowned champions on both sides entered the lists, and broke their lances; but the fate of the battle remained undecided. It is in this way, with everything in the Academy.

Mons. Marchal (de Calvi) who in a long article on this debate defended revulsion, speaks of Barthez in these terms, "Barthez, in the midst of his books, and the silence of his study, has composed a vague doctrine, whose precepts are like capitals, placed on shafts made of reeds, where theory holds the reins, to the exclusion of practice."

No one has better judged Barthez than Mons. Marchal ; he has aptly called him in another place, the *metaphysician* of medicine.

Now, Barthez is the inventor of revulsion, and Mons. Marchal—*note these two points*—the advocate of this doctrine—will not pardon Mons. Malgaigne, the most determined opponent of revulsion, the following little bit of scandal against Barthez :

The illustrious Professor of Montpellier speaks of critical hæmorrhages from the right nostril for instance, that relieve the liver ; from the left, which relieve the spleen ; of cauteries, blisters, &c., which relieve other diseases.

Mons. Malgaigne cites all this before the Academy, and adds with a satirical smile, “ After having read these things, can we ever again speak of the principles of revulsion ? Does this term suit such *learned* humbug ? Well, if being shallow be sufficient to make us pass for profound, it would be difficult to surpass the depth of Barthez, as far as revulsion is concerned. And this is, what half the profession in France accept as a doctrine ! ”

Do you wish for anything clearer or more explicit ? When you ask the Montpellier school, and certain partizans of revulsion in the Paris school, where they find the principles of this doctrine, they at once refer you to Hippocrates, and invariably quote the following aphorism : *Duobus doloribus, non in eodem loco, simul abortis, vehementior obscurat alterum. If two diseases break out in separate organs, the stronger overcomes the weaker.*

All the Allopaths, and especially Mons. Marchal, see the whole doctrine of revulsion, in this aphorism. As to myself, I do not see it at all. I perfectly comprehend the practical *truth* involved in this principle of Hippo-

crates, but I do not consider it proves the *doctrine* of revulsion. For instance, a few days ago, I saw two children attacked at the same time with croup and measles; the measles was the stronger disease, and overcame the croup, which was the weaker one. I understand that, and shall do so, whenever there are two diseases of unequal intensity existing at the same time; but when, in any disease (an inflammation of the lungs for example), you bleed, or apply leeches and blisters, do you imagine that you have brought one or more artificial diseases to oppose an already existing malady? Will you venture to call bleeding, leeches or blisters, a *disease*? But, according to the principle of Hippocrates, we ought to counterbalance one disease by another.

This being settled, Mons. Malgaigne asks himself, what are the doctrines of the other half of the medical world of France, and continues, "The school of Montpellier often reproaches that of Paris with having no doctrines at all. Now as far as revulsion is concerned, never was reproach more deserved. The school of Paris has done little but preserve the language of these old or new doctrines, I might say, of these *pitiſul romances*. We still call cauteries, exutories; although no one here supposes *they take away all peccant humours from the system*. As to saying precisely what they do, or establishing a principle or doctrine, the Paris school has never seriously thought about it. No, you have not the doctrine of revulsion, for in order to that are wanting—a *theory which explains the mode of action of the agents called revulsive*; and also, a collection of practical precepts by which we may regulate their use."

To these attacks of Mons. Malgaigne many replies have been made—but nothing sufficient to overturn his arguments. I ask if any one has ever solved the diffi-

culty, or if a reply can be given to his first assertion, "*You have no theory which accounts for the mode of action of those agents called revulsive.*" They take good care not to answer this question, they have not even touched upon it,—no one likes to burp his fingers.

Speak to me now of the doctrine of Galen, and search in his works for arguments to support the doctrine of revulsion. Mons. Malgaigne will tell you, "As for me, I find here neither principles nor doctrine; I see but a dream, hatched one night in the head of Galen, which the following night, was replaced by another."

Finally, listen to the last words of the learned orator; "Yes, in conclusion I would say to our young medical students, *whenever you meet with a doctrine like that of revulsion, which is neither supported by principle, nor well established by facts, attack it boldly, and do not fear to treat lightly, a thing so superficial.*"

Mons. Bousquet endeavoured to defend revulsion against Mons. Malgaigne and its other opponents, but embarrassed by the extreme difficulties of a bad cause, he allows himself to be drawn towards the opposite party, and at last he is fairly on their side. Hear the conclusion of his speech.

After having spoken of the abuse of exutories, he says, "We have undoubtedly more sound and serious ideas than these, but they even are too much in harmony with revulsion. It is not so easy as it appears, to turn nature from her course, and draw her where she does not wish to go. Revulsion never takes that into consideration, yet it is always coming forward to attempt it. Its agents are numerous, and it knows well how to turn all the *Materia Medica* to its own account. What cannot be explained by the direct action of medicines, is explained indirectly by revulsion;—its reign is almost at an end.

We cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that revulsives are as much the resource of an ignorance which does not know what else to do, as of a science that has exhausted its means. Few patients die, whether of acute or chronic diseases, without having applied either mustard-plasters or blisters ; it is often but a sign of distress, or a cry of alarm, for this kind of practice is so grounded in the ideas of the people, that the physician who fails to make use of them, would be considered ignorant of the resources of his art, and not to have done his duty."

Who then would suppose that Mons. Bousquet had defended revulsion ? We must hear to believe, or we might mistake one man for another ; Mons. Malgaigne could not have done better.

Next follows Mons. Piorry, who takes the doctrine of revulsion by the throat, and stifles it without mercy ; his assertions are very plain ; according to this learned professor, there is neither revulsion nor derivation, and the very words ought to be banished from scientific language, "*since they are useless, and confound the most dissimilar things in the same expression, and instead of throwing light upon facts, they render them confused and unintelligible.*"

"The doctrine represented by these words, is a *logomachy of the Arabian and Galenic theories relating to the humours ; and the moderns who have theorized about the vital principle, vital properties, &c., have made this doctrine take the direction of revulsion or derivation, as the ancients supposed that the peccant matter was susceptible of numerous and capricious peregrinations.*"

Lastly, Mons. Chomel, in his treatise on general pathology, does not even mention revulsion and deriva-

tion, and these two words are not even found in the index of his third edition, although *considerably enlarged*; Mons. Alquié does not fail to throw this omission in the face of the school of Paris.

Here then is the famous doctrine of revulsion as judged by the great masters—*Allopaths*!—their decision remember, is very likely to become an authority, and I do not see how you are to be allowed the liberty of appealing to any court favourable to revulsion, which has shown itself unable to defend it.

After all these confessions and this grave condemnation, dare you venture to speak again of revulsives and derivatives?

As we shall develop these ideas in a subsequent chapter, I have been obliged to discuss their principles at some length, so that the emptiness of this pretended doctrine, may be proved once for all.

It will perhaps be sufficient if I simply mention here, the principle of *substitution*; a principle, which results from the theories that we have just examined, and one, too badly disguised for us not to recognise in it, either revulsion or derivation. Consequently, I proceed.

Materia Medica.—This subject presents three principal divisions, *posology*, *polypharmacy*, and *experience based upon cures*—a short explanation will make all this clear.

Posology determines the dose in which medicines ought to be administered, with regard to age, sex, temperament, &c. &c.

Allopathic physicians despise our globules, simply because they are accustomed to give remedies in large, and sometimes even massive doses; our bottles of clear water, only excite the smile and contempt of the world, by their comparison with the black bottles of the druggists.

A person who consulted me the other day, said—
 “How can that do me any good? It has neither colour, taste, nor smell.” Why did he speak thus? Because he was accustomed to the dingy colour of black draught, and decoctions, to the bitter taste of squill or quinine, and to the smell of camphor or assafoetida.

I say again, and do not fear to repeat it, that in our day, in the materialist school, we must have *material, visible, palpable* remedies, which appeal to the senses; if they cannot cure—they at least strike the imagination.

And all schools are alike in this respect, the school of Montpellier resembles the others; vitalist in theory, materialist in practice; an illogical plan of action if ever there was one; a contradiction which loudly demands reform. Therefore, what is the consequence? The complaints most usually brought before the notice of Homœopathic physicians, are *artificial diseases* (*mala-dies médicamenteuses*), that is to say, diseases produced by steel, iodine, mercury, &c. What is to be done in such cases? We must demolish and clear away before we can build afresh, regretting the loss of health, time, and money.

Polypharmacy consists in knowing how to combine several remedies in one mixture, or pill, and to add to these medicines, several other means; for example—An Allopathic physician is called to a patient who has the following symptoms: head-ache, weak digestion, want of appetite, nausea, constipation, hæmorrhoids, which do not bleed, and cause much suffering—we will stop here, there is quite enough.

Prescription: A little bleeding for experiment cannot do much harm, it will most certainly lessen the mass of blood, and perhaps subdue the fever; some leeches to the part affected will relieve the hæmorrhoidal vessels,

and assuage the pain ; morning and evening the patient must take a pill, composed of the following medicines ; a little quinine to strengthen the stomach and increase the appetite ; a little subnitrate of bismuth to lessen the nausea ; a little aloes to remedy the constipation, and a little belladonna to relieve the head-ache. During the day, an emollient electuary to take by spoonfuls in the intervals between meals, *if the patient is not dieted*, &c.

And is this the science of medicine?—It is but legalized experiment (*exploitation brevetée*).

Therefore it is evident, that when it is a question of Allopathy, a great many things must be done at once ; and who knows how many frictions, ointments, plasters, or blisters may not also be prescribed ? All this has the appearance of a made-up story, but unhappily, nothing is more real. Do not then be surprised at the witty touches, the refined and spirited satires of our Molière against physic and physicians ?

This reminds me how the celebrated Corvisart, physician to Napoleon I., who had much caustic humour about him, used to laugh at doctors and consultations. When a physician wanted to employ several remedies, and some of them very active, he said in serious irony, " My dear brother, do not trouble yourself, we have some *catholicon* of double strength, and we will try that." If, on the contrary, the practitioner was timorous, and undecided in his opinions, he would say, " We will give our patient a strawberry, crushed, and mixed with a large glassful of water."

And what would you say, if I spoke of compound remedies ? so compound, as to contain nearly half the *Materia Medica*. I remember at Montpellier, our professor when speaking of theriaca, weary of quoting the

substances that enter into its composition, summed up by saying, "Take a little of every remedy that you can find at a chemist's, mix all together, and you will have theriaca"—And yet this strange compound is in daily use.

We must confess that all these multiplied formulæ, and universal receipts, are an abundant source of consolation. In reality, what is the treatment of a disease? It is a siege according to rule. The physician is the general; he it is who arranges the plan of attack, and carries on the bombardment of the place, with every chance of success. He never condescends to simple guns, which can only discharge one ball at a time; that would be too slow—not murderous enough. He uses nothing but cannon of the largest calibre loaded with grape-shot, and then he is certain that something will be effected.

I know nothing that more completely exposes the uncertainty and insufficiency of Allopathic doctrine, than what we term Polypharmacy.

The physician, it must be confessed, who has to face all these symptoms, may be much embarrassed. What is he to do? There is but one way, but as that is difficult to find, he takes them all. Ignorant of the true path, his uncertain steps are sure to lead him astray. Wishing to make use of various means, in different directions at the same time, he cannot obtain a satisfactory result from any one of them. He orders a certain remedy to go to the head, another to stop at the stomach, this to find its way to the arms, and that to the legs, &c., he recommends each strictly to follow his orders, and above all, not to interfere with its neighbours. I am tempted to compare this unfortunate doctor, to the keeper of a menagerie, who, harnessing all

his animals together, taking his whip in one hand, and gathering up the reins in the other, tries to make every animal take the same direction, and run at the same speed.

Experience based upon cures.—This means, that medical men write their prescriptions, and administer their remedies, either according to their own experience and that of others, or in consequence of certain successful cures, &c. But, unfortunately, this experience is ever deceptive, for it rests on false theories, and these cures may always be disputed, because they are enveloped in doubt and uncertainty.

A physician employs certain formulæ in certain diseases, because a brother practitioner, more or less learned and celebrated has just extolled it. But supposing that these formulæ have succeeded in one case, should not every subsequent experiment, in order to secure the same result, be tried under precisely the same circumstances of place, state, temperament, sex, age, &c.? This explains the disappearance of so many formulæ, and the reason why these therapeutic panaceæ only shine for a moment in the firmament of fashion, and vanish like shooting stars.

I have said, *fashion*, for, in reality, there *is* a fashion in medicine, and she shows herself there, as elsewhere—a capricious despot.

I am willing to suppose that by the help of a formula, containing three, four, six or more remedies, either of your own invention, or that of a fashionable brother, you may succeed in curing a disease, but will you on that account have acquired more certainty for the future? Will you have found the thread of Ariadne? Alas! no; instead of a single thread, you will have many, and you will wander in the labyrinth, not knowing whither to direct your uncertain steps.

If you had administered but one remedy, you might have considered it was that one which had cured your patient; but as you have used several, you cannot possibly know to which you must ascribe the honour of the cure. Will you tell me it must be attributed to the united effect of the remedies? I reply, that you labour under the greatest delusion, for nine times out of ten, you will not obtain the same results from the same means, and you will be continually wondering why your arms become blunt, your batteries powerless, and that your projectiles do no execution.

And this is the reason why so many practitioners are full of doubt and discouragement,—I might say, incredulity; this is the cause of those confessions which betray all the poverty and weakness of Allopathic doctrine.

If I cared to take advantage of the position in which the public confessions of our enemies have placed us, I might lay before you the most compromising quotations; but I will be discreet, and only mention those which are the least offensive.

Dr. Girtanner, one of the heroes in the phalanx of Allopathy, said in speaking of the confused state of therapeutics, "Seeing that the art of healing has no positive principle—nothing settled or proved,—and *since experience goes for little*, the physician *has a right* to follow his own opinions. Where it is not a scientific question, one hypothesis is as good as another. *In the Egyptian darkness of ignorance in which physicians grope, there is not the feeblest ray of light, to enable them to see where they are.*"

Here follows a kind of problem, solved by Dr. Munaret, and as convincing as figures themselves. "If we multiply," says he, "the years from the 1st to the 80th

Olympiad only" up to 1840, by that of medical men who have succeeded each other from Hippocrates to the present day, we obtain a total of several millions of years; now, what have these millions of years of study, trial and discussion given to medicine? One truth, at the very utmost, for every thousand errors. Time lost in dreaming about senseless and foolish systems; time lost in disseminating, believing, testing them; time lost in opposing them, and bringing them again to life under new names, &c.—Oh! what lost time!"

"*Science is not established*," says Mons. Professor Bouchardat, "*its foundations have yet to be laid*."

Mons. Valleix, Physician of the *Hôpital de la Pitié*, exclaims, after having examined the thousand systems of medicine, which have appeared and disappeared from Hippocrates to the present day, "what regret one feels to see so much study, time and genius wasted to obtain such unsatisfactory results! How many errors,—how few truths!"

Hear one of the great masters, Mons. Fodera, Member of the Academy of Paris. "We are surprised," says he, "at the difference in the manner of considering disease, and the divers modes of treatment. The bold ones administer most heroic doses of medicine, (doses, of which the vulgar very irreverently say—*it's a kill or cure*.) Others, more timid, and fearing to act, wait patiently for critical periods. Others amuse themselves with practising polypharmacy; one orders purgatives, another an emetic, a third bleeds, and a fourth expects to find calomel play the part of a universal remedy. Every thing called practice, is in fact a whimsical mixture of the superannuated remains of all systems,—of facts imperfectly observed,—and of routines left us by our ancestors. Now, if science be intended to direct us in our practice, what is that

● science that drives each of its disciples into different and often opposite paths? Happily for the self-love of some, and the safety of others, each physician thinks he has got hold of the right doctrine, and every patient fancies he has a good doctor. 'All is for the best, in the best of all worlds.' "

Listen once more to the illustrious Broussais ; I always like to quote him, because his opinion has great weight with our adversaries. "Let any one cast an eye on society," says he, "and look on those gloomy countenances, those pale, leaden faces which pass their whole life in thinking of their stomachs, whose digestion is made more painful and slow by the doctors ordering nourishing diet, generous wines, tinctures, elixirs, tonics, &c., until these victims fall a prey to diarrhoea, dropsy or marasma. Let us observe those tender creatures scarcely out of their cradle—the tongue is hot and red, their looks show great lassitude, the abdomen increases in size and becomes heated, the heart has an increased action from the effect of bitter elixirs, anti-scorbutic wine, sudorific syrups, mercurials, cleansing medicines, &c., which must hurry them to consumption and death. Let us attentively examine those young● people of brilliant complexion, full of life and activity, who begin to cough, and whose irritation is increased tenfold by blisters, lichen, and quinine, until the obstinacy of the symptoms show they are affected with tubercles, and must be reckoned among the numerous victims of pulmonary consumption. And then let any one pronounce, whether medicine up to the present time, has not been more injurious than beneficial to humanity."

As a conclusion to these quotations, which have been abridged as much as possible, I shall give you the first page of the essay of Mons. Marchal (de Calvi), upon the

discussion raised by the Academy of Medicine respecting revulsion. Pay great attention, for the subject well deserves it.

"In medicine, there is not, nor has there been for some time, either *principle, faith, or law*. We build a tower of Babel, or rather we are not so far advanced, for we build nothing; we are in a vast plain where a multitude of people pass backwards and forwards; some carry bricks, others pebbles, others grains of sand; but no one dreams of the *cement*: the foundations of the edifice are not yet laid, and as to the general plan of the work, it is not even sketched. In other words, medical literature swarms with facts, of which the most part are periodically produced with the most tiresome monotony; these are called *observations*, and *clinical facts*; a number of labourers consider and re-consider particular questions of pathology or therapeutics—that is called *original labour*. The mass of such labours and facts is enormous; no reader can wade through them;—*but no one has any general doctrine*. THE MOST GENERAL DOCTRINE THAT EXISTS, IS THE DOCTRINE OF HOMŒOPATHY. THIS IS STRANGE AND LAMENTABLE; A DISGRACE TO MEDICINE, BUT—SUCH IS THE FACT."

Now, all these confessions have been uttered, or have come from the pens of eminent men who are not Homœopaths. Remember that fact. Mons. Marchal especially, has taken care to say, that *he does not constitute himself the defender of Homœopathy*.

What then would he say, if he were one of us?

The conclusion is easy. You have seen this temple, around which how! all the winds of doctrine; this tower of Babel, where there is and always has been a confusion of tongues;—this is Allopathic doctrine!

Seventh Conference.

THE TEMPLE OF HAHNEMANN.

LET us now enter the temple of Hahnemann. It also is as old as the world, and wears that shade of antiquity which commands veneration ; its walls, more solid and durable than those of our ancient monuments, defy all the elements of destruction.

This temple has but one entrance ; its sides present no openings through which the winds might rush to contend for mastery ; calm and silence reign undisturbed in its sanctuary.

In this temple there is an altar, and on the altar is seated a divinity ; but this divinity is ever the same. It was born in the temple of a ray of truth, and, sheltered from the storms and agitations of polytheism, it will remain alone to the end of time, to receive the incense of its worshippers.

This allegory will in a great measure have explained to you, the doctrine of Hahnemann.

Here there is no change of systems, no shock of contending opinions, no controversies of disputing schools. No noise from without disturbs the silence of this sacred sanctuary, no capricious wind ruffles the surface of this

uniform theory, no turbulent ambition can shake a single stone of this immovable edifice.

Death is here—it is everywhere. *It is appointed unto men once to die*, and Homœopathy performs no miracles ; but it has at least the consolation of leading us to this inevitable bourne by a smoother path, and of dissipating some of the gloomy horrors of the last struggle.

I gave you partly to understand this in our last Conference, and to-day I propose explaining it more fully.

In order thoroughly to understand and appreciate a medical doctrine, we must examine those of its dogmas which relate to *its essence, its mode of existence*, physiology, pathology, etiology, therapeutics and *materia medica*. Now, if a doctrine be true, it should contain unity—unity of theory, unity of practice, a tendency towards that perfection of unity—God. Moreover, my own deep conviction is, that a doctrine ought to agree in its essence, to the nature and destiny of man, and in its bearing, to the actual and indefinite progress of science.

These then are the conditions on which the existence of a medical doctrine ought to be based, and if you will follow me attentively, I will undertake to prove, that Homœopathy—and Homœopathy alone possesses all these conditions.

Physiology.—You know that physiology is the study of man in health, therefore one must above all, have a clear and correct knowledge of man, the object of this study.

You have seen how he was disposed of by the materialist school of Paris ; let us now see what our school makes of him.

I never could understand why thinkers and physiolo-

gists should have taken so much pains to analyse man ; why they have always sought for light in the very face of the sun. We have but to open the sacred volume, the first chapter of Genesis makes all as clear as the day. It is true, this source is not to every one's taste, and materialism turns aside its withered lip in disdain at the testimony, but what matters its frozen smile ? We Christians would quench our thirst at this living stream of truth.

Let us open the inspired volume, and read. When God had created the world, He said, "*Let us make man in our image, after our likeness ; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.*"

You see in these beautiful words, man's proper place in the scale of being. In imagination rear this vast and infinite ladder ; the first step touches the mineral, the last reaches to God. The ascending and descending degrees are both arranged by sovereign wisdom, and a science truly divine.

Now when God created man, he reserved to himself the right of classing him amongst all the beings of the universal Genesis, and made him chief of all. Why assign him any other place ? Why modify the degrees of this perfect classification ? Why not allow, that inasmuch as man is inferior to his Maker, so is he superior to the rest of the creation ? Is not your pride satisfied with the place you occupy in this scale, and will you feel more ennobled when made the brother of the monkey ?

I will not here quote the sacred historians, you might not think their testimony sufficiently impartial ; I will confine myself to the opinions of naturalists whose authority rests on science alone. Thus, according to

them, man does not belong to the animal kingdom; he himself constitutes a kingdom; thus thought Aristotle; at a later period, Adanson, Daubenton, Vieq. d'Azyr, Etienne, Geoffroy-St.-Hilaire, Lacépède; and in our days, Serres, Longet, J. Reynaud, Moquin-Tandon, Isidore-Geoffroy St.-Hilaire.

This last-named naturalist even makes a fourth kingdom in order to ennoble man: "The human kingdom," says he, "rises above the animal kingdom by its intelligence, as the latter by its sensibility rises above the vegetable."

May I be permitted to quote these fine sentiments of Mons. Parchappe: "Physiology, which embraces in its view of living beings, the consideration of the nature of those actions by which their life is manifested, allows us to determine more pretisely the position of man, by distinguishing between human and animal life in the most absolute manner by essential characteristics. Speech, science and morality, indicate a mode of living in which no animal can participate in any way whatever.

"If in one particular, namely his corporeal organization, man belongs to the sphere of animal life, it is, because human life, involving animal life as a condition and a support, supposes the organization and actions of the animal. But why fail to see, that in the complex nature of man, the animal nature is the accessory, whilst the human is the principal? Why try so hard to make man into a mammiferous and bimanous animal? Would it not be better to conform to the nature of things, and distinguish man by his essential attributes, reason and speech, even in a zoological classification, than to place him in the same class with the whale and the bat? It is not vain pride, but a consciousness of human dignity

that would make the ignorant, as well as the learned, blush before God and the world, to be placed side by side with the ape."

Let us now enter the domain of pure physiology.

In order rightly to understand man in a physiological point of view, to judge of the play of his organs, and obtain a correct idea of the analogy of his functions, we must first of all, know the elements of which he is constituted

Here again, the sacred Scripture will lend us its torch, to throw light into this abyss, for it is the only guide of every seeker after truth.

In Genesis ii. 7, the creation of man is thus narrated: "*The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.*"

This verse fully explains the nature of man.

In this sentence may be remarked three members which designate three very different and distinct terms; matter, a vital fluid, and a soul; these are the three sides of a triangle, man in his physiological unity.

If, notwithstanding these clear and precise elements, it is still difficult to give a definition of man, it becomes at least very easy to form a just idea of him.

In man, there is everything—certain philosophers have been right in saying that he is the summary of all beings, from God down to matter.

In man are solids, liquids, vapours, gases, fluids and a soul: the solids engender the liquids, the liquids the vapours, the vapours the gases, the nervous fluid approaches the vital fluid, and the vital fluid is the transition of matter to the soul, as the soul is the transition of man to God.

In order to facilitate the comprehension of this mys-

terious mechanism, we will compare man to a monarchy: the king is at the head, subjects at the base, and there are ministers who negotiate between the two parties. Now in our physiological kingdom, the soul is the king, the organs the subjects, and the vital fluid the minister. There is but one minister, and as in a social state we distinguish between fundamental and organic laws, so let us note the same laws in the multiplied and complicated functions of man. This general consideration is but the sketch of an immense plan, which, if carried out, would present an infinite number of details.

In order perfectly to understand the application we shall make hereafter of all these preliminary observations, and the deductions we shall draw from these principles, it is essential, you should still continue to consider man as a *whole*—a *unity*.

In fact, all the parts of which his being is composed, are invariably united in the closest sympathy. This unity cannot in the least be modified, without its effects telling on all the functions; the undulations of the centre are transmitted to the circumference, and the slightest shocks to the points of the circumference converge towards the centre, by an infinite number of rays. Thus in a liquid mass, the particles communicate their movements one to another, as an electric spark awakens and puts in motion the fluid, which circulates in a current of the most unbounded extent.

There is then, an intimate connexion between spirit and matter, by means of the vital fluid. But how is this fusion, this amalgamation, this union together of two substances so different and heterogeneous effected? This is a mystery, an unfathomable mystery; incomprehensible like God.

You may compare these two substances to two shores

separated by an indefinite distance, between which rolls in ever-moving fluctuation, an ocean of infinite extent. Sometimes there is calm, sometimes tempest; its bosom hides riches inaccessible to the most devouring cupidity; above this power, there is but one other power—the finger of God.

Consider now, each of the three fractions which compose the physiological unity of man; ask what part the soul should play, and you will see immediately that it is the soul which endows man with *thought, volition, responsibility, and freedom of action*. It is the soul which regulates our relations one with another; which constitutes personal identity; which is in fact, the centre of life.

Interrogate the vital fluid and it will answer;—the soul is my king; I am his minister, charged with the execution of the laws of his realm; it is I who direct the material man and all his vital actions; I am the lever that moves the machinery of his organs, by me he breathes, digests and walks; I spend his strength by fatigue, and repair it by sleep. When I am calm, he is in health, and if any cause bring the least shock to my equilibrium, he suffers.

Finally, if you interrogate matter, you will see that it also claims its share of action and liberty; though it be but the subject of the soul. It has in fact, a relative and well-defined power over the mind; the soul is riveted to its chain, and always bears its weight; the subject often usurps the sceptre, and obliges its king to submit to all the tyranny of absolute command.

Although the physician exercises his art upon the moral, as well as the physical part of man, the latter is more especially within the domain of his power and investigation.

However, there ought to be no exclusion of one part to the detriment of another, since man is a whole. Let us not confine our horizon to the consideration of matter only, this is the error of *organicism*; nor on the other hand, extend it to the soul only, this is the error of spiritualism. But in embracing the whole extent of the physiological field, we will arrest our attention more especially upon the vital fluid. This principle ought to be our beacon, star, and compass.

This then is the only true aspect in which we should view physiological dogmas. You see, that when placed under a ray of truth, between pure materialism and pure spiritualism, how far man is really separated from both the one and the other. You now see how the errors of Cabanis and Stahl are thrown into relief, more especially when compared to vital, Hahnemannian, and Christian doctrine, which exhibits man in his true nature, walking in the path of his heaven-ward destinies.

Pathology.—Without wishing to seek after vain philosophical definitions of man, of life, of disease and of health, we may however by the clear ideas we possess of these states, allow ourselves the use of descriptive definitions. Such definitions have not the fault of being pretentious, and they have the merit of being clear.

Thus we will lay down these principal ideas, and by common consent, consider them equivalent to axioms.

Man is a soul, *substantially* and *fluidically* (*fluidiquement*) united to a body.

Life is the putting in action of the *vital fluid*, which results from the intimate fusion of these two elements, soul and body.

Health is the more or less perfect equilibrium of this vital fluid, and the disturbance of this equilibrium, constitutes disease.

With the assistance of these simple and elementary notions, we shall be able to understand diseases more perfectly. We will examine successively, and according to our general plan, their *origin*, *manifestation*, and *physiognomy*.

1st.—*Origin of Diseases*.—It is not here a question of the nature, or the radical and essential cause of disease, all this must ever be unknown to us. I have already told you this; do not forget it. I do not pretend to say, whence comes *disease*, but whence come *diseases*.

If, as we have seen before, modern rationalism had not stifled the traditions of medicine, the school of Paris would have had the most correct idea upon the origin of

Thus Hippocrates (*De virginum morbis*, p. 355) says; "it is impossible to know the nature of diseases, if we are unacquainted with them in the INDIVISIBILITY from which they emanate."

It is much to be regretted that the "divine old man," did not more fully develop this principle. But all his commentators, amongst whom we most especially distinguish Barthez, have been unanimous in their interpretation of the oracle of Cos. Thus, this father of modern vitalism shows in a very explicit manner, how,—*with the exception of organic lesions*, diseases cannot have a material cause, and how an affection is determined, by the influence that any cause whatsoever may exercise over the vital fluid.

If this immortal physiologist of Montpellier had not remained in the shadows of uncertainty, touching the nature of the vital principle; had he not left this principle in the limbo of abstraction, his descendants would have had no discoveries to make, and on this subject, science would with him, have said its last word.

But it was reserved to the Hahnemannian school, to put the question in its true light. After having thoroughly investigated the dogmas of its teaching, we may thus express the synthetic thought which contains the true germ of pathology. *Diseases are the virtual and dynamic changes of the vital equilibrium.*

The word *dynamic* means that diseases have a fluidic origin, and are derangements of the vital power. Now, I dare affirm that all power springs from a fluid.

The word *virtual*, explains to you that in *radical power* (*forces radicales*), each disease is contained in a possible state, and that when this disease breaks out, it takes a character which is *peculiar to itself*.

This is the dogma of Homœopathy upon disease in general. I have already shown that our doctrine is in accordance with the nature and destiny of man. You have perhaps foreseen that it is also consonant with the actual and undefined progress of science; of this you will be still more convinced as we proceed.

In fact, I would ask, if in the middle of the 19th century, an age eminently favourable to the development of fluidism, any one should object to consider diseases as the fluidic derangements of our vital fluid, which is *perhaps our specific, electric fluid*?

Can diseases of a purely local nature, exist as the school of Paris affirms? I am then tempted to ask it, how they account for chronic maladies, and above all, how it explains their being hereditary?

Chronic maladies are those of prolonged duration, and they are slower in running their course than acute ones. It is evident that their chronic character cannot alter their radical source. I mean, that acute maladies, like chronic ones, always spring from an inner morbid cause, which has attacked the vital fluid.

But what rational, secondary cause can be assigned to these maladies? Hahnemann alone has thrown a clear light on this obscure question.

As the vital fluid is always considered as the recipient of morbid causes, our master supposes three very distinct miasmata which engender in this vital fluid, all the thousand modifications more or less hidden and slow, which we call chronic maladies. These three miasmata are, syphilis, sycois, and psora.

The first miasma engenders the malady, that at various times has been called, the American disease, the Italian disease, the French disease, &c.

The second, all the maladies, which *grow, vegetate and bud*, as excrescences, fungoid and fibrous tumours, &c.

The third, like Proteus in the fable assumes a thousand forms, and manifests itself in various ways ; such as itch, ring-worm, darts, &c.

These are the three principles, which, according to Hahnemann, engender all chronic maladies. Such is the hidden and threefold power to which all the sufferings of poor humanity may be traced. In drawing aside a corner of the veil that covers them, you raise the lid of Pandora's box.

Is this theory of the pathogeny of chronic maladies given by Hahnemann, true or false? Any decided answer to this question would occupy me too long. I leave you therefore at liberty either to accept or reject it. It is nevertheless true, that the more medical men investigate this dogma in their clinical practice, the more they perceive its truth. In fact, we all foster one of these miasmata ; we nourish it unsuspectingly with our innermost strength, and warm it daily at our vital hearth. And this is so true, that after several years of observation, a Homœopathic practitioner acquires, and has to a

certain extent, the right of saying to his patients, you had some time ago, such or such a malady, and the answer is nearly always in the affirmative. Without doubt there are exceptions, but we know, that exceptions confirm a rule.—Yes, facts in general are favourable to this theory, and if I were only addressing medical men, I would say ;—"Look at your own experience, it will furnish you with a reply."

I will not leave this subject without asking doctors of the *organician* school, how they understand chronic maladies, considered in their radical origin. It becomes an excessively knotty question for them.

Considering these maladies simply as organic changes, stopping merely at the surface of a diseased organ,—in a word, casting aside all idea of a fluidic origin, on what principle do they base their treatment, and above all, their operations? Consider for instance a cancerous tumour, you remove this tumour with the knife. Well, the tumour no longer exists. But, I ask, have you performed a therapeutic act? Have you destroyed the malady? Cut off the branch of a tree without killing the root, and in its place, a new branch will sprout, and bear fruit like the other.

This explains the want of success attendant on many surgical operations ; how few comparatively would be performed, if medical men reflected a little more on these things.

The question of chronic diseases involves that of hereditary ones—these are transmitted from family to family, and from one generation to another. This fact is undeniable, and unfortunately too sure, Baillou says, "We inherit the maladies of our parents, as we do their property, and this fatal inheritance is far more surely transmitted than the other."

How are these maladies transmitted?

The attempts to solve this question are numberless; naturally every one seeks to explain it according to his own theory. The humoral school imagine diseases to be a transmission of the humours; the organicians, a modification of the organs; the chemists, solidists, and spiritualists are more or less puzzled to find an explanation, though they make many vain efforts to give one.

I will give you mine; it is in harmony with our doctrine, and flows from our principles in the most natural way. In a medical doctrine everything should hang together, and the links of the chain, interlaced one with the other, should all aid in the formation of unity, and never present the least solution of continuity.

Since we have admitted as a threefold principle, the existence of three specific miasmata which engender all chronic maladies, and since these result from an essential modification of the vital principle by one of these three miasmata, it seems quite evident that hereditary maladies, must be the transmission of such modifications from father to son.

Do not think of asking me *the physiological modus operandi* of this transmission, such questions can only find their echo in the gulf of mysteries. Probability and clearness are not the only merits of this theory of the miasmatic transmission of hereditary maladies, it also offers very ample materials for therapeutics, as we shall see in the sequel.

These maladies then, are the miasmatic germs which lie in the bosom of the vital powers until some cause favours their development, they are the fluidic sparks which, like fire hidden in the flint, wait but the shock of circumstances to burst forth.

Is the manifestation of these maladies inevitable?

Happily not; but is it probable? Unfortunately yes; all these morbid causes slumber in the system, ready to be manifested, and the slightest accident may call them into activity.

And now how can we explain their periodic development—the immunity that they often grant to one or two generations, or to some members of the same family—the capriciousness of their manifestations—the good or bad influence they may have over any occasional malady—their change of position, decrease or total disappearance—the different effect of the same treatment on the members of the same family, &c. &c.? All these are fruitless questions. In general, we had better stop in our investigations on the limits of the impossible, lest our too audacious steps should be lost in the darkness of mystery. Thus, in a subject of this kind, if we allow our imagination to be fascinated by the mirage of scientific curiosity, we may go so far as to ask how the father transmits his likeness, habits, and character to his child.

2nd. Manifestation of Diseases.—When any foreign agent affects the centre of life, it immediately radiates to the circumference, the vital principle then loses its equilibrium, calls for help by particular signs, and begins to struggle with the enemy who has come to attack him. Now these echoes, signs and efforts form the manifestations termed symptoms, and we will call the group of these symptoms, *symptomatic pictures*—pictures which thus become the reflection of nature in pain, the echo of the sufferings of life, the language of the immaterial principle which finds utterance in the cry of the organs.

What ought a physician to do at the bed-side of a sick person? He should collect all the particulars furnished by the patient, or those about him, examine them with the most conscientious attention, and thus form as exact

an idea as possible of the complaint. Thus a musician when called to tune an instrument, passes his hand over the keys, makes each note speak, and interrogates every tone, in order to know all the shades of discord.

Let us never lose sight of the fact, that diseases in *their essence*, are, and ever will be unknown to us : They must manifest themselves to our senses by some sure and special signs, otherwise how could we arrive at a knowledge of them, and consequently, how could we cure them ?

Therefore, when a physician has collected together the *ensemble* of the symptoms, who is at liberty to say to him ;—you do not understand this disease ? And when by an appropriate treatment he has caused these symptoms to disappear, who could say ;—you have not cured this disease ? Otherwise we should be obliged to admit that diseases exist without symptoms, and symptoms without diseases ; we might as well say a substance can exist without a form, or a form without substance.

Galen said very justly that the symptom follows the malady, as the shadow follows the body.

This is the reason why the Homœopathic practitioner examines all the symptoms with such scrupulous care and exactitude, and it is from their *ensemble* only that he forms his opinions, and bases his treatment. Thus he is able to appreciate all shades of difference, and their absolute as well as relative importance. This will prevent him from using the same means and plans in treating diseases, which are apparently similar, but are in reality very distinct.

Let us call to mind, all the cases of rheumatism that we brought before you in the consulting-room of an Allopathic doctor. According to our system, each malady would receive its appropriate remedy, each cry of pain

would be heard and interpreted, each shade would have its colour. Those who feel pain when in motion, would not be treated like those who feel it when at rest. Paul would not have the same prescription as Peter, and they who suffer in the day-time, would not be treated in the same way as those who suffer at night.

Surely this must be the safest way of judging and treating maladies, but as obstinate opposition turns everything to account in finding fault, it has reproached us formally and seriously with practising symptomatic medicine. The Allopaths are always saying of us—"You only treat symptoms, you stop at the surface of the affection, whereas we go to the root of the matter, and treat nature."—Yes, gentlemen, 'you may tell that to your patients in drawing-rooms and boudoirs, but not to us if you please; to us, who would reply;—*You* know the nature and the cause of disease!—how greatly has Heaven favoured you!—in order to know the nature and cause of diseases, you have no need of their symptoms! What happy intuition!

Certain practitioners,—especially of the organician school,—only see *one principal symptom*, which they think sufficient to indicate both the diagnosis and the treatment, thus in erysipelas of the face, seeing only the exterior symptom, they treat that alone. These routine practitioners have been censured, even by their brethren, but the blame has been generalized and has even fallen on the poor Homœopaths, who have been accused of reducing the art to an exclusively symptomatic treatment.

It is very evident there are cases of certain diseases, where the causes—at least the secondary ones, are very easily traceable, thus—erysipelas of the face may be caused by a fit of anger, a fright, a chill or some gastric derangement, &c. Those pains of which we have enu-

merated the various characters may proceed from a blow, a fall, a wound, &c. Then the case is easy, and we might safely limit our attention to that particular cause, and treat it exclusively. But when that cause is totally unknown, and the physician can only interpret the suffering of nature by the language of pain, why should he listen to another, which may perhaps deceive him?

Thus diseases manifest themselves by *symptomatic pictures*. This is the only sure and certain method that nature indicates, and when the patient is cured of his symptoms, what more can he reasonably want?

3rd. **Physiognomy of Diseases.**—We will therefore consider diseases, so far as they present anything tangible to our investigation, as *symptomatic pictures*. Considered in this light, and I might even say, in their essence, they ought to have their specific physiognomy, and their independent and individual character. All these *symptomatic pictures*, form an immense gallery, in which many may offer some points of resemblance, but where there are not two *equal* in the strict sense of the word. Like a tree, whose branches have endless ramifications all of which produce the same kind of fruit; but if you attentively examine its form, size, flavour and weight, you may find a resemblance, but never an equality.

Permit me to carry out a former metaphor, for I wish to be clearly understood, even at the risk of repetition, and to keep a unity of idea—Pass your hand over a keyboard of great compass, try every note and scale, and you will not find two entirely *equal*. You may discover *likeness*, but not *equality*.

Diseases then may be considered as so many distinct *beings* (*êtres*), which strictly preserve an *essential* and *individual* character. This forms one of the *most important* dogmas of our doctrine; it is impossible to con-

ceive of Hahnemannian pathology WITHOUT THE MOST ABSOLUTE INDIVIDUALITY. This principle is in fact so well defined, that if you would scrupulously confine yourself to *purely* Hahnemannian ideas, no name ought really to be given to any disease. In Homœopathy there are no *nominal* maladies, only symptomatic *beings*; this should be especially remembered as it is a most important point. The principle will be further explained in the following Conference.

Allopathy therefore accuses us of not having any nosological classification, making that a pretext for banishing Homœopathy from the domain of science.

Our justification will neither be long nor difficult.

There is a great difference between what is, and what ought to be; between theoretic ideas and the requirements and imperfections of practice.

Thus, in a *strictly* philosophical point of view, diseases being comprised in their *specific and absolute entity*, should not present their brow to any baptism, nor be fettered by the swaddling clothes of classification; but as the imperfection of the human mind needs both support and light in the path of practice, it still employs old-fashioned terms and nomenclature, until Homœopathy, having acquired the right of official teaching, shall accustom its disciples to its purer language.

Moreover, since diseases, without losing their individuality, present several points of likeness in common, they do not render all classification impossible; on the contrary, they possess all the conditions of the other beings that have already been classified. This was not at all opposed to Hahnemann's principles, since he had undertaken a nosological classification which was interrupted by his death.

But let us say in general terms, that diseases have

their proper and individual physiognomy, especially when they assume an epidemic form, or appear in different individuals; in that case, they bear the same name. This is incontestable.

This absolute necessity of individualizing disease can favour neither routine nor empiricism, and for us, it constitutes one of the strongest columns of our edifice, without which the temple of Hahnemann would fall to ruin.

Materia Medica.—This is also one of the columns of the Hahnemannian temple, one that sustains the dome of our doctrine, and its power is such, that error can never prevail against it.

According to my general plan, I ought here to examine Homœopathic therapeutics, but I must invert the order of my design, and for this reason—

What is our system of therapeutics? it is the confrontation of the medicine and the disease. Now in order to understand clearly any two principles, we must study them separately; we must first comprehend any two terms, before we can judge of their relative bearing; and therefore, in order to seize upon the coincidence of their similarity, we must, after having discovered what the diseases are, try to find their counterparts among the medicines.

To render my explanation more clear, I will remind you of several important principles which must not be lost sight of.

When speaking on physiology, we explained what was to be understood by the vital fluid. We studied its bearings and functions. We also asserted, that diseases were dynamic and virtual derangements of this vital fluid. And finally, we examined their vital origin, symptomatic manifestations, and individual and specific physiognomy.

Now since remedies are the homologues of diseases, that is to say—since remedies placed side by side of diseases should present the same faces, lines and angles—it is necessary that these two terms, should possess an essence and mode absolutely alike.

We will then consider, what I shall permit myself to call, the physiology of the remedies. We will afterwards treat of their origin, manifestations and physiognomy.

Physiology of the Remedies.—Medicines are fluidic, curative (*morbifuges*) and morbid powers, that is to say, they possess the power of curing diseases similar to those they can produce. They are fluidic powers—and this is true, in spite of the sneers of materialism.

In fact, examine any medical substance whatever—a salt, a metal, a plant, a liquid, or a solid—this substance only becomes apparent to our senses by its material properties; but do you imagine it acts by means of its grosser particles? Impossible;—do you not believe that under this material envelope lies hidden a fluid—a power of the most subtile and refined nature?

Remedies may enter into the service of therapeutics, by virtue of either physical, chemical, or dynamic properties.

Thus, in certain constrictions of the œsophagus, or in volvulus (a peculiar twisting of the intestines), lead is administered which will act by its weight; but that is not practising medicine, in the ordinary sense of the word; it is a purely physical act.

In certain cases of poisoning; soda, potash, magnesia, and even ashes are given; this is purely a chemical act.

In a word, such acts are performed whenever any expeditious means are used in pressing cases; for instance, an emetic is administered to clear the stomach from poisonous substances or to cause any internal abscess to

break—the lungs of a person in a state of asphyxia are inflated, or salts inhaled by some one in a fainting fit, &c.

Let me here remark, this answers the stupid objection of those who say, give me a globule that will make me vomit my dinner.—What globule would you give in a case of asphyxia or poisoning?

To a medical man, who one day asked these questions, thinking he was offering an unanswerable objection, I contented myself by replying with a smile, “I am surprised, sir, you do not ask me what globule I would give to set a broken leg.”

In all these cases then, remember distinctly, there is no *practice of medicine*. But when you treat a disease, that is to say, *that something* which runs through a regular course—and this distinction will assist you to put an end to all such absurd discussions—by what virtue do the remedies act? Evidently by their dynamic virtue; I see no other, nor do I think it possible to find one.

Medicines then are fluidic powers. They are *beings* (*êtres*) that man may create at his will. I wish I could say they are *occult powers*, forming the chain of fluidic communication between this world and that beyond the tomb. But I am convinced in my own mind, that—placed upon the limits of fluidic dynamism—our observation might cast a scrutinizing glance into the unseen world.

This then is the *physiological* view of medicines; let us now examine their *origin*.

Origin of Medicines.—In the rich collection of absurdities that ignorance has cast in the teeth of Homœopathy, you may remember these;

Homœopathy only employs one remedy, sometimes in

the form of clear water, or of white powder. Homœopathy only employs poisons, such as mercury, arsenic, belladonna, &c.

And we must listen to this in 1858!

Make an excursion into the field of therapeutics; visit the camps of all the schools, examine their ammunition and batteries; go over their arsenals, and you will not find there, more ammunition, or defences stronger and better furnished than ours. We possess all kinds of arms, from those of the Greeks and Romans, to those of more modern times. Our *materia medica* contains medicines from all the three kingdoms of nature; it is acquainted with, and employs all those used by the Allopaths, and a great many others they totally neglect.

The metalloids, metals, salts, plants, liquids secreted by the glands of certain animals—everything that can be called a remedy is used by Homœopathy, the most simple and the most complex, the commonest and the rarest, the most innocent and the most violent;—it employs all—all are within its means and power.

Yes! we do employ poisons, and why not? For what purpose were they created? Was it not that we might make use of them? Do you believe that amongst all the substances which have proceeded from the Creator's hand, there was a single unnecessary one? He made everything for the use and good of man.

But ask your Allopathic doctors if they do not also employ poisons! And how is it you take them so quietly when they administer them; especially when in such massive doses, that you must needs pinch your nose and shut your eyes, and yet say nothing? But when Homœopathy prescribes them in fluidic doses, why such murmurs and complaints—why such aversion?

The following idea has often struck me, as showing

the value we ought to place on the errors and inconsistencies of weak-minded people.

Let us suppose for an instant, that Homœopathy were the old, official system of medicine, in fact, the only one known and used up to the present day,—that since the beginning of the world, people had always taken their medicines in infinitesimal doses, under the form of clear water, or white powder, having neither odour, colour nor taste. Our senses and our habits would have been perfectly accustomed to this treatment, and the sick would have thought themselves happy in being cured by such gentle and innocent means.

Let us suppose, that all at once Allopathy had appeared on the medical horizon, and that it had presented itself to the sick and suffering with its gross material remedies, its nauseous and smelling mixtures, its violent and deadly poisons, its lancet, leeches, blisters, cauterizations, setons and moxas. Certainly the apparition of this method would have horrified the universe; the sick would have hastened to shut their eyes, nose, and especially their mouths, and this comet would have caused far more terror than that of the 13th June 1857.

Well! the very contrary happens. Instead of the brutality of Allopathic means, we offer you the gentleness of Homœopathic remedies, and you will not accept them! Homœopathy would lead you with a kind and maternal hand along a smoother and less painful path, and you resist it, and prefer limping along a highway paved with blue-stone, bristling with lancets, and swarming with leeches ready to suck your blood! Homœopathy would fain render your journey less difficult and your load less heavy, but you refuse its soothing comforts and obstinately trudge on, bowed down under the weight of a crushing burden!

Eighth Conference.

CONTINUATION OF THE SAME SUBJECT.

Manifestations of Medicines.—Like diseases, medicines manifest themselves by symptoms, or rather by symptomatic pictures. These artificial symptoms then, are the real reflection of morbid ones, and these pictures become the faithful copy, and perfect likeness of the original, in passing through the daguerreotype of pure experiment.

What is pure experiment?

It is the action of administering to one or more individuals in perfect health, such or such a substance, more or less known, with the intention of disturbing the vital fluid, of producing an artificial disease, and of observing correctly all the symptoms, which constitute its essential and specific physiognomy.

And in this respect it differs widely from experience, which is the base of Allopathic therapeutics; for experience, as we have already seen, only administers medicines on the testimony of some medical brother, or according to the success obtained by each one in his private practice. But in this manner the practitioner can make no

sure progress; *experiment* is a light; *experience* is but the staff of the blind.

This great truth had been already foreseen by some physicians before the time of Hahnemann. It had been surmised, and even wished for, by some of those rare men, on whom heaven seems to bestow, once in a century, a spark of its divine intuition, but it was undoubtedly for our illustrious master, that the regeneration of medicine was reserved.

Other physicians had wished to experiment upon the healthy subject, in order to acquire greater facility and certainty in practice. But it was not in so vague a manner that this desire presented itself to the mind of Hahnemann; his genius had seen in experiment the principal lever of the therapeutic machine.

And in fact, before we begin to try remedies upon the vital fluid, when not in a state of equilibrium, we must try them on this fluid when in equilibrium. As a general rule, forces can only be modified, by other forces of a like nature.

An example will explain the secret of experiment.

Choose some kind of plant in your own garden—the camomile for instance. You do not at first know, if this plant be a remedy or not; and even supposing we have a vague idea that it is, we do not know what disease it will cure. Submit it to experiment, and it will teach you all you wish to learn.

You should administer this substance, prepared according to the dynamic processes of which I shall afterwards speak, to your children, friends, and in fact, to all who would be willing to lend themselves to the whims of this unknown remedy, and you would soon see what would happen. If there be no manifestation, it is not a remedy; but if you remark any symptoms, note them most carefully.

. Thus you will have a group of symptoms, a symptomatic *being*, and when you see this same group of symptoms in a patient, and his morbid state presents exactly the same phenomena to your observation, administer camomile, and you will cure him.

In this case you must not imitate the folly of Mons. Bouilland and exclaim with him, "*Even if I had seen it, I would not have believed it.*"

In this manner try every medicinal substance already known, as well as others with which you desire to become acquainted, and you will obtain by these experiments a gallery of symptomatic pictures, in which you will find a likeness to every possible malady. But, in order to obtain that result, exercise great care in choosing the subjects for your experiments. Be satisfied that they are in perfect *health*, in the strictest sense of the word. Remark the age, sex, temperament, doses, their repetition, the hours of their administration, the time, and the most trifling circumstances relating to the appearance of the symptoms; in a word, act like a painter, who, wishing to take a portrait, tries to catch the most perfect resemblance in all the details of the features, in every line of the face, and even endeavours to pourtray the shade of the complexion, and the expression and play of the countenance.

Experiment then is the true light, which should guide every practitioner wandering in the shadows of doubt, but do not let us lay ourselves open to the accusation of being too exclusive, and of rejecting experience when it offers us assistance, and extends us a hand-full of rich offerings. We are not the ones to refuse the gifts of the past; we are not capable of denying traditional truths; we shall never have to appear before the tribunal of science, for having torn up the rails of progress.

Hahnemann consecrated the best years of his life to the endless labour of experiment. He submitted an infinity of medicines to his crucible, and they came forth in all the purity and integrity of their manifestation. He has thus left to his followers an almost complete *materia medica*. After this immense labour, which seems to pass the bounds of possibility, Hahnemann could say with the Roman poet: "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*" "*I have erected a monument more lasting than brass.*"

This immense labour is not a book open only to the disciples of Homœopathy, and closed to all our dissenting brethren. It is not a secret covered with the veil of exclusive possession, nor a treasure of which we alone would keep the key. It is not the old garden of the Hesperides, full of golden apples, and placed under the care of a hundred-headed dragon. No: this book is open to all; this secret belongs to all; all may draw freely from this rich fountain. Our *Materia Medica* is public ground, abounding in all kinds of fruit, accessible to every one, because no wall limits its extent. It is a well-surveyed region, freely open to the exploring steps of tourists. It is a firmament whose stars are visible to the naked eye; and which light every one who would be enlightened.

But let each one have the merit of his labour; "render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." Why, in fact, consider the legitimate possession of these materials, a theft? We give you full liberty to appropriate them to your own use, we only require you to be sufficiently modest to confess your obligation, nothing is forbidden but downright *forgery*.

Nevertheless, what happens every day? If, like us, you read the Allopathic journals, you will see that our

brethren do not hesitate unscrupulously—perhaps we may even say ignorantly—to administer, as newly-discovered, certain remedies which have been employed by Homœopathy from its very commencement. Thus we hear it said with the most perfect coolness—that a few *granules* of aconite—why not say *globules*, at once?—are sufficient, to alleviate the most troublesome cough; that two or three *drops* of tincture of nux vomica—say at once two or three *globules*, why hesitate?—in 120 grains of distilled water, act like magic in certain difficult cases of gastralgie vomitings, &c. &c.

Make use of our *Materia Medica*; we shall not bring an action against you on that account—but at least confess it. Imitating your own coolness, we will take the credit of all discoveries. Daguerre will allow us to rob him of photography. Ampère, Arago, and Woollaston, will no longer have discovered and perfected electro-magnetism, and Leverrier will consent to tear out the baptismal register of the planets he has named, from the annals of science. In fact, we shall not think of smiling when we are told, that lately one of our celebrated novelists discovered the Mediterranean.

Objection—The objections brought against Homœopathy are very numerous, as you well know. In an abundant harvest there are always some bad ears, and as we walk through the field and examine the sheaves, we separate the bad from the good, and are careful that they never reach the mill.

Therefore as an argument against trying medicines upon a healthy subject, they say:—you may by this means produce some artificial diseases, but it is impossible to produce all. How will you produce organic diseases, tubercles of the lungs, cancerous tumours, &c.? And

therefore how can you know what medicines are the similars to these affections?

This objection is certainly less absurd and more knotty, than most of those urged against Homœopathy, and for that reason, it is very important we should reply to it.

And first, as a general reflection, we may observe with an illustrious philosopher,—Le Comte de Maistre, I believe,—that when a truth has been well established, it cannot be overturned by an objection which even appears unanswerable.

One of the most fertile sources of error, is the curiosity and the requirements of the human mind, when, in its investigations, it endeavours to go beyond the limits of the known, and of the possible.

Those who have brought forward this objection, do not sufficiently understand, that organic diseases, tubercles, tumours, or indurations of any kind, are only visible symptoms of invisible vital diseases. Thus, what physician, unless he be a pure organician, will see the *cause*, the *germ* of a malady, in the material phenomena that it may produce? We must blockade the question on the weak side, and pursue it into its last retrenchment.

These organic lesions only constitute, in reality, one of the periods of the vital malady. Now, who will venture to deny us the power, of producing any artificial, vital malady whatever, and of stopping at the point where experiment would become too dangerous? In this case it would be doing evil that good may come; and like the ancient aruspices, it would be searching to discover the secrets of the possible in the entrails of victims; which would not be an act of science, but a crime.

It is for this reason, that when we have set off a remedy at full speed on the road of experiment, we can

stop it when, and where we like, at such or such a station, well knowing that it might have gone further, and are even able to calculate by its actual progress, its course in the field of the possible.

Every medicine administered to a healthy subject, causes at first, certain derangements in the vital forces, *and there is but one step from the examination of these derangements, to the prediction of all that might happen ; besides, this is what you do every day. Do you not continually say to your patients ;—“ Follow a certain treatment, otherwise you may eventually be attacked by some complaint ; the affection from which you now suffer, might end in such or such dangerous symptoms, &c.”*

Why would you then deny us the same power of foresight, and take away from our experiments, the same probabilities of pathogenetic intuition ?

There are also certain accidental phenomena which powerfully assist experiment upon the healthy subject ; I mean cases of poisoning. Unhappily these offer very many opportunities of study to the physician, and we know how to profit by these, as well as other means ; for in building our edifice, we take care to avail ourselves of every kind of material.

The different cases of poisoning have in fact, furnished some very faithful symptomatic pictures, and often a guilty or imprudent hand has prepared us some forbidden colours.

Moreover, we are allowed to explore the physiological field of animals. If the symptoms that we thus gather, do not lead us to the truth, they at least put us in the way of it. There are many veterinarians who have adopted Homœopathy. They, far better than we, can extend their researches from the centre to every point of

the circle, and obtain pathological *analogies* between man and animals.

You see then, that all these reasons constitute a degree of certainty, which ought to satisfy a mind that reasoning less—is a little more reasonable.

Having spoken of veterinary Homœopaths, I will briefly reply to another objection, which is perhaps the most absurd and ill-natured of all.

Patients under the care of Homœopaths, are cured by imagination alone. You must know, that veterinary Homœopaths are already pretty numerous; they succeed, whatever may be said to the contrary, and I know several who have considerably extended their practice, since they have given only globules to their patients. What a powerful imagination horses must have! We confess that these gentlemen behave very politely to Homœopathy; and had good Lafontaine known of this jugglery, he would not have failed to have rebuked these cunning cheats very smartly.

And in the diseases of children, will the imagination be equally efficacious? And what charm can this little globule, this grain of dust, this drop of clear water, have upon the imagination? On the contrary, is it not evident, that your incredulous and distrustful smile, would be more likely to neutralize their virtue, if it were so very susceptible!

But let us pass on, for we should have too much to do if obliged to reply to every absurdity.

Physiognomy of Medicines.—Having been cast in the various moulds of experiment, a medicine ought to come out bearing the stamp of a particular physiognomy.

Being from the very first tried *alone*, each one ought to manifest its specific character, and being afterwards invariably administered *alone* to the patient, it is

evident it can only act according to its particular properties.

We now know that medicines resemble diseases, therefore, like them, they ought to have their individual complexion ; but like them in another respect, they ought also to present shades more or less common to those of the same class. Therefore, if diseases can be classified, medicines can also be classified.

This question has been treated by Dr. Teste. In his remarkable work, he has arranged medicines into particular groups, and at the same time he brings out their individual physiognomy. If it be true, that this idea is not in strict conformity with the theoretical and philosophical principles of our doctrine, it cannot be denied, that it is of great use in a practical point of view.

You may have read, in the public journals, that the Emperor of Russia sent a diamond ring to Dr. Teste, to show his approbation of this work. Our adversaries may see, by this act of the Czar, that Homœopathy is not always misunderstood, and that among those who have a just appreciation of it, there are some persons quite as important as themselves.

Whenever you have to treat a simple disease, administer only one remedy—a similar—capable of embracing nearly all the symptoms ; if you have to deal with a complicated disease, still give only one medicine, for you can always find one that will coincide with the principal symptoms, and those having disappeared, you will see the secondary disappear also, since they depend on the primary ones.

Then let it be well understood, that we can only give one remedy in one disease. If you mix several together, the vital fluid will not receive them, and I warn you that

it will be just as though you had not given them at all. Facts prove this.

This assertion is the best answer to those who think to prove their wit by saying—"Give me all the globules in your case, I will venture to swallow them!"—"When you say, sir, this you only prove the capaciousness of your stomach; you are quite right, and I do not attempt to dispute the fact; I dare say you would be able to swallow a gallon of them."

The action of several fluidic medicines upon the vital principle, resembles that of colours upon the optic nerve.

Put red before your eye, and you will see red; blue, and you will see blue, &c., but turn round a disc presenting every colour at the same time, and you will only see white, which is not a colour. Why does the eye see white only? Because it has *swallowed* up all the other colours.

The Homœopath then never administers more than one remedy at once. Thus he knows beforehand, what he is going to effect, because he is perfectly acquainted with the properties of this medicine, and when he has cured the patient, he can mathematically account for what has been done.

Ask Allopathy if it can offer the same chance of certainty?

Therapeutics.—At last we are within the sanctuary or the temple of Hahnemann, and at the feet of our divinity, which, since the beginning of the world has sat upon its altar, immutable and eternal as truth itself.

This divinity is the principle of *similars*, a principle which constitutes the very corner-stone of Homœopathy; which has been, and ever will be, the lever of all therapeutic power; in a word, round which turn all the accessory and organic truths of our doctrine.

If a practical physician, seeing before him any disease whatever, treat it according to the principle of *similars*, let him be aware or not of the therapeutic principle on which he acts, he proves himself by that very thing a Homœopath, in the strictest sense of the word, and notwithstanding the most violent protestation. But, should he reject this principle, and wander from this one path; from that moment he is no longer a Homœopath, even if he should ostensibly wear the livery of Hahnemann.

Let me here state very clearly, and declare most emphatically to all those who have ears to hear, that Homœopathy does not consist—either in infinitesimal doses, revealing themselves to our senses under the appearance of mysterious globules;—or in a single remedy administered in the form of clear water or white powder;—or in certain poisonous substances, in which is contained the secret of some ridiculous panacea,—Homœopathy consists *essentially* and *radically*, in the principle of similars.

Cease then your invectives and slanders against our poor globules; we will give them up, if you care so much about it. Be but faithful to *the principle of similars*, and like us, you will be Homœopaths. It is all we require, and if you have a globule of good faith and good will, you will be obliged to confess that we are not unreasonable.

Perhaps you may consider this assertion—made up according to the fundamental article of our Hahnemannic code—in contradiction to what has been said about the fluidic, morbidic, and curative power of medicines. Perhaps you will find this assertion, especially in the sequel, contradicting what I have yet to say, upon the dynamic action and theory of infinitesimal doses.

You must know that Homœopathic physicians are divided into several secondary schools, with regard to posology. Some only employ very high dilutions, that is to say, medicines divided to an infinite extent, or nearly to the limits of the last physical atom. Others use only medium dilutions. Some employ all the dilutions, and pass through every incommensurate degree of the posological scale, from the material, visible, and tangible substance, to a medicinal power that is lost in the mysterious world of fluids. Lastly, some only approve of massive doses, retaining them in the envelope of their chemical and physical properties. But each one in his treatment employs the theory of similars, as the only lever and main spring of all. Choose from this category of doctrines the kind that best harmonizes with your tastes, studies, and convictions. I will not say which I consider the most perfect. Practise always according to the theory of similars, and it is all that we ask.

Conquer then your foolish dislike and opposition. Is it not truth, and nothing but the truth that we want, and demand? If you will examine your treatment, and when you have cured a patient, would submit that treatment to the crucible of a most rigorous analysis, you would perceive to your great astonishment, that you are more of a Homœopath than you thought. Moreover, if you do not confess it with a good grace, you will be obliged to do so by and by, when I place your own acts fully before you.

But we will return to our subject, and enter into the didactic points of our doctrine; examining successively the *history*, *universality*, and *theory* of the principle of similars.

I did not exaggerate when I said, that the principle of similars has the divine Hippocrates for its father. If

he be not the author of our symbolic formula, as medical tradition has handed it down to us, the doctrine is at least contained in his works, as the fruit is contained in the flower. It would be very easy for you to be convinced of this, if you would read the aphorisms of the sage of Cos : *Vomitus, vomitu curatur*. Vomiting is cured by vomiting : *Morbi plerique his ipsis curantur a quibus etiam nascuntur*. *Per similia adhibita ex morbo sanatur*. The most part of diseases is cured by agents capable of producing them. (De morbo sacro op. vol. iii. p. 131.)

Thus did the father of ancient medicine express himself, and he very often practised according to these precepts. It would be very easy for me to quote you examples. What more could he say? Do not now come and tell me, that he is the author of the principle of contraries alone.

The greatest discoveries,—the mariner's compass and printing, for instance,—were discovered in the early ages of the world. At first neglected, misunderstood, and as it were buried in the winding-sheet of oblivion, they have been disinterred in later times ; they have passed over the darkness of centuries, like an electric spark, and have once more brought us the light of progress.

Such has been the history of the principle of similars. In every age, it has been practised by physicians, unknown to themselves ; and in spite of everything, it found its way to their conviction. But at all periods there have been eminent and enlightened practitioners, whose intelligence foresaw it, whose experience recognised it, and whose honesty proclaimed it. I shall not give the history of science so far as it relates to this subject, or make a vain display of learning, by quoting a list of proper names. Let it suffice to say, that from Democritus to

Stahl, Van-Helmont, Paracelsus, Franck, and the most distinguished authors of the Allopathic school, the principle of similars has always progressed,—slowly perhaps, but it has progressed from station to station, until at last it has reached its resting-place. I quote a recent confession. from Dr. Louis Saurel, editor of the *Revue Thérapeutique du Midi*:

“Our incredulity has less to do with the principle of similars, which we consider rational and frequently practicable, than with infinitesimal doses.

“We can easily believe that certain diseases may be cured, perhaps even THE MOST PART, by remedies acting homœopathically, provided that their dose is one appreciable by the senses, but the action of doses infinitely small, is something we cannot conceive.”

What does it signify Mons. Saurel, reject—for a moment—what you cannot understand. You are on our side without being aware of it.

Let us call to mind the birth of the two antagonistic doctrinal principles. Children of the same father, springing from the same genealogical tree, and heirs of the same crown, the younger has baffled the intended fratricide of his elder brother, though so long the victim of his jealousy.

I picture to myself this unfortunate prince condemned to a protracted exile. He is sad, but never discouraged. He slowly pursues his way, sometimes with his face uncovered, sometimes under the veil of a fatal disguise. Now reposing under some hospitable roof, then betrayed and banished by his own friends, who refuse to acknowledge him.

At last he arrives, enters his palace once more, regains his crown and sceptre, and his lawful and faithful subjects proclaim him king! The struggle is over, he has

triumphed, he reigns, and he will reign, notwithstanding the furious opposition of his enemies. Already the palace of his brother crumbles and falls to decay, and the time approaches, when the passer by, may sit down to rest amongst its ruins.

Homœopathy also presents itself to my imagination, under the form of a beautiful statue. Hippocrates found the block of marble, and vaguely marked out the form. From age to age, each Michael Angelo of the day has given it a stroke of his chisel, and lastly, Hahnemann has finished and unveiled the celestial figure.

The principle of similars is a universal one; it extends to everything, it applies to everything, in physical, mathematical, mechanical, and natural science; in religion, politics, and literature. You find it everywhere if you observe closely, and wish to give a reason for everything.

The *Similar!* This is one of the words that are the most used, and the least understood; or rather, persons in general are ignorant of its extent and real signification; besides, it is confounded with words somewhat analogous. It is nowever, most important to our discussion, for us to understand it in its very essence, and to define its characteristic form. In order that we may understand this more clearly, we will make use of an example taken from mathematics.

Geometry asserts that two triangles are *equal*, when the three angles and sides of the one are respectively equal to those of the other; *similar*, when the three angles are equal, and the homologous sides proportional.

There are two elements in a triangle, the angles and the sides, or the space contained in a perimeter. I wish to express, that the part *contained* represents, in beings, the essence; and the part *containing*, the mode, or form. Thus, several beings may have the same substance, with-

out having the same form. Do not then confound similarity, with equality and identity. That only applies to beings, which have the same substance and the same mode.

These are things between which we ought to distinguish very clearly, but which are too often confounded ; for example, I have sought for the word *equal* in a vocabulary of the French Academy of 1827, and I find, *equal*, adj.—*like*, *similar*—and to think this book was the daily food of my opening mind when I first began my studies ! By this time, surely, the French Academy ought to know its own language well enough, to be responsible for these definitions, but the Academicians do not take the trouble to give new ones !

Perhaps you know by experience, that we often dispute about things, because we do not understand one another ; this saying has in time become a proverb. This is what happens every day with respect to Homœopathy. It must be so, for people cannot always carry their dictionaries in their pockets, and they allow themselves to have the most erroneous and absurd opinions about similars. In the use of terms, we trust a little too much to the latitude of synonymous expressions, and ignorance tries to throw mud in the face of truth, without ever perceiving that she soils her hand. Thus we hear it said :

—— Have you drunk too much ? Drink on, and you will dissipate the fumes of the wine.

—— Has any one struck you ? Strike again in the same place, and you will be cured.

—— Have you the tape-worm ? Swallow another to drive it away. Let all such stupid remarks remain in the dust at your feet, and do not stoop to pick them up.

Be extremely careful about your expressions, and do

not make use of a term, until you have well weighed it, especially, if in the other scale of the balance, you oppose to it a principle.

Thus, call two statues equal which have been cast in the same mould ; call two portraits equal, which have passed through the same focus of the daguerreotype ; call equal, two notes that are in tune, and have the same number of vibrations.

But, establish between equality and similarity, the same difference which exists between the miniature and the person ; the copy and the original ; between one sound and another, separated by one or more octaves.

By a parity of reasoning one leaf is like another, but is not equal to it ; a child is like a man, but is not his equal.

I have said that the principle of similars was universal. I cannot demonstrate it here, nor give it full development. In other Conferences, I shall recur to this subject. I will therefore, content myself by scattering some seed in the field of your thought.

Look at the diversity of the human race ! all the types, the sexes, the faces, the features—all these resemble each other.

Look at animals of the same species ! all the forms, the details of organization, the almost mechanical actions of a wonderful instinct—all these resemble each other.

Examine the vegetable kingdom ! all the plants, leaves, flowers, and fruits—all these resemble each other.

Look at the moral world ! Study the inclinations, habits and passions ; comprehend if you can, all the attractions and repulsions which call into action spontaneous and unconquerable love, or the most capricious hatred ; analyze the great law, *similis similem quærit*—*like seeks like*.

Enter into the sanctuary of the fine arts. What is the best definition of music? It is that of St. John Chrysostom, *music is a series of sounds which call each other*. Now, it is like only which calls for like, *similis similem quarit*.

Prepare colours for the canvass; similarity is the law of their endless combination, similars only combine with each other.

And in the art of oratory, you know this great precept : *Si vis me flere, flendum est primum ipsi tibi* ; if you wish to make me weep, begin by weeping yourself.

When a child wearies you by its cries, is not the best way of silencing it, telling it to cry louder? All mothers know that.

In summer when one is dying of thirst, is not swallowing a few drops of brandy the best means of assuaging it? All reapers know that.

When a patient is consumed with fever, is not taking warm fluids the best way of relieving it? All nurses know that.

So in every thing ; suffering calls for suffering, joy for joy, tears for tears, love for love, harmony for harmony ; all beings *call* for each other by universal attraction ! Everywhere we meet the union of similars !

Theory of similars.—Homœopathy is the science which cures diseases, by treating them by their similars ; in other terms, by medicines capable of causing them.

How is that effected ? Similars are cured by similars, this is a fact. But what is the *modus operandi* of this fact ? It is the secret sealed with seven seals.

Since Homœopathy has been in operation, we have studied the mystery of its movements ; useless curiosity, superfluous efforts ! Mathematicians seek for the trisection of the angle, the quadrature of the circle, and the *postu-*

latum of Euclid ; natural philosophers study the radiation of light and heat ; astronomers calculate the distance, number and size of the stars ; mechanics search for perpetual motion ; alchemists seek to discover the philosopher's stone ; metaphysicians blunt their scalpel in studying psychological anatomy ; theologians waste their time in diving into the mystery of predestination—vanity of vanities !

We have ourselves endeavoured to steal from science the secret of the theory of similars, but unhappily, we have not yet found it. We have knocked, and the door remains shut ; will it one day open ?

If our vain and proud curiosity has not already been satisfied, our labour has not been quite useless, for our researches have furnished us with certain materials. I will tell you what they are ; the actual state of the science does not permit me to do more. I shall be brief, but I beg your close attention to these short observations.

The first disciples of Hahnemann set out with this principle, that two diseases, equal and of the same nature, cannot exist together in the human body. By opposing any malady whatever by the medicine which is most like it, the artificial disease produced by the remedy takes the place of the natural disease, and the first disappears as a matter of course, or is counteracted by an antidote—and health is the result of this simple manner of cure.

This theory is really very simple—Would it were true !

Homœopathy was then called *substitutive medicine*. This error has given rise to the false interpretations that we meet with every day, either among reasoning people, or in the writings both of the enemies and friends of Homœopathy. Thus you will find in a universal dictionary, recently published, under the article *Homœo-*

pathy, the exposition of this opinion (*Dictionnaire universel des sciences, des lettres et des arts, par Bouiller, 1855, deuxième édition*). Now those persons who will not, or cannot give themselves the trouble of consulting special treatises, seek in encyclopædias for the sciences, which they expect to find arranged there all ready for their use. What is the result? they reason upon the faith of these opinions, and these opinions being false, they reason falsely. The modern treatises on Allopathic *materia medica*, also blindly adopt these easy interpretations, and represent Homœopathy under the title of *substitutive medicine*.

What is the consequence of this also? That physicians, acquainted with our doctrine only by means of these standards, so light and easy of digestion, reason like the world in general, and like it, without being themselves aware, circulate this counterfeit coin amongst their friends and clients.

Homœopathy has also been termed the *medicine of specifics*. Medicines cure diseases in a purely occult manner: how? no one knows that; they cure because they cure. If you press the question, you will be told that medicines cure by virtue of the law of their specific nature. Every disease has its remedy in nature, an infallible one, which suits it as a picture does its frame: it is in this manner that quinine cures an attack of fever; iron, chlorosis; iodine, scrofula; mercury, syphilis, &c.

Others have considered medicines as containing a kind of miasma, and diseases as being of the same nature, and therefore as a matter of course, diseases are cured by a kind of specific inoculation.

Others see in medicines helps of a medicinal nature. In every age, from Hippocrates to the present day, this

idea has had its supporters in the schools. Disease is a conflict between nature and the morbid principle, one acts—the other re-acts ; first, the enemy attacks, then there is defence and resistance on the other side ; from this results the primitive action of the disease-producing principle, then the secondary action of their nature, or re-action.

This old theory of re-action, revived by the celebrated Barthez, has always met with partizans, and without any other stamp it has always passed as an article of value, in the commerce of therapeutics.

According to this system, if the disease be confined to slight derangements of the organism, nature will be always powerful and intelligent enough, to free herself from them by her own strength, and unaided re-action ; but if the attack be too violent, if its intensity paralyze the nerve of nature ; or again, if nature otherwise overcome by a too powerful hand, is incapable of directing the efforts of the struggle, and the tactics of the defence, she will need the assistance of foreign powers, and the aid of a wise counsel. It is thus that medicine, operating in the sense of re-action, and adding its energy to the force of nature, becomes an help, an ally a re-inforcement ; and the cure is the triumph of the two allied powers.

Others profiting by this theory of action and re-action, have based their system upon its mechanism. And therefore, they imagine two very distinct effects in medicine, the one primary, the other secondary. The first would act in the direction of the disease, and the second would re-act in the direction of nature. The former would produce the aggravating symptoms which so often break out, and seem to plunge the patient again into an abyss ; the latter, would be the means

of his safety, and bring him to shore by the returning wave.

In few words, this is the system, which in the election to the throne of the future, will command the most extensive suffrage. It does in fact, present in its manifesto, the most captious and seductive probabilities.

It is in this way that coffee at first prevents sleep, but induces it by its secondary effect ; opium, which at first causes sleep, is followed by sleeplessness ; every one knows that constipation succeeds diarrhoea ; stillness, agitation ; and prostration of strength, the artificial excitement induced by alcoholic liquors.

But all medicinal substances are far from fulfilling these two conditions, yet this ought to be the case for the system to have a firm foundation ; moreover, it is necessary, in order to preserve the points of resemblance between medicines and diseases, that the latter should have also their primary and consecutive effect, which is far from being the case, and above all, from being universally true. We might quote a few of these maladies, as some medicines are frequently quoted, but in order to build up a complete system, we need more than three or four stones ; more than four elements.

Thus in general, according to this system, the secondary effect being the very opposite of the primary one, the result of this operation would be health, as opposed to disease ; but in order to secure that, it would be necessary that health were the contrary of disease, which is not the case.

Here again is a demonstration *ad absurdum*. Let us suppose a pain in the knee, manifesting itself principally during the night, and aggravated chiefly by rest ; the medicine given would at first increase the pain,

but afterwards, by virtue of the secondary effect, it would cause a result contrary to the primary one, that is to say, the pain would then be transferred to the other knee, would manifest itself in the day-time, and be aggravated by motion. This is logical, but it is absurd.

I therefore reject this system, as I do the others. But you say, since you demolish all these theories, what have you to put in their place? Alas! I acknowledge the justice of your observations; but if I cannot give a true theory, I will wait, rather than adopt such hypotheses.

However, I have sought, and will tell you,—not the idea that I have found,—but one that I have perceived in my meditations; it is not that I think it true, but I should like it to be so.

I have said that diseases have a vital origin, and that their manifestation always related to a cause that was at first fluidic. I have also said that medicines were virtual diseases, and fluidic agents—and of this I am profoundly convinced,—whatever on one hand, may be the nature of the disease, or on the other, the dose of the medicine; for all medicine, if it be not rendered fluidic by our officinal and mechanical preparations, is fluidified and dynamised by the circulatory motion of the different fluids in the body. This being taken for granted, if you put together the medicine and the malady, or in equivalent terms, two fluids, and that the result of this operation be health, what can have happened? But one thing, a *neutralization* of these fluids. How is that effected? I do not know. Has there been direct neutralization? Was there first of all repulsion, as in electric phenomena? I do not know—but I believe in an electro-biological fluid;—that the body is a kind of electric machine;—that the cerebro-spinal marrow is

a fluidic pile ;—that the nervous cords are so many conducting wires, and that the system of the great sympathetic nerve completes the current. I believe that life is the putting in action of certain fluidic laws—that our diseases are of fluidic nature—that medicines are fluidic powers—and that cures are the result of fluidic neutralizations ; I believe all this ; this is my idea. I do not say it is infallible, but I tell you it in virtue of the sacred liberty of thought.

This idea might well be received in an age, which may especially be called one of the fluidic manifestations. In our day, is it not from the fluids that science demands the elements of universal progress ? Who knows, if at a later period, this idea may not give rise to a complete theory, now dormant in the bosom of the mystery of the fluids, as the spark of lightning in the thunder-cloud.

But let us leave the domain of theory, and enter into the field of practice. Be cured, my dear patients, it is all you want. The why and how, is of no consequence to you. You do not wish to know, and you are right. Does the traveller, who enjoys the voluptuous sensation of extreme speed, ask the engineer the secret of this motion ? And does the engineer, who handles the lever of his swift locomotive in happy indifference, ask the steam the secret of its heaving palpitations ?

We will now sum up.

- Man is composed of a body and soul hypostatically united by means of the vital fluid ; diseases—always individual—are derangements of this vital fluid ; medicines are disease-producing and disease-curing (*morbigenes and morbifuges*) fluidic powers ; medicines, submitted to pure experiment, are tried upon the healthy subject before being administered to the sick one ; similars are cured by similars.

This, in few words, is the whole system of Homœopathy. And now that you know the system in its integral parts, you can see how far your estimation of our school was from the truth. Tell me if you know of any other doctrine, which is more in conformity with the grand law of unity and universal progress, to the nature of man, or to his future destiny?

And now, for the benefit of those, who either from culpable or naïve ignorance, or from blind and systematic opposition, represent Homœopathy in false colours, by making it consist of such or such an absurd hypothesis, I will relate a well-known anecdote.

One of the forty members of the French Academy, presented himself one day to Cuvier, and said:

"I am going to submit to you a question of natural history. Being appointed to correct a part of the letter C in our Dictionary, I have written for the word "crab"—

"The crab is a red fish that walks sideways."

—— "Sir," replied Cuvier, "your definition is excellent; by this description all the crab-eaters—and they are numerous—will not fail to recognise it."

And calling back the Academician, Cuvier whispered in his ear; "between ourselves, the crab is not a fish; it is not red; it does not walk sideways. With these exceptions, your definition is perfect; keep it for the benefit, of—the crab-eaters."

Ninth Conference.

THE POSSIBLE.

“Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth.”

Poor little globule !

Behold the great Everything and the great Nothing, in an age which cavils and laughs at everything.

A globule!—the great Nothing personified in all its impudence,—the great Everything in all the éclat of the most tremendous explosion !

A globule !—the Proteus of the most ignorant mockery, —at once a mere drop of water, and a burning poison ;—the hobby-horse of grown-up children, a weapon dipped in deadly venom !

Globules !—the bubbles blown by Homœopathic doctors at their patients ; these are the artifices of those skilful jugglers !

Globules!—the great stumbling-blocks in the path of Homœopathy—the cannon balls with which they besiege our doctrine, and would demolish its ramparts !

It must be allowed that Hahnemann was not wise in inventing globules. Unlucky was the day when he set about divesting matter of its gross swaddling clothes, and endeavoured to follow the ascension and infinite division of the sap, from the roots up to the

farthest branch, instead of scraping the rough bark like every one else. Imprudent man ! to confide the light of his discovery to the wings of the fluids !

Had his idea, following the track beaten by the foot-steps of the vulgar herd, not interfered with any other idea ; had his planet been satisfied to shine on the horizon without throwing any other planet into the shade ; had his too audacious rays not sought to pierce academical clouds ; our master had never appeared at the tribunal of jealousy.

Let us suppose, that limiting his reform to the law of similars, Hahnemann had placed his formula in the sphere of polypharmacy ; that he had submitted his prescriptions to the massive posology of the old school ; they would never have dreamed of bringing an action against him. His system would have had its place at the banquet of science, and none of the others would have blushed to be his companions.

But he proposed infinitesimal doses—he pronounced the word globule—*indè ira*. It was all over with it. Homœopathy became the synonym of—*infinitely small* ; and a Homœopathic doctor—a charlatan who wears a globule for his breast-pin. The sentence was pronounced, and the condemned must take refuge in a land of exile.

Even were a Homœopath to remain true to the principle of similars, and yet employ medicines in massive doses, in tinctures, syrups, salves, pills, &c., like other doctors, he would always be called the man of globules. Serving the same country, enrolled under the same banner, carrying the same arms, and wearing the same uniform, he would always pass for an enemy, and as such, be brought before a court-martial ; so true it is, that—

L'INSTITUT est “ une île escarpée et sans bords,
“ On n'y peut plus entrer, dès qu'on en est dehors.”

Not many years ago, a French Committee refused to hang in the Exhibition, a fine picture, the *Death of Patroclus* by Mons. Wiertz, a Belgian painter of considerable merit, but not much known. To the next exhibition Wiertz sent a work by the celebrated Rubens, but marked with his own name; this was also rejected, a victim to its false passport.

But it is time to lay aside these sad considerations. Let us leave the crowd and its tumult, shake the dust from our feet, and pay a visit to our Homœopathic pharmacy. It is the abode of simplicity. The modest lattice tempers the rays of a too vivid sun, which lights up the simple interior of this little sanctuary. There no odour grateful or disagreeable, either pleases or offends the nose. Let me here explain to you in a few words, what is a globule—a dose of white powder,—a potion of clear water. I will raise a corner of the veil which hangs over our mysteries.

As I have already said, we employ as medicines, all the substances furnished by the three kingdoms of nature. Amongst these, some act in massive doses; such are, aconite, belladonna, *jusquiama*, stramonium, opium, mercury, arsenic, &c., &c. Others, inert by nature, require to be divested of their material envelope, in order to acquire some therapeutic action; such are, lycopodium, silicia, sepia, carbonate of lime, &c.

Now, let us suppose for a moment, that we wish to employ all these substances in a fluidic state, what means must we take to effect this—in other terms, to develop in each its specific fluid? These processes consist in freeing them from their grosser particles, in separating their constitutive atoms, and submitting them to a division, approaching more or less to the limits of the fluidic domain.

This means is very simple.

Let us take belladonna as an example ; to a drop of the tincture of this medicine, add ninety-nine drops of rectified spirits of wine ; then, to the bottle containing this mixture, give fifty succussions. You will thus obtain the first *dilution*. With one drop of this dilution, added to ninety-nine drops of spirits of wine, you will by the same means obtain the second dilution, and so on till the 30th, and even to the 200th.

So much for the substances that can be obtained by using equal parts of alcohol, and the purified substance ; they are then called *mother tinctures*.

For solid substances, the process is slightly modified. Let us take gold as an example ; put five centigrammes of this metal into a mortar, with the addition of ninety-five centigrammes of sugar of milk, which is an inert substance. Rub this mixture for an hour, you will then obtain the first trituration. Then take five centigrammes of this trituration, rub again for an hour, adding ninety-five centigrammes of sugar of milk, and you will obtain the second trituration. Having by the same means obtained the third trituration, put five centigrammes of that in ninety-nine drops of hydrated alcohol and you will have the fourth power or dilution.

Hahnemann has said, that after the third trituration, solid substances become soluble. I will not here dispute the opinion of our master, or endeavour to fathom the degree of truth in this assertion ; it is quite certain, that solids thus diluted have the same therapeutic action as the liquids.

The process by which bodies are submitted to these changes of state, and by which their particular fluid is developed, is called *dynamisation*.

Whether in this operation, there be a development of

the fluid by a division of the matter, or a communication of the fluid to the inert vehicle, is a fruitless question that has too much occupied the theorists.

Therefore, a Homœopathic pharmacy containing about 200 medicines, with only thirty dilutions of each, will present 2,000 small bottles; in other words, 200 available medicines, in 2,000 different doses. Yet they say, Homœopaths only employ one medicine, in the form of a white powder or clear water !

Now, if you wished to convey a drop from one of these bottles, what means would be the most simple? It is doubtless to cause it to be imbibed, by an inert and portable substance.

This substance is furnished by the sugar of milk, either reduced to powder, or formed into globules. The sugar, under one of these forms, when impregnated with a medicine, can easily be carried in doses, or in small tubes placed in a box.

Henceforth a globule should represent itself to your mind, as the vehicle of some medicinal fluid.

Considered in this point of view, a globule need no more excite a laugh than an electric spark, or a ray of heat or light, which are imponderable and intangible fluids, the vehicles of a specific force. Viewed in the firmament of therapeutics, a globule shines with all the brightness of its specific dynamism.

In fact, if you consider a globule at the focus of life, you will as easily see in its fluid, a disease or a cure *in power*, as in a silkworm you can imagine a mass of eggs, and in these eggs, the silken robes and attire of the fashionable world.

You now know what ought to be understood by dynamisation, dilution, globules, &c. How few of those who ignorantly despise these terms, understand their

scientific value; and how few know what they say, when they make them the subject of rash and satirical observations.

I would here correct an error of the Universal Dictionary of Bouillet. As these encyclopedical articles are the places where scientific money receives its stamp, I wish particularly to give them up to justice, when they put bad coin in circulation.

At the article *dilution*, you read:—" *Homœopathic doctors make great use of dilutions, in order to reduce the very active substances they employ, into infinitely small quantities.*"

A grand mistake, Mr. Editor! the substances we employ are not all very active, since there are some which are not active at all. You would give one to understand, that employing only poisons, we must weaken the doses in order not to kill our patients. A mistake—we only use the dilution to develop the fluid in substances that are naturally active, and to render fluidic, those which are not so in their natural state.

Let us now attack the heart of the discussion. When medicines are thus divided, and brought more or less out of their massive state, have they a therapeutic action or not? That is the question.

— No, cry the Allopathic doctors—No, echo the Academicians.

— Very well! why do not these medicines possess any action?

— Because it is impossible.

— And why is it impossible?

— Because I do not understand it.

— Well! Listen to these fine sentiments of a young and celebrated Spanish philosopher—" *To declare a thing impossible, merely because we do not under-*

stand it, is to prove alike the pride and weakness of reason." (Balmès. *Art d'arriver au vrai*.)

Hear also what Arago says :

"*He, who out of the range of pure mathematics, pronounces the word impossible, is wanting in prudence ;*" in another place he remarks, "*Where should we be, if we denied everything we cannot explain ?*"

But let us continue our argument.

I will not seek the definition of the word IMPOSSIBLE, neither will I entangle myself in the scholastic divisions of endless impossibilities. For my part, I only see two kinds of impossibility—the absolute, and the relative. It is evidently not here a question of the first, which is in contradiction with all the laws of nature ; it can only be of the latter. Now to affirm *this* impossibility, we must possess a profound idea of the terms that are considered contradictory. Now, in our question, what are the contradictory terms?

On the one side, the infinitely small dose of a medicine ; on the other, the action of this dose. Therefore, according to your reasoning, *infinitely small* and *action* constitute two contradictory terms ; these two terms cannot meet in a globe ; the field is too small.

Pursue the argument, and in conformity to the strictest laws of logic, put your syllogism in due form. Here it is :—

Action is the movement of any cause whatever, which produces, or tends to produce an effect.

Now, in order to produce an effect, this cause must be material and massive.

Therefore, medicines in doses not material, cannot produce any effect.

I grant the major proposition.—I deny the minor one, and undertake to prove, that from your false premises,

you draw false conclusions. And in order to that, we will turn the minor on its fragile pivot, and expose each of its faces to the light of experimental analysis.

First of all, supposing that infinitesimal doses had never been tried, either on a healthy or diseased subject, it would be easy to deny their power, *à priori*. Apart from pure experiment and clinical experience, it would be easy to oppose a speculative negative to every theoretic assertion, but in this case, the chances of affirmation would at least equal those of negation. For, if you say ; prove *first of all*, that infinitesimal doses act, I answer, *prove first of all*, that they do not act.

Thus, to be in this case able to pronounce the word impossible, we must of necessity, know matter in its essence, and all its modes of existence ; you might then predict the reasons of its activity or inertia ; but, as this can never be known, you are not able to bring into this discussion, aught but assertions without proof.

Let us now sum up the contingent of the probabilities with which reason can furnish us, and then we will let experience speak.

I here leave out of the question those who deny from ignorance, and only address those, who, while they deny, are capable of following a close argument.

Have they who deny the action of infinitesimal doses, well weighed the motives of their denial, or even of their doubt ? To these I at once address this double question, What are the *qualities* and the *quantity* necessary for matter to act ; we speak of course, in the sphere of therapeutics ?

Is there any mass whatever which may serve as a standard of comparison ? From the grain of sand to the globe, have you determined the weight, that *may* be considered the counterpoise of all possible weights ?

And in the question of form, have you adopted one which may be considered the typical measure of all other forms?—No.

Can matter, passing through all the possible metamorphoses of physics and chemistry, from the blocks of Pharos to the atom,—from all the waves of the ocean, to the drop,—to the fluid—cease to be matter?—No.

But, passing through all these metamorphoses of form, on a more or less extended or regular scale, can matter undergo so many modifications in its qualities?—Yes.

In all these new states, acquired by physical and chemical manipulations, what does the material substance become, in whatever weight or volume it may appear?

It becomes nothing less than the vehicle of new specific properties. Cuvier said : “ *Matter is only the depository of strength ; matter passes away, but strength remains.* ”

By what right then do you, starting from any given degree of the *active* divisibility of matter, stop at any other degree, and say, “ So far shalt thou go ; this is the limit of its *possible* action ? ”

Vainly would you grasp it in the vice of pressure ; our experiments will raise it, and allow it to reach the very last notch of infinitesimal gradation.

Thus you see, the field is very vast, and if *you* choose to confine your progress to a limited horizon, and still use your slow old-fashioned vehicles, *we* prefer to travel in immensity, on the wings of steam and the fluids.

Moreover, listen to this simple argument :

— In what dose, would you administer such or such medicines ?

— In such and such a dose.

— Well ! but who taught you this system of posology, and how have you been enabled to determine the scale ?

— By experience.

— Well, Homœopathy administers the same medicines, or others you do not know, in certain doses, and these doses act. Who told us? who taught us? The same master—Experience.

Now, let us see what experience teaches us.

Experience proves, that the virtues of medicines change in proportion to their doses, and their manner of preparation. Thus, tartar emetic acts as a purgative at the strength of four or five centigrammes; at ten centigrammes it causes vomiting; and at twenty-five or thirty it loses its emetic and cathartic properties, and falls into the school of Rasori, and becomes a counter-stimulant. Rhubarb acquires tonic or purgative properties according to the dose, and this is the case with many other medicines.

Every one knows that a considerable weight of mercury, in a massive and metallic form, a ball of iron, gold, silver, or lead, may be swallowed with impunity; these metals have even been used with success in intromission of the intestines. Lead has been found in all parts of the body, even in the ventricles of the heart of birds; these substances are not at variance with the laws of life; but change their mode of being, strip them of their grosser particles, and make them approach fluidic doses; they then become very violent poisons.

Supposing this to be admitted as a general truth, we will examine the question in its physical aspect.

When our Homœopathic medicines are reduced to their infinitesimal doses, do they still contain matter?

Whilst the ignorant deny the presence of matter in our dilutions, the eye armed with a microscope can nevertheless perceive it, and follow its atoms, even to a high degree of division. Of this, Dr. Charles Mayerhoffer

obtained very striking proofs. He has submitted several metals to the microscope, and examined them with lenses of various powers, and—after having ascertained the purity of the inert vehicle, sugar of milk, or alcohol—he traced them in degrees of almost incomprehensible division. Taking as a basis, the number and size of the atoms of a grain after the trituration, he has confirmed the following phenomena.

Platina—divisible	.	more than a trillion times.
Mercury	" "	id. "
Lead	" "	a billion "
Iron	" "	id.
Zinc	" "	more than a million times.
Copper	" "	id.
Tin	" "	a million times.
Silver	" "	id.
Gold	" "	id.

Messrs. Petroz and Guibourg, chemists and members of the Academy, have found traces of corrosive sublimate in the fifteenth dilution. Mons. Morh wishing to determine the presence of arsenic, reached the 700,000th part of a grain—Seguin and Rummel, profess to have seen by the assistance of the solar microscope, metallic atoms up to the 200th dilution.

Here are results, and if you can no longer trace the atoms of matter at such or such point of division, do not say:—"I can detect nothing, therefore there is nothing"—If you are not able to see it, it is because you are too short-sighted, and your instruments too imperfect. Do you suppose there are no worlds beyond your horizon?

Let us continue.

A decigramme of copper, dissolved in nitric acid, and diluted with water tinged blue with ammoniac, can be divided into 50,000,000,000 visible parts.

A decigramme of carmine may be divided into 2,600,000,000 parts, all equally visible.

A grain of assafœtida evaporates in 11,781,000 scented atoms.

A grain of musk diffuses an odour for twenty years, in a place where the air freely circulates, without apparently losing its weight, and evaporates in 300,200,000,000,000 particles.

Ehrenberg has calculated that an cubic inch of a mass of infusoria, contains 41,000,000,000, of these animal-culae.

Kiel was able to prove that there required 186,400 milliards of milliards of globules of the blood of the infusoria peculiar to pepper, to fill a centimètre cube.

A drop of human blood, the size of millimètre cube, contains 1,000,000 red globules.

I will not speak of those microscopic beings, of which several hundred can be held on the point of a needle.

A commission of the Institute has proved, that Marsh's apparatus can show the millionth part of a grain of arsenic. Messrs. Danger and Flandin have discovered by their analyses, the hundred thousandth part of a grain of copper in the living organism.

Heuvenhoek has proved that 600 ells of silk thread, can be wound off the cocoon of a silk worm. Reaumur discovered that this thread of silk is composed of 60,000 other threads. And Boerhaave adds to these facts, that every inch of this thread can be divided into several millions of particles, each having a distinct form and existence; and it was after being struck with these mysterious properties, that the celebrated professor of Leyden, expressed his beautiful thought, touching the compatibility of action, and the infinite division of medicines. I will quote this idea at the conclusion of the Conference.

What do all these assertions and physical prodigies prove? that matter is divisible to an *indefinite* extent, and that, if our senses and means were more perfect, our investigations would penetrate the darkness of many a mystery; that our *infinitely small* doses are even *infinitely large*, when compared to the infinite fractions that can be discovered by our instruments, down to the last degree into which the capriciousness of matter may separate itself.

They prove, that on the line which leads to the infinite, our doses, still fettered by their material envelope, are prodigiously distanced by these atoms, whose flight conceals them from all pursuit—in fact—that there is something where you say there is nothing.

—— Very well! say you, but that does not prove that this something acts, or can act. Thus far, we have not proved it, but we will endeavour by analogy to do so now.

We will begin by laying before you some general facts. There is a medicine, which for several years past has certainly enjoyed all the favour of fashion, I mean cod liver oil. Medical men prescribe it in a number of cases useless to enumerate. The brown oil is the best. How does it act?—By virtue of the iodine it contains. How much does it contain? *Two milligrammes* to a quart!!!

Sick people have been known to be cured of an attack of fever, from having slept in a room where sulphate of quinine had formerly been prepared.

Mercury salivates in the smallest doses. A publication called "*Les Transactions philosophiques*" speaks of an English vessel which carried a large quantity of this metal. By accident, some of it escaped from the casks in which it was packed; in three weeks two hundred men were salivated, ulcers appeared, they were partially

paralysed, &c. Even the animals on board were not exempt.

A chemist at Tours, had a fit of asthma every time a bottle of powdered ipecacuanha was opened.

At Marseilles, there was a chemist still more susceptible to the action of this medicine; he was seized with violent vomiting each time it was pulverized, and whenever the least particle reached his nose.

Dr. Andrieu relates a similar case of a Sister of Charity, who was nurse in an hospital.

In *La Gazette Médicale de Toulouse*, Mons. Bonnefoux relates a curious case of anæsthesia. "A cork impregnated with chloroform, was passed under the nose of a patient attacked with nervous paralysis, it caused his head to fall on the pillow, and apparently produced a sound and refreshing sleep. At different times the same simple means were employed, and with the same result. In the two last administrations of the chloroform, it was necessary to pass the cork *twice* under the nose. *The paralysis was cured by the use of the anæsthetic agent.*"

I see you are about to offer a very reasonable objection:—Particular phenomena and idiosyncrasies are only exceptions, and prove nothing.—Yes, they do prove something—that infinitely small doses *can* act, and remember, this is the opinion I am maintaining.

I advise all persons desirous of meeting with still more curious facts, to read the treatise on nervous maladies by Joseph Franck, the works of Tissot, Descuret, &c. Too many quotations would become tedious, and lead us too far.

From these facts, let us pass to those furnished by toxicology.

Chemistry shows, that bi-carbonated hydrogen carbonic

acid gas, and arsenicated hydrogen in very small doses cause death. Thus, according to Thénard and Dupuytren, a bird instantly dies in an atmosphere containing 1,500,000th part of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, and 1,250,000th part is sufficient to kill a horse.

Every one knows the deleterious properties, and the terrible effects of prussic acid and its compounds. Scou-tetten affirms that three centigrammes of the cyanuret of iodine administered to rabbits, cause instantaneous death.

The experiments of Magendie teach us, that the smallest drop of cyanhydric acid placed on the mucous membrane of the cheek of strong animals, causes them to fall down stone dead ; and more than this, the muscular organs did not betray any trace of irritability. "*Several atoms* of this acid," says the same physiologist, "being applied to the eye of a dog, similar and equally fatal effects were observed."

Professor Stass killed an animal with three drops of nicotine, and yet found them on the tongue of the victim after death.

I have read in some newspaper of a captain, who relates, that during a long voyage he observed that cod and other fish, living in certain parts of the sea where copper is known to exist, even after having passed through the usual process of curing and cooking, poisoned those who eat them !

An Italian physician, Dr. Cavani, once related to me the following fact. He had several fruit trees in his garden, but the thieves of the neighbourhood, scaling the walls stole the fruit before it was ripe. The owner determined to prepare an arsenic cake, for their dessert. The following day both fruit and cake disappeared. Well, said he, I shall be rid of the visits of

these rogues, and spared the trouble of bringing them before the police. But alas! he had reckoned without his host, and these gentlemen came again next day, more fresh and active than ever. The Doctor, supposing that immediate and excessive vomiting had neutralized the action of the poison, made another cake, containing only as much arsenic as he could lay on the point of a penknife. This time both fruit and cake disappeared, but the gourmands never came again.

This fact once more confirms the maxim of Aristotle, "*Venena habent illud peculiare ut etiam in minimâ quantitate operari possint.*" Poisons have this peculiarity, that they *can* act in the smallest quantities!

Now, in all these facts, how much of material substance did these toxic agents contain? What proportion could there have been, between the dose of the active principle and its effects? And, I ask, — if all these infinitely small doses, are powerful enough in certain cases to produce such positive disturbance in the organization — and, if in other cases, they carry death in such attenuated particles—is not their fluid sufficient to produce modifications of the vital powers, both in health and disease?

After having passed in review the action of these infinitesimal agents, are you not tempted to admit the *possibility* of action in our Hahnemannian doses?

Let us now consider the question of venoms, virus, miasmata, effluvia, &c.

Orfila said in his lectures on chemistry, that any substance sufficiently diluted to be insensible to tests, has necessarily no power over human organization. We shall see if this assertion cannot be denied.

There is an establishment at Paris, where a little flock of goats and asses are most carefully raised. They are

subjected to mercurial frictions. Small doses of calomel are administered to them, and their milk is given to persons, who are suffering from diseases treated by mercury, and whose constitution is too enfeebled to take this medicine in massive and direct doses. I should like to know if chemical tests would discover mercury in this milk. What is perhaps the most astonishing part of the affair is, that the establishment is under allopathic direction. Children at the breast in the Necker Hospital are also treated by this ridiculous method of physiological dynamisation; this means succeeds and—they dare avow it!

Here is an equally striking fact. In a memoir read before the Academy of Sciences, in 1843, by Mons. Bouchardat, he says amongst other observations, that a milligramme of mercury, dissolved in twenty quarts of water, is sufficient to kill in a few seconds, fish plunged in this fluid, and he adds—“This proportion of mercurial salt is so feeble,—a twenty millionth, *that it escapes the most delicate chemical tests.*” This is a gentle rap given to the assertion of our celebrated Professor of Chemistry.

But here are some observations of a still more marked nature. What is better known as to their effects, or more obscure as to their cause, than marshy exhalations? Here truly, science has ever remained dumb and powerless.

Mons. Maillot, in his account of African fevers, mentions the following mysterious fact: “*There are,*” says he, “*many examples of people sleeping on the borders of a marsh, who passed from the arms of sleep to those of death.*”

Indian travellers affirm, that sailors on board vessels at a considerable distance from the shore, have been attacked by intermittent fevers.

Lancisi relates, that thirty persons, who were walking near the mouth of the Tiber, were met by a wind suddenly blowing from the south, across the infectious marshes, and immediately twenty-nine were attacked with tertiary fever.

Do all these facts, and many more that I could cite, throw the least light on etiological science? Alas! no. They will always remain enveloped in hopeless obscurity. Employ your chemical tests, and all the resources of audiometry, but you will never detect anything; the air will reveal its constituent parts, but do not attempt to discover the secret of earthy and marshy exhalations, for you would lose both life and labour in the attempt.

Mons. Boudin, who has studied the question very carefully, says in conclusion, "*Giannini has denied the existence of marshy exhalations because they were invisible; one might as well deny the existence of God, because we cannot see Him with our bodily eyes.*"

Shall I now speak of infectious and contagious diseases? Shall I interrogate small pox, scarlatina, typhus, the plague, the yellow fever, cholera? Whence come these terrible maladies? What power engenders them, what power dissipates them? Direct or indirect contact, an undulation of the atmosphere; a breath wafts them towards us, and lays us prostrate. Ask nothing—seek nothing; it is the secret of the air, of the plants, of the waters, of nature;—it is the secret of God.

Examples would be too numerous, and moreover useless; each one has his favourite theory on the subject.

But what of venoms and poisons?

Explain to me how a liquid, distilled from the gland of serpents is so deadly a poison; how a puncture with its fang, even after it has been detached many years from the reptile, can cause such terrible consequences.

According to Mons. Texier, a distinguished medical man living in America, a child having incautiously put his arm into the hollow of a tree occupied by a rattlesnake, was bitten and died immediately. A negro whilst weeding a field of sugar cane in Louisiana, suddenly uttered a piercing cry; he had been bitten by a crotalus and fell down dead.

Professor Bonelli of Turin, caused a puncture to be made in an animal with the tooth of a rattlesnake. The head of this serpent had laid in a dry state fifteen or sixteen years at least, exposed to the air and dust, and moreover, had previously been preserved more than thirty years in spirits of wine. To his great astonishment and that of his pupils, the animal died an hour afterwards.

In the second volume of his work on Toxicology, Orfila gives a summary of Russel's book on the deleterious action of venoms. He was enabled to prove by observation, that it is not necessary for a substance to be susceptible of any chemical test, in order to be active.

It would be easy for us to prove that his chemical tests are equally powerless in analysing the virus of hydrophobia, syphilis, small-pox, &c., these morbid agents all laugh at the tortures of chemical inquisition. Nothing can make them confess; nothing can move them; calm and indifferent in the crucible, they shut themselves up in the most obstinate silence, and refuse to reveal their secret to the investigations of science.

I will here make some observations of more general interest, inasmuch as they confirm at the same time, both our assertions, and the essential principles of our doctrine. I mean—mineral waters.

Mineral waters in fact, considered in their action, result, and chemical composition, offer another example of the theory of similars—the power of producing

maladies in the healthy subject; the cure of the same ; and infinitesimal doses.

Some strong-minded people compare these salutary waters, consecrated by the experience of ages, to the globules of the Homœopaths. They laugh when they are spoken of, neglect their use when prescribed ; according to their ideas any journey can offer the same amusement, and consequently, the same results. The season for drinking the waters was invented by the doctors to get rid of their patients, and above all by those who would profit by the custom.

Pope said one day to a young lady :—

—— Why do you drink the waters ?

—— For amusement.

—— Well, said the satirical poet, have they cured you ?

Pliny asserts that in his day, patients were sent to drink and bathe in mineral waters ; he considers them as one of the resources of the doctors, when they are at a loss what to prescribe.

Many physicians have only denied the virtue of mineral waters, since Homœopathy has been known, according to their general plan of systematic opposition.

Quite recently a writer said : “ Let us not give too much power to mineral waters, lest we furnish a new argument to the Homœopaths.” He was right, but as this argument is new, let us at once profit by it.

Mineral waters considered in their *ensemble*, contain those metals and salts that are the most active and the most generally employed in medicine, such as sulphur, iodine, arsenic, bromine, soda, magnesia, iron, manganese, &c. Now it is worthy of remark, that the quantities of these substances, compared to the mass of the fluid are very small, and often infinitesimal.

According to Thénard, the waters of the Madeleine spring at Mont d'Or contain one milligramme of the arseniate of soda in each quart, and the illustrious chemist is careful to observe, that they owe their curative virtue to this element.

According to Wälchner and Figuier, the waters of Wiesbaden contain 0,045 of arsenious acid in 100 quarts, and after giving the analysis of the waters of Pyrmont, of Lancheid, and the valley of Brohl, Walchner adds: "All these mineral waters, amongst which, there are some whose efficacy has long been acknowledged, contain these substances in such very small quantities, that their amount is only traceable in millionth degrees."

In speaking of the waters of Plombières, Turck says, they act in virtue of the arsenic they contain. Now they only contain the thousandth part of a grain to the quart, and this infinitesimal quantity is a sufficient explanation to him, for the cure of a great number of maladies, which moreover are all included in the pathogenesis of this medicine.

Chevalier and Gobeley say that the waters of Vichy, Bussong, Provins, Pyrmont, Bms, and Wiesbaden, contain arsenic in *infinitely smaller proportions* than medical men prescribe every day, and yet we may perhaps attribute to the presence of this substance, certain cures that would be inexplicable on any other grounds.

Amongst hot mineral waters according to the analysis of Mons. Izarié (in 1852) the Minvielle spring contains 0,000,000,2 of sulphur, and 0,000,000,5 of the sulphate of sodium in each quart; that of Baudot 0,000,8712 of sulphur, and 0,000,6582 of sulphate of sodium. At Aix-la-Chapelle, Liebig's analysis gives to the spring

called L'Empereur; ioduret of sodium, 0,00051, and 0,00360 of bromine.

It would doubtless here be out of place to enumerate the maladies, which enter into the sphere of the curative action of these various waters. All that has been proved; what is important for us to confirm is, that they do act, and that, notwithstanding, or perhaps on account of the infinitesimal amount of their elements. It would be easy for us to show that they cure by the law of similars, if the subject demanded this proof.

Let us nevertheless note the fact, that they frequently produce in the healthy subject the very maladies they cure in others. Thus Dr. Andrieu mentions the case of a lady and her two daughters, who were simultaneously attacked with affections resembling typhoid fever, after having drunk too freely of the waters of Barèges. He also speaks of a robust man, who was seized with a most acute attack of bronchitis, from the abuse of the waters of Barèges and Caunterets. He gives also another case of a lady from Lyons, that he treated at Eaux-Bonnes, in 1847, in whom a single spoonful from the *cold spring* brought on griping pains, followed by copious and frequent alvine evacuations.

Now, if all these examples, to which we could add a great many more, do not prove that the doses of all these elements are *absolutely* infinitesimal, they at least prove, that they are much smaller than those employed daily by medical men in their prescriptions, and that small things that might be called *mere nothings*, are nevertheless endowed with a certain, and sometimes with a very powerful action.

I will now point out three kinds of dynamisation; one, artificial—another, physiological—the other, natural; to the first we owe our medicinal fluids; of the second

we shall speak in our next Conference ; the third is that which produces miasmata, effluvia, &c., and the elements of mineral waters.

And what are our artificial processes compared to those of nature ? What are our Homœopathic doses, compared to those of the miasmata ? To ignorant or systematic incredulity they are nothing ; but to the eyes of sober reason, and in the light of pure science, they are still on a very low degree of the scale of the infinite.

Consider these miasmata, these effluvia, these deadly germs, these NOTHINGS, at their birth ! Engendered by a mysterious power, nourished in the bosom of the clouds, brooded over by the wings of the winds, hatched by the hot breath of the atmosphere, agitated by the convulsions of the tempest, they acquire the dynamism of thunder. Their stroke is the more perfidious, because invisible ;—the more sure, because unexpected ;—the more fatal, because they cannot be averted.

Again—consider those metallic atoms that move along the depths of the ocean. They roll in this immense bed, whose pillow is the sand with its countless grains ; they are the play of the waves that alternately caress, repel, and lash them ; and from this capricious dynamism they come forth poisons !

Again—examine those mineral waters ; see how the globules of their elements run through the very bowels of the earth ; lodged in the arteries, the veins, the tubes and layers of the various strata, they reach us all ready dynamised, and offer their treasures of health to those who seek them.

Consider all these things ; sound the depths of all these mysteries, and say if power cannot be contained in the envelope of the infinitely small.

But, if in spite of these proofs, you are still in doubt,

listen to the confessions of some of your brethren, who are worthy of all credit.

I will not quote the doctors of antiquity, perhaps they doted!—I will not speak of the famous Paracelsus, you call him the great quack of the sixteenth century;—nor of Amador, the illustrious professor of Montpellier, he was too Hahnemannian; I will allow you to regard him with suspicion; I will only as usual, place before you the testimony of your own professors.

First of all, here is the idea of Boerhaave, which I promised to quote. In the second chapter *de viribus medicamentorum* he says: "*Medicamenta dividi possunt in partes adeò minutas, ut imaginationis vim pene eludant, quæ tamen retinebunt vires.*" "Medicines may preserve their virtue, although divided into such minute parts that the imagination can no longer follow them."

But he is still more explicit in the following lines:

"*Ex dictis patet partes medicamentorum, ò usque comminui posse, ut captum nostrum fugiant, et quidem licet partes sint diaphanæ sensusque quoque fugiant, nihilominus effectus notabiles in corporibus nostris producent.*"

"It is evident from what follows, that medicines may be so much attenuated, that they evade our search; but although these particles are no longer appreciable to our senses, they do not the less produce very marked effects on our organization."

Hufeland, in speaking of belladonna as a preservative against scarlatina, seems to take up the defence of the small doses proposed by Hahnemann.

"This substance," says he, "is worthy of the greatest attention, and deserves to be submitted to repeated experiment, for, to be prejudiced against this remedy,

merely on account of the smallness of the dose, would be to forget that it is here a question of a dynamic effect, that is to say, an effect produced on the living subject, and which cannot be calculated either by books, or by grains. Where is the man who can determine the weight of an atom, or the quantity of virus necessary to produce any effect whatsoever? *When we dilute anything, do we necessarily weaken it?* And cannot the liquid thus diluted, become the vehicle which develops in it a new property, a new and more subtle mode, than that which it formerly possessed?"

The learned Récamier, professor of the school of Paris, dares to avow: "*That it is to imponderable principles alone, that each medicine owes its manner of action, its power, and efficacy; each medicine being a special conductor of imponderable principles.*"

I defy any Homœopath to say more than this.

But the professor went still further, for he said, he hoped some day to demonstrate, that imponderable principles *are the only true modifying agents*, and that the thousand ponderable bodies of which our pharmaceutical riches consist, are but so many props, and the divers vehicles of imponderable principles.

'The time is gone by,' said Mons. Jourdan, member of the Academy of Medicine, "when jokes about infinitesimal doses seem to be sufficiently good arguments against Homœopathy. Here are indisputable facts which ought to impose silence on pure reasoning. *These minimum doses do act, and even exercise a powerful and surprising influence; doubt is no longer admissible on this head.*"

There have been several doctors who undertook to make experiments, by administering our doses both to sick and healthy subjects, not with any view of becom-

ing converted to Homœopathy, but on the contrary, in order to disprove it by negative facts. But these experiments have brought them into our camp, and there they have remained. Of this number is Professor Jorg; the same thing happened to Dr. Kopp of Hahnau, Chief Physician of the Prince of Hesse.

"Were I called upon"—said he after his experiments—"to pronounce a judgment as a juror, my conscience would not permit me to express myself otherwise." "*Yes, decillionth parts exhibit definite curative power.*"

Now, all these confessions are put into action, and become facts, in the following testimony which I am going to analyze, and which shall be my last quotation.

Dr. Munaret, a very distinguished Allopathic practitioner, author of *Le Médecin de la ville et de la campagne*, addressed a memorial to the Academy of Medicine of Paris entitled: *De l'emploi des granules en médecine.*

In this memoir, he is a Homœopath from head to foot. In speaking of some granules prepared by Mons. Pelletier of Lyons, he enumerates all their properties.—*Exact and invariable doses*, — all these medicines are prepared in doses of a *milligramme*. — *Convenient administration*, — no smell, no taste, valuable qualities in the treatment of children. — *Their non-deterioration*, — they do not change. — *Easy transport*, — they may be put into tubes, thus realizing the wish of Sydenham; a box a few inches square, may contain a large quantity.

Then he goes on to mention cures; aggravations of symptoms, produced by these granules, and bleeding superseded by their use, &c. Finally, after having enumerated all the prodigies performed by these granules, Mons. Munaret concludes thus;

— “I close this letter, Mr. President, by a philosophical question. Is not the granule Bacon’s grain of sand, with which — aided by time and her daughter observation — we may complete our pyramid?”

If this be not pure Homœopathy, I know not where to look for it.

But all is fair game for these gentlemen. They rob in full day-light, and yet their doctoral robe is never soiled by the dust of the assize court. They enjoy all the benefits of our doctrine, without the odium of being called charlatans, or Homœopaths, which are synonymous terms. For them, the glorification of the *granule*; — for us, the disgrace of the *globule*; for them, academic palaces; — for us, the alleys and back courts; — for them, the sun of public instruction; — for us, the obscurity of the Bastile.

Yes! — but our Bastile will fall some day, and that day will be illumined by the sun of Hahnemann!!!

Let us now return to our syllogism and conclude.

Action is the movement of any cause whatever, which produces, or tends to produce an effect.

Now, in order to produce an effect, it is not necessary that this cause be material or massive.

Therefore, medicines in immaterial doses *can* produce an effect; — which was the thing to be proved.

Dear Allopathic doctors, should this argument ever enclose you in its net, you will find it very difficult to break through its meshes!

Tenth Conference.

THE FACT.

ONE day, two men were sitting on the right bank of the Rhone. One was a rich proprietor, who lived in a neighbouring parish; the other born in a village near the river, earned his living by looking after the boats, which at that time towed the vessels up from Beaucaire to Lyons.

They were acquainted with each other; and being both tired, sat down to rest under the shade of a clump of white poplars.

The landowner thus addressed the boatman;

— Well, good neighbour, have you heard about the grand discovery that has just been made?

— What discovery, Sir?

— You must know that there will soon be no more need of horses, to tow the boats up the Rhone.

— How's that, Sir?

— The thing is very simple; a way has been found out by which they will go up by themselves.

— It's not possible, Sir, it's not possible! I declare I never can believe that.

— And why not, my good friend ?

— Because it is impossible.

— But why do you think it is impossible ?

— Because, do you see, Sir, although our hands are pretty strong, it costs us no little labour and time to bring up the boats, and you would make me believe they are to get up by themselves?—it's not possible !

— Listen, my friend ; I will tell you how it is—pay great attention.

The landowner then explained to the man, the construction of a steam-boat. Endeavouring to place himself on a level with his intelligence, he tried to make him understand its mechanism by describing its various parts, and also by simple comparisons, but always in a manner suited to his comprehension.

After having listened to the explanation most attentively, the boatman said, "All this may be true, but I do not believe it."

At the same moment, a rumbling noise was heard in the distance. As it came nearer, it grew louder and louder, and then appeared a large vessel that glided over the water, and mounted the current without any help. It passed by with the rapidity of a race-horse. Its paddles cut through the stream, the wheels moved like the arms of a giant, its immense boiler roared like a volcano, and at every breath a cloud of white vapour issued from its fiery mouth.

It then disappeared—for a moment longer the rumbling noise was heard in the distance, a rolling cloud of black smoke was seen, and the waves of the river crested with foam, dashed against the bank, where the landowner and the boatman were seated together.

The latter would have spoken, but surprise and agitation checked his utterance—Such is the force of facts ;

a fact can make its way against a stream of the most violent opposition, silence the most obstinate denial, and crush the strongest disbelief in its pitiless grasp ; a fact is invested with supreme autocracy, its omnipotence cannot permit the least rebellion, if you try to repress it for a moment, more violent than steam, it will burst the boiler.

Broussais has said : "*rien n'est brutal comme un fait*"—nothing is so brutal as a fact.

Deny then, go on denying ! but what will your denial effect, when wrestling hand to hand with the giant of reality ? Stop the boat sailing up the Rhone—the locomotive that rushes along the rails—the electric spark which flies along the wire !

There are two kinds of facts ; one positive, the other negative. The first are those which are in themselves direct evidence ; the second bring conviction by negative proofs. An example will make my idea more clear. A man is accused of a crime, he was seen by several witnesses, direct proofs of his guilt insure his condemnation. Another man is arraigned before a tribunal ; there were no witnesses to the crime of which he is accused ; several persons, on the contrary, saw him in another place, at the very hour at which the crime was perpetrated ; he will be declared innocent by virtue of this negative fact.

I shall make use of these two kinds of facts, in order to prove the argument which I am going to develop.

In our last Conference, I considered infinitesimal doses as POSSIBILITIES, and I imagine I have collected proofs sufficient to insure your being fully convinced. I am now going to treat of these same doses, and to show you them as FACTS. It is here necessary to prove, not only

that they *may* act ; but that they really *do* so ; we will demonstrate this by facts.

We will begin by the solution of negative facts, for it is these which tend to neutralize the action of our therapeutics by pitiful objections, or to diminish its power by wishing to divide it.

Medical men, and those opposed to Homœopathy are constantly saying, that our medicines act upon the imagination of our patients, and that this is their only virtue.

You already know how to reply to this observation, which is the most foolish that has been made, but one which will always be brought against our doctrine. Now let us admit, for a moment, that we should effect no cures without working upon the imagination of our patients ; this means would be perfect, would it were true ! Still more fortunate than Œdipus, we should have discovered the enigma of the therapeutic Sphinx. In all cases would not this means be better, than the tortures which classic medicine imposed upon its poor patients ? To cure a disease by acting on the imagination, and with nothing at all—this would be too praiseworthy ! Why then, do not the gentlemen of the Allopathic school do as much ?

The blind caprice of *coincidence* is also made use of against our success. Let a person assert he has been cured by a Homœopathic physician, or has witnessed some cure performed by him, his words will always be met with the smile of incredulity.—“ You think you have been cured,” some malicious person will say to him, “ you couldn’t help being cured, your disease has disappeared of itself.”

What can be said to this ? What can we reply to the opposition of coincidence ? By invoking coincidences, we

might doubt everything, and at last, come to doubt the very existence of a God.

But, with respect to us, our opposers usurp a right of which we also may avail ourselves with perfect justice. The arms with which you attack us, shall be turned against you, and we will make use of the same tactics.

Why cannot these coincidences be urged against your cures and your success? We will also say to you:—"Do you imagine you have cured a certain patient? Not at all, he could not help being cured."—We should of course be reasoning falsely in speaking thus, but we should be only using our right, the just right of reprisal.

And then what becomes of poor medicine? What becomes of the art of healing? Why do you avoid the discussions with which they would soil your diploma, and how will you repair the rents, which satire has torn in your doctoral gown?

I tell you that the allegation of coincidences leads to fatalism, and fatalism is your most certain ruin.

But, for a moment, I will again suppose our success is due to coincidences, that nature has had all the cost of that cure, which we have the audacity to attribute to our doctrine. We must confess that Dame Nature is exceedingly polite towards Homœopathy. What? here is a patient that has gone the round of your consulting rooms, followed all your prescriptions, for many years has swallowed as many drugs as would furnish a chemist's shop; this patient comes to consult us as a last resource, and by following our advice he gets well and —— Nature would have cured him! but he was obliged to recover just at the moment, that he threw himself into the arms of Homœopathy! just at the moment that he abandoned

your method of treatment ! just at the moment when your medicines had accomplished their effect ! In this case it must be confessed, our good fortune drew the prize of your lottery ! Most certainly a Homœopathic physician is the spoiled child of nature ; and this unnatural parent treats you like a cruel stepmother ; but if nature is on our side, you should not proclaim it so openly, for it will be sufficient to send all the patients over to us.

But we are not so unjust towards you, we believe most sincerely, that you are also the favourites of that sovereign lady we call Nature, and that you have a good share of her gifts and favours ; if now and then, she seems to neglect you a little, it is because you are frequently ungrateful towards her ; you too often underrate her merits ; perhaps she does not approve of your pride, and of the very small share that you award her, of laurels that are her due.

But since you wish it, I will allow, that we ought never to have the honour of positive success, and that the patient has been cured, not by virtue of what we have done, but precisely because we have done nothing at all. But, if when under your care he was not cured, it must have been because you did something, and that something prevented the cure. This is as plain as the sun at noon-day. If then like us, you would obtain cures, follow our method ; that is to say, do nothing, since we do nothing. This treatment is certainly very simple, and above all very economical ; do not forget this, dear patients !

Here is another great war-horse, which our learned brother Allopath bestrides with equal heroism. Go and tell him that Homœopathy has cured you of a dropsy, an attack of gastritis, or inflammation of the lungs—" You

thought so," says he in an academic tone—"what your Homœopathic physician called dropsy, was only a little flatus; what he termed gastritis, a trifling derangement of the stomach; the inflammation of the lungs, nothing but a cold you took during this damp weather; and you believed it!"

What an odour of charity!!!

Well, if by chance, the Homœopathic physician has formed a serious doctoral opinion of one of these diseases, he was mistaken, utterly mistaken! Bah! Is Homœopathy able to cure such affections?

But it is of course undeniable that the Allopathic doctor has alone the right of understanding diseases; the monopoly of cure belongs also to him;—is he not a doctor; does not the word doctor come from a Latin root which means learned? By virtue of his diploma, his opinions must always be correct, and his decisions stamped with the seal of infallibility.

But for an Homœopathic practitioner to be a learned doctor; impossible! that he should understand a disease; impossible! and that he should know how to treat it; more unlikely still! Go, poor Homœopath, notwithstanding thy diploma, thou art but an ignoramus and an impostor!

We hear it said every day, "*Such a one is dead, a Homœopath treated him; you see plainly enough that Homœopathy is no cure!*" Or again, "*A certain patient was given up by Allopathy, a Homœopath was sent for, but he however could not prevent him*

All that is possible, and why not? How long is it since Homœopaths pretended to work miracles? Persons may die under the care of Homœopaths. What a wonderful objection! How very odd it is that any one

should die ! Mons. de Palisse could not have said better than that !

It is very certain, that every one is responsible for his own acts ; and the greatest absurdity that a reasoner can commit, is to lay the blame of the incapacity, imprudence, or faults of its disciples, upon any system whatever.

A certain person, treated by Homœopathy is dead.
Do your patients then never die ?

Some one who was given up by you, died afterwards under the care of a Homœopath. So much the worse for the reputation of this Homœopath, but not for the system which he practises. If he has been imprudent enough to take a bad case in hand ; rash enough to expect an impossible cure ; blind enough to stumble against a hopeless case, so much the worse for him ! To him alone must be attributed the disgrace of failure.

Armand Carrel, the celebrated lecturer, made use of an expression which has a very powerful and politic meaning : "*No one is ever conquered, when his opponents themselves make blunders.*" Let Homœopaths often ponder these important words !

We will be straight forwards to the end. People again say, "*A certain experiment private or public, was made in a certain city ; it did not succeed, so you perceive that Homœopathy fails when put to the test.*"

Do not hastily endorse this false accusation. I again say, so much the worse for him who has not succeeded. Upon what cases was the experiment tried ? Upon general cases ? But Homœopathy has given its proofs, and does so every day. We shall speak of that more fully by and by. Was the experiment directed towards any particular disease ; cholera, for example ? But Homœopathy has its figures and its statistics of this epidemic. Is one instance of unsuccessful treatment

sufficient to set aside a thousand successful ones? If Homœopathy cured the cholera so well in Brazil and the United States, where it raged with the greatest violence, why should it not cure it in France? So much the worse for him who has not succeeded, if he has placed himself in a false position—each one is responsible for his own actions.

I do not think—in case you are acquainted with the experiment, that Mons. Andral professed to have made of Homœopathy in 1834—that you will be impolitic enough to speak of it. At that period, no one had as yet translated the Homœopathic *materia medica*; our doctrine had just made its appearance in France, and even its followers did not see their way very clearly in practice.

Mons. Andral must then have known about as much of Homœopathy, as I do of a watch. In this machine I perceive wheels and levers that seem animated, I hear a quick palpitatio; I see hands move and follow each other at an uneven pace, upon a dial covered with figures, but I am as capable of taking to pieces and putting together again all these parts, as Mons. Andral then was, of putting the levers and wheels of Homœopathy in motion. Thus, one of his colleagues, Mons. Jourdan, of the Academy of Medicine, said, when speaking of the report drawn up of these experiments: Mons. Andral ought never to have allowed his name to have been associated with a thing so much below criticism. *The entire article is either a joke, or it has been written by a superannuated pen.*

Therefore, as far as this pretended negative fact goes, you will never venture to speak of it I am sure, especially if you read the *Bulletin de thérapeutique*, Vol. 7, pages 14 and 15, where you may read Mons. Andral's humble confession and act of almost perfect contrition.

People have even gone so far as to reproach us with the fact, that a certain Homœopathic journal born one evening died the next day. What does that prove? So much worse for it. Homœopathy did very well without it before, and can do without it now. When you see a shootingstar in the sky, are you afraid the heavens will fall down? What then becomes of all these negative facts? Rest your batteries on a more solid foundation, for you see this one cannot resist the shock of simple arguments.

But our enemy has not yet consumed all his powder, here is a fresh attack. They say; "*the other Doctors cure quite as well as you, without being Homœopaths.*" We must make a distinction; that they cure, I am willing to allow, but that they do so otherwise than on the principle of similars, is what we are going to examine.

Other doctors cure as well as we. What is there surprising in that? We could travel very well from Nismes to Paris without railways;—we might go in any kind of vehicle good or bad; we might even go on foot! Before the electric telegraph, were not despatches sent by the aerial telegraphs? Before that, were they not conveyed by couriers? And do we not go from Liverpool to Calcutta without cutting through the Isthmus of Suez? It is but an affair of time.

Other Physicians cure, and have cured patients in every age.

That is very true. But by what system have they obtained, and still do obtain their cures? By the system of similars, that is to say, by Homœopathy. I have already said, Allopaths continually make use of practical Homœopathy without suspecting it; sometimes they do suspect it, and the fact often almost dazzles them with the brightness of its evidence, but will they allow it? Never—that would be a crime.

The system of similars is like the lever of our machines. In order to obtain the principle of mechanical action, we must give to this lever a certain motion, in a certain direction; now an ignorant person may handle the lever, as well as the inventor, or the most skilful mechanic.

I have often had friendly disputations with my brethren, and when I have asked them for cases of cure according to the doctrine of contraries, they have always been much puzzled how to reply. Boldly face any Doctor, even should he be a Professor in one of the three Faculties of the Empire, and say to him; "Sir, search for one moment in the annals of your long practice, call to mind the most brilliant successes that you have had in your medical career; examine the cases in which you have practised pure medicine, that is to say, in which you have given simple remedies to your patients, and treated them without bleeding, leeches, blisters, sinapisms &c.—in short everything which constitutes the tricks of the trade. Name me a single case that you have cured by *contraries*? According to what law of therapeutics do you employ quinine, mercury, iodine, iron, arsenic, belladonna, the iodurate of potassium, &c.—indeed all simple remedies?" If this physician can satisfactorily reply to your questions, I consent to burn my diploma, and throw its ashes to the winds.

We have seen that Homœopathy is not of yesterday, it came forth, as we may say, from the head of Hippocrates, as Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, and since its birth, all physicians have only acted, knowingly or unknowingly, upon this immortal principle.

When for instance I prescribe twenty-five centigrammes of the sulphate of quinine, or ten drops of tincture of iodine, three drops of tincture of belladonna,

steel filings, &c.; if a physician got possession of my prescriptions or medicines, would he have a right to say that I am not a Homœopath in these cases, because I use these remedies in massive doses? "You know nothing about it" I should say, "you would cease to be astonished if you were acquainted with Homœopathy. It is I who have the right to be surprised at your conduct, when, calling yourself the follower of the principle of contraries, you administer these medicines, no matter in what doses."

This reminds me that I was one day called to a woman, who they said, was seized with the most violent vomitings. As at that moment, I could not leave my consulting room, another doctor was sent for. I learned the next morning, that in order to stop the vomiting, he had immediately administered an emetic, and that the means had perfectly succeeded. Had I visited this person I should probably have used the same remedy.

Ab uno disce omnes. It is thus that all those who are in reality Homœopaths do act, thus making themselves the involuntary servants of a principle which is their support, and which they nevertheless would fain destroy.

The subject, treated *ex professo*, is rich enough to furnish materials for volumes. The opinion is really too easy to support, the more so, because so many have embraced it. But as this digression is beyond the limits of the actual question, I merely point out these ideas, and pass on to another kind of attack, frequently made against us.

"Granted," say our opponents, "that the Allopaths only cure by the law of similars yet they always prescribe massive doses. Therefore, in order to act, it is not necessary for the medicines to be dynamised."

This pretended objection has been made to me a hundred times, otherwise I should simply say *this objection*, but I say this *pretended* objection, for it does not directly concern our subject. In reality, we do not want to prove, that medicines used in large doses are deprived of all therapeutic action, because we ourselves continually employ them in that form. For this reason we completely agree to the opinion, but it does not prove that infinitesimal doses are without curative effect, and that is what we must demonstrate. We shall however permit ourselves another digression by way of reply.

I said in our last Conference, that I distinguished three kinds of dynamisation, the natural, artificial, and physiological; it is of the last I shall say a few words.

All the medicinal substances which are administered to any one, whether in a state of health or disease, at first go into one common receptacle, the stomach. This organ is the crucible in which all physiological changes begin. It is the minister charged with transmitting all orders from the sovereign to his subjects. Here is carried on that series of mysterious operations, which make material elements submit to the most unknown transformations, and which will always evade our experimental analysis.

From this receptacle, called by physiology *primæ viæ*, substances pass into other canals, which are ramified *ad infinitum*, and whose calibre constantly decreases in size.

Follow these substances in their physiological progress, until you can no longer detect them, and then you will reach the "*secundæ viæ*."

These different ways are already obscure enough, but your torch will certainly be extinguished, if you venture to step into the cave of the *tres viæ*. Stop at the thresh-

hold of this mystery, or curiosity may here lead you too far astray.

Further, — and further still extends the domain of the unknown, — a boundless horizon

The motion of the chyle has brought us to the circulation of the blood.* In pursuing our voyage along the arterial tubes, we shall arrive at the circulation of the nervous fluid; but here the vessels are too minute to let us pass, and mystery says; "thou shalt go no further!"

Such is the destination of every element which enters into these physiological paths; such is the law which governs all the phenomena of universal life.

It is thus that the animal maintains the conditions of existence, by appropriating to itself from surrounding objects, the principles suited to its nutrition. In this manner the vegetable extracts the essence of its preservation and growth, from all the elements of nature. The most gross and material substances, put in contact with the thousand fibres of its root, are purified, dematerialized, made fluid, and drawn in by the current of the ascending sap, and carry to the remotest twig of the largest tree, its ration of nourishment and vitality.

It is in this same manner,* but in a more tangible and evident form, that the various kinds of grain separated from the ears, winnowed, and ground, become dust by mechanical trituration, paste by the addition of water, and lastly our daily bread by the action of fire.

It will be easy for you to understand from these explanations and comparisons, what becomes of medicine when taken into the stomach in massive doses, and in what manner it acquires any therapeutic action. Being submitted to the grinding of physiological dynamisation, it becomes what the elements of mineral waters become, after they have undergone their special dynamisation, according to the secret and various processes of nature.

It is evident that all these pretended objections, arise from a wrong perception of the essence of the disease ; for instance, if you consider *chlorosis* as an impoverished state of the blood, and imagine that this affection, incident to young people, arises from the blood being deprived of its iron, and the serum being in too great excess for the amount of fibrine, it will appear very reasonable to you, to give steel pills to your pale patients ; you would put iron where it is wanting, to re-establish the physiological equilibrium.

It is unfortunately in harmony with these pitiful considerations, that the most part of physicians act, and it was no doubt according to these views, that the celebrated Dupuytren, when writing a prescription for a lady whose daughter was suffering from *chlorosis*, advised her to procure steel filings from the workshop of the locksmith, in order to have them very pure, and to give them to the young patient in doses of five grammes a day ; so the interior of the poor child would at last become a real mineral.

But, if instead of considering this disease as a purely chemical change, you look at it as a purely vital one ; if—after the example of several respectable authors, among whom I will quote Mons. Golfin, professor at Montpellier, whom I heard give a remarkable lesson on this subject—if you see in this affection, a specific derangement of the *great sympathetic nerve*, with what view, would you give steel, and what would be the rationale of your curative effect ? I should much like to know, if, independently of physiological dynamisation, you could find a probable explanation of this therapeutic phenomenon.

Carried along by the organic vessels, steel fluidifies to a certain extent, and when it reaches the vital fluid,

neutralisation takes place, and the great sympathetic returns to its accustomed state and resumes its normal equilibrium.

It is possible that you may have another explanation than this, but it is probably erroneous.

I apply this explanation generally, to the therapeutic action of all large doses—it would be easy, but too long to demonstrate in detail,—and the result is, that all medicines act according to one of the three dynamisations, a conclusion that agrees perfectly with our subject.

When I said that the stomach was necessarily the only receptacle of all medicines I was mistaken. How often have I successfully treated attacks of fever, by rubbing sulphate of quinine ointment upon certain parts of the skin! This method of endermic absorption is very often employed by the old school. It has been extolled in our times; the doctors of former days knew of it, and practised it successfully. Thus Boyle—who belongs to none of our recent systems—assures us he cured himself several times of fever, by a certain remedy applied to his wrist. He also speaks of some physicians who administered purgatives by topical or exterior remedies. He relates “that a chemist finding one of his friends treated this new manner of administering aperients as *visionary*, rubbed his hand with a kind of oil, and some moments afterwards, the incredulous man felt as if he had taken *medicine* that morning, yet without pain or any unusual sensation.” Lastly, after having enumerated several other remarkable phenomena of this kind, he seems much inclined to believe, that, “the preservatives, worn by the ancients round the neck were not altogether superstitious, or useless.” (The ancients called these preservatives, *Amuleta*, *Phylacteria*, &c.)

Even lately during the prevalence of cholera, we have known of several persons wearing copper bracelets as preservatives, who found benefit from them. We may be allowed in passing, to ask those physicians who recommended this plan to their patients, if they knew that in our school, copper is one of the best preventive and curative remedies in cholera.

In fact, medicinal substances are, and can be administered in every possible external manner; both the East and West Indians follow this method, and all these facts shew more and more, the action of physiological dynamisation.

Here is another observation—it has just been said :—*If all medicines can be dynamised and act in a fluid state, why do you not always give them in this form? Or, if you acknowledge that in passing through physiological mechanism, the movement of our different circulations can dynamise them, why not administer all medicines in material doses, since nature takes upon herself to render them fluid?* I fully recognize the justice of this observation, but as the reply would take us from our subject, I reserve it to a future Conference, where it will occupy its proper place.

It is time to pass on to positive facts. These facts ought to bear upon pure experiment and the result of therapeutics. I again distinguish between general and particular facts.

According to this division, let us examine those which relate to pure experiment. Now this kind of experiment teaches us in the most positive and certain manner, that medicines, in infinitesimal doses, have a real continuous action upon a healthy subject. You know that medicines have been tried upon the healthy subject, and that by bringing together the results of these experiments, their particular physiognomy has been defined. It is in this way that

Hahnemann formed his pure *Materia Medica*, and with these materials, Dr. Teste considered he could class them into the groups of his systematisation. Hahnemann did not labour alone at this great work, his first disciples lent their aid, and each one added a stone to a monument that will never perish. Now if this immense result was obtained by trying infinitesimal doses upon the healthy subject, we must necessarily and absolutely admit that it is correct, and be obliged to acknowledge the truth of their morbid action.

If this be not true, let us see what must necessarily have happened. First, on the part of the experimenters. Hahnemann and his disciples believed they saw facts which did not exist, they mistook chimæras for realities. Their mind was the dupe of a strange hallucination, and all the time they were making experiments, their imagination was in a state of delirium. Certainly this is a most singular physiological phenomenon, but what is more astonishing still, is, that they all, without telling each other, saw the same fantastic apparitions; all their dreams presented the same shade, and character, and their eyes were led astray by the same deceptive kaleidoscope, which formed the regular and endless patterns of all these phantoms! Now, I ask, is this fact, possible? If it be, they ought all to have been shut up in a lunatic asylum!

But, if during their researches, their minds were not labouring under a perfidious delusion, there must have been on their part, the most signal deceit, and the most culpable dishonesty. In order to mislead the future disciples of Homœopathy, they should have unitedly and with common consent, have compiled the book which was to become the code of the Hahnemannian doctrine. They should together have dedicated this therapeutical

manikin, to the veneration of posterity. With the same instruments and in the same spirit, they should have dug that bottomless abyss, which was to engulph the brightest intelligences! Now, I ask, is this fact possible? If it be, they all deserve to have been sent to the galleys!

But, with regard to those on whom the experiments were tried, the impossibility is yet more absolute. And first, let us remark, these experiments were made upon the HEALTHY subject, that is to say, upon people whose minds were in as healthy a state as their bodies, those whose physiological mechanism was in the fullest enjoyment of activity, and whose mind also was in complete possession of its faculties.

Now I maintain, that the testimony of these men is at least equivalent to a moral certainty. And in fact, under the influence of such or such a remedial means unknown to them, and of which they were unable to judge, these men made certain declarations, verbal or written; each day, hour, and moment they recorded the modifications of their state, and every new phase of feeling. They noticed the shade, intensity, and nature of their pleasurable or their painful sensations. Always remarking every footprint with the greatest attention, they followed the march of experiment, in every possible path of their bodily functions. Nothing escaped their attentive examination; nothing could cause them to neglect their watchful care. With less ardour, the hunter pursues his prey in the depth of the forest; with less vigilance his faithful hound smells out the least trace, and catches the faintest sound. More numerous are the ears which remain after the harvest; more numerous the grapes forgotten after the vintage, than the symptoms that one could glean in the field of experiment, after they have reaped their crop.

Now before we can admit, that all these men healthy in body and mind were so grossly mistaken, one must be endowed with an incredulity and an obstinacy, more hard and impenetrable than an academic rock. It is no longer possible to suppose that these men intended to deceive. What advantage would they have gained? For what possible motive would they by common consent, have made public the articles of their jugglery? These aberrations would be no more admissible on the part of the *experimented upon*, than of the *experimenters*.

But, even admitting that they wished to deceive, how could they have done so? In most cases they were not together. The men were not with the women; they did not know the substances that were being tried; they were watched by night as well as by day, since the symptoms have each their favourite hour of manifesting themselves—moreover, they were radically incapable of examining some of their symptoms. For instance, give stramonium to twenty persons; if they become delirious, how could they deceive, with regard to all they will say and do?

This then is a general fact which includes all the conditions of certainty. It is in this manner that our *materia medica* has been drawn up. It is impossible that this great fact, which extends its ramifications throughout the whole universe, should not be positively true. I could doubt everything, as soon as I could doubt this. I could as well believe that Euripides and Sophocles, Racine, and Corneille, wrote their immortal tragedies from the dictation of a turning table, or that Mozart and Beethoven composed their celebrated symphonies, by gathering the fruits of harmony from trees bearing notes. I would sooner admit that the life-like statues of Praxiteles, Phidias, and Michael Angelo, were produced by rubbing Aladdin's lamp.

Let us then place landmarks upon our road, and say here, that the action of infinitesimal doses is a *positive general fact*.

But our conviction would go much further, if we examined particular facts. It is still a question of pure experiment. Now, in the same way as Hahnemann and his disciples did, so every physician, every student of Homœopathy, has been able to verify the facts mentioned by these experimentors. Every man has the power of submitting their labours, researches, and assertions, to the trial of secondary experiments. This ingot of gold, which came from the crucible of experiment, has been thoroughly tested. This great fact is public property, you are at liberty to verify and examine it, according to the inclination of your lawful curiosity. Nature has not broken up her moulds, the secret is not buried in the tomb of Hahnemann, his crucible still exists; dig, and you will find the same nugget. These skilful charlatans, these bold jugglers, do not wish to cheat you at play, it is a frank and loyal game, and all above board.

I had purposed as part of my plan, to quote some particular facts. I certainly have a rich collection, some concern myself, and others belong to men worthy of belief. But as these details would be too long, moreover as my assertions might be doubted by you, I prefer to give up my plan, and content myself with saying—deny if you will, but prove the fact; it is yet smouldering in the warm ashes, stir them up and you will find the burning brand that will scorch the fingers of your incredulity.

Let us now examine the facts which relate to therapeutics. Here, it is most important to define our subject, and to be well informed upon the real state of the question.

It is not my intention at present, to draw any parallel between our doctrine, and the one generally received. I do not want to prove the superiority of Homœopathy over its rival, nor to affirm that Homœopaths cure more frequently and speedily, more surely and agreeably than Allopaths. The latter are continually proclaiming that Homœopathy is dead. According to them, our system is a corpse, and long ago, fate threw her handful of earth on its coffin.

Be it so. I will not compare Homœopathy to a giant strong in the vigour of youth, powerful enough to wrestle with, and overturn all dwarf-like systems. I *almost* grant you that it is dead, and I will prepare myself to chant its *de profundis* along with you. But, if I prove that this *something* which you call a corpse, still moves a part of its body, even a finger—an eye—this *something* can no longer be called a corpse; if we are able to discover the least spark of life, a sigh, or a palpitation, we must hesitate before placing it under a tombstone.

I will place before you, a thought which has often occupied my attention.

I picture to myself Homœopathy from its birth to the present time. You have seen that its power has spread to all parts of the globe. Its workmen have laboured in every part of the field of therapeutics; it has penetrated everywhere; it has shone everywhere; it has already mounted every step of our nosological ladder, from the most simple malady to the most serious affection; in the two Americas, it has struggled with typhus, cholera, and yellow fever, and its increasing reputation undeniably proves its confirmed success.

In Europe, there are Homœopathic physicians everywhere, and each has his practice, a most unfortunate circumstance for the false assertions of the Allopaths. If

by some sovereign decree, or by public negligence or indifference, we were reduced to the purely philosophical speculation of our doctrine, they might reasonably say to us—where are your facts? What proofs, what success have you to show? But unfortunately, in the harvest of practice, we have numerous sheaves which procure us our daily bread, and these practices united together, represent a sufficiently imposing amount of facts.

Now, when I look all these considerations in the face, I say to myself, is it possible that among all these facts, there is not a *single* positive one? Since infinitesimal doses are given to patients, is it possible that they have not *ONCE* worked a real cure? I do not require thousands of cases, a single one will satisfy me. Now will not the most stubborn denial be forced to agree, that we have at least made *ONE CURE*? Leaving out of the question the ridiculous fatalism of coincidences, the absurd weakness of imagination, cannot one single case of cure be attributed to infinitesimal doses—not a single one? Who is the man who would venture to reply. No, you have never brought forward one *SINGLE* positive case of cure, were you to sift your million cases, not *ONE* would remain in the sieve of analysis?

If this man had a right to maintain such a negative and sceptical opinion, I should also claim the right of doubting everything—of the evidence of the senses, the witness of men, of facts; in a word, of every means of acquiring any certainty whatever. Let us then admit the existence of one positive fact, and this alone would prove the action of infinitesimal doses.

But listen to this reasoning, and the consequences resulting from it. If in *such a case*, a globule has acted, why should it not act a second time, a third, or a hundred, or a million times, in all cases which are abso-

lutely identical? If it has cured the cholera once, why should it not cure it every time, that this malady presents the same symptoms, and the same character?

Another consequence drawn from the source of analogy is, that if a globule has cured any given disease, why should it not cure another, its neighbour in nosological situation? How can you understand, that the action of a globule being admitted, this action should be limited to a single point in the circle of therapeutics? How is it that the Divine Power has created a single curative power, for a single disease? This supposition is an insult to all the laws of logic—and here is the proof. If one cure has been effected, it is by the assistance of medicine; but, if by the means of its fluid, this medicine has had the power, why do not the others possess it also? Why do you wish to give to one alone the glory of dynamism? And if all dynamised medicines can act, why can they not cure those diseases which have the same physiognomy? And lastly, if all these facts can be proved, why should not ours be considered conclusive? Why do you wish to deny us, the power of our having obtained them?

The reply to all these "*whys*" is remarkably favourable to us. You see; the corpse first moved a finger, an eye, then all its limbs; then it rose up and walked; it is walking now and ever will walk!

Here are general positive facts, and I ask what is one failure against so many proofs? It would be like carrying on the siege of a city, with a single cannon and a single bullet.

When I divided positive into general and particular facts, I intended to relate some very interesting cases, that bear upon this last category. But an idea struck me, which induces me to omit them. What would be the

use of quoting a few observations? Those who believe do not want them, and those who do not believe, would regard them as not having happened. And then I say to myself; if those who have seen, felt, and handled facts, remain incredulous, what will simple assertions avail, for those who have not seen, and who will not see?

I have frequently placed startling facts before medical men; they have not denied them, because they could not, but they were not the nearer being converted on that account. I remember a house pupil of the Hôtel Dieu, came to me one day and said: I have a disease that I have been treating for some time unsuccessfully, this will be a fine opportunity of making a convert to Homœopathy, treat me, and let us see the result. I immediately gave him some globules of a medicine that I judged similar to the disease, and some days afterwards he was cured. This house pupil is now a doctor, but an Allopath. I ought however to say, that he is not hostile to Homœopathy, and when we meet, he is not ashamed to shake hands with me.

I also remember to have taken two other house pupils of the same hospital to see some patients. I showed them Homœopathy at work. They both one day saw a case, which they agreed to be one of decided peritonitis, in a child of twelve years of age. They were astonished to find neither leeches, blisters, nor mercurial frictions, &c., employed, and that I only gave globules. They were witnesses of the most perfect success. They are both now Allopathic doctors, but I am happy to say they are very good friends of Homœopathy.

It is easy to remark, that young doctors more readily open their ears to the voice of truth; the old ones like *old-fashioned ways*, and are enemies to all progress, they think that science is bound to their frozen footsteps,

and will go down with them into their tomb, to share the pillow of their last sleep.

I shall end this Conference by relating at some length, a fact which is both general and particular. I wish to speak of Homœopathy among the railway workmen at Nismes.

After the cholera epidemic, which in the summer of 1854 broke out in the south of France, and carried off so many victims, the workmen on the railway drew up a petition, for a Homœopathic medical attendant. These men formed themselves into an Association for Mutual Assistance; every month they deposited a sum at the bank, which was to assist them during illness, or in case of accident.

The workshops at Nismes are very extensive. I have not investigated the exact number of families, but there must be in all, more than 2,000 individuals. For some time two Allopathic physicians had been attached to the service of the Association. But, witnesses of the success that Homœopathy had obtained, in the treatment of cholera at Marseilles and Nismes, the workmen united in demanding a Homœopathic doctor, a list was opened, it was soon filled with signatures, and the petition was sent in to the proper quarter.

Calumny was pleased to say, that I was the prime mover of this petition, and that it would not have been made without my instigation. Were this true, it would not have been a crime, but I declare I was utterly ignorant of this proceeding. The petition had been drawn up, and had already two thirds of the signatures, before I knew anything about it. Great was my astonishment, when one of the heads of the Administration informed me of it.

The Committee of the Association in its next sitting,

decided to put Homœopathy to the test for three or six months, and reserve to itself the right of adopting or rejecting it, when experience had proved its positive or negative results. On the 1st November, 1854, I was added on trial to the two other physicians. I have particular reasons for again saying, that I took no steps to obtain this favour.

I used every possible precaution, and was careful to remove every obstacle to my success, that imprudence, negligence or hostility could put in my way. I could rely upon the medicines I was going to employ, and confide in the conscientiousness of Mons. Ducros, who was appointed chemist to the company; I used his excellent preparations with the greatest safety. Homœopathic medicines are not subject to any legal investigation, and chemical tests have nothing to discover in them; therefore, in all such experiments one must above all, have a conscientious chemist.

It is useless here to enter into further details. At the end of three months, I thought the trial sufficient, and wrote a letter to the President of the Committee of the Administration. It contained an account of my proceedings, and their results. I gave in the number of individuals I had treated, the number of prescriptions, the sum they cost, &c., &c.

After the sitting of the Committee, I received the following message from the President :

“SIR,

“I have the honour to inform you, that the Committee of the Association for Mutual Assistance, on the line of railways of the right bank of the Rhone, has definitively added you to the two other physicians in the service of the Medical Department at Nismes, and

fixed your salary at to commence from November 1st, 1854, the date of your entrance upon your duties. "Receive, &c., &c."

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Since then, my fees have been increased three times, *without any remark or request on my part*. The announcement has always been unexpected to me. This detail is insignificant I allow, but it at least proves, that the Administration is more and more satisfied with Homœopathy.

But here is another fact which has a considerable relative bearing; it influences an immense number of questions, and sets several objections completely aside. When ill, the workmen are at liberty to consult any one of the three physicians of the Administration; upon their declaration a card is given them, on presenting which, they call in the physician they prefer; of course they cannot consult the other doctors of the town, at least, not *gratuitously*.

The first attempts were likely to be unfavourable to Homœopathy. I expected it. I knew that for my first consultations, I should have all the incurable cases, and yet should be expected to cure, and to do miracles; or all would be lost.

My first prescriptions astonished every one. They talked a great deal about them in the workshops, and the prejudice against my white powders, and bottles of clear water unfortunately became very general. I mistake, I ought to say, *fortunately*, for so much the greater was their astonishment and confidence, when after having taken these *trifles*, laughing all the time, they found themselves cured.

I could here relate many cases of cure;—among them are some very remarkable ones, since I have twice

been obliged to be extremely firm, in opposing the publication of my success in the local papers. What would not have been said against the poor Homœopath! But would the adverse party, *if there were one*, have been able to bring forward an unsuccessful case, a glaring failure? I do not think so.

I have treated there every kind of disease; principally cutaneous affections, tumours, typhoid fevers, inflammations of the lungs, &c., and have the satisfaction of being able to say, that I have not lost one workman attacked by this last complaint. I think I have seen the diseases of children in every possible form.

My practice at the railway increases continually. As there are three medical attendants, the most severe critic cannot expect Homœopathy to do more than one-third of the work; yet I venture to assert, that I do VERY MUCH more than my share.

What would Mons. Marchal (de Calvi) say, if he read of this fact? I fancy I hear him repeat his elegiac phrase, "*That is strange and lamentable; a disgrace to medicine, but such is the fact.*"

I can also assert, that from my first prescription to my last, no one can find a *single one* that is not *purely Homœopathic*. In this respect, I should not fear the most rigorous and minute investigation. Moreover every month, the prescriptions of the physicians are examined, and the eye of the Committee is quick enough to see what they contain; if I wrote Allopathic ones, they would not fail to say to me—"Sir, we do not want another Allopath, for we have already two."

* Dr. Granier informs us, that since the publication of this work, his practice at the railway has so much increased; that he now prescribes for more patients than both the Allopathic doctors attached to the Association.—*Translators' Note.*

Now, if I have not cured with Homœopathic medicines, with what have I obtained, my success? In spite of all you say and do, it is certain that in this case at least, imposition is impossible. Here then, is a very positive fact, and as it belongs to my own experience, I am at liberty to lay it before the public.

There is another very valuable fact, which if no one else will believe, I at least do so, for I have seen and tested it. Often in visiting a patient, I remark that the remedy of the evening before, continues to agree with the actual state of the symptoms; if there yet remains a small quantity in the bottle, I fill it up with water, give it several good shakes, and thus make another dilution; that saves a prescription. This often happens, and it is interesting in a scientific point of view, but much more so in a financial one. The bank of the Administration loses nothing by it. The result is, that the number of Homœopathic prescriptions presented every month to the Committee is much less, but what does that signify? When a man acts conscientiously, what has he to do with figures? It is not according to quantity, but according to the quality of the fruit, that you ought to value the tree.

The following is also very important. There is never any bleeding, leeches, purgatives, blisters, cauteries, or setons, &c.—The consequence is, the patients are not weakened by the treatment; there is scarcely any convalescence. Now what the workman wants, is to be cured, and cured speedily; in this point of view he is as impatient as a republican of the United States, and he is right; for he must work to maintain his family, and has no time to be ill; his business is not to take his convalescence out for an airing, before the doors of the workshops!

The necessary deduction is, — if they come to consult me, and the number of my patients increases daily, it is because I cure them, and that I cure them in a way they approve. That they can well appreciate all these advantages is very evident, from the many conversations I have heard on this subject. And in order to tarnish this success, all that people can say is, that I cure my workmen by imagination, — be it so, — I accept it; provided they get well, they will accept it too, and that is what they pay for!

In the presence of these facts, will you still venture to say, that Homœopathy is the medicine for imaginary complaints, the system for luxurious aristocrats, and the loungers in boudoirs?

I particularly wish it to be understood, that in relating these things, I have not the least intention to detract in any way, from the merit of the two other physicians of the Association. I have had a better opportunity than any one else, of appreciating their knowledge and talent, and whenever circumstances have brought us together, though cultivating the same land with different implements, they have never tried to destroy the grain, which was growing by the side of their own. Indeed, why should there not be a good understanding among the workmen that labour under the same sun, in the same field, and for the same harvest?

I have only related these facts, to prove that Homœopathy is something, to those who say it is nothing.

I forewarn you then, not to tell our patients, that our doctrine is a falsehood; above all, do not go to my workmen at the railway to tell them they are deceived, and that my clear water and white powders do no good; for I fear you would have as indifferent a reception, as if you tried to prove to them, that the locomotive they are con-

structing, would never move. In 1821, Mons. de Talleyrand said in the Chamber of Peers, "There is some one who has more intelligence than Voltaire, or Bonaparte; more talent than any director or minister—past, present and to come; that some one is—EVERY BODY!"

Eleventh Conference.

AT HOME.

CALL to remembrance for a moment, the day when you first entered the Lyceum to pursue your classical studies. You found there many pupils destined to become your friends ; at that time they were all unknown to you, and this did not surprise you, for you had never seen them before. But you may very naturally have said to yourself :—how shall I become accustomed to all these fellow-students ? I shall never be able to know one from another. They are all alike in most respects ; all have a body, a head, arms, and legs. The faces all seem alike ; they all have a nose, two eyes and a mouth, the same lines and features. All the pupils speak, walk, and do the same things. How then shall I avoid mistaking one for another ?

Had you left the following day, you would have said :—I have seen many persons, but I know no one, they are all alike. And if after a few days, you had been called upon to point out some of your fellow-students to a visitor, you would not have been able to do so without much hesitation.

But by degrees you learned to know them all with the greatest ease, and the thing happened quite naturally without your knowing how. By that time, you knew their names (even their Christian names), could recognise their faces, and even any distinctive mark. You no longer confound their voices and manners; and you learned to understand their characters and inclinations. All these pupils were to you now, as so many brothers forming only one and the same family. This is what happens to homœopathic neophytes.

To-day, I will consider our medicines, as many members of one family.

Medical men who wish to enter into this family, are at first surprised at the resemblance of all these individuals; and then some leave it, knowing no more than when they entered it and say;—"I saw, but understood nothing." Others, notwithstanding the difficulties, persevere in the new path, and following the thread of observation, at last find their way out of this labyrinth, and end by becoming perfectly acquainted with all the members of this great family.

Let us examine the means of reaching this point, and how, when fully acquainted with all these individuals, we should behave towards them.

We will converse together as a family party on this subject; it is with the friends of Homœopathy we will discuss the principal articles of the Hahnemannian code. Nevertheless our doors will not be closed against any one; our dissenting brethren will always find a place, and we shall take care not to say with the Roman poet:—"Odi profanum vulgus et arceo." "The untaught herd I loathe, and hold aloof."

I think it right to observe, that what I am about to say, though in radical conformity to the laws of our master,

is nevertheless tinctured with my private opinions ; I do not wish to force them on any one, for I do not myself like to submit to the opinions of others ; I therefore take the responsibility of my assertions ; and if in some *secondary* questions, any of my brethren find me differing from them, I beg them to forgive me, as I forgive them.

Liberty for all ! What then are the best means of learning to know the medicines ?

If I wished to imitate the demonstration of a certain facetious philosopher, I should say that these are three in number : first, *labour*, second, *labour*, third, *labour*. I have already said : Homœopathy is not easy, its *materia medica* above all, is very difficult, and if time and trouble are needed to make a good Allopath, it requires a hundred times more to make a good Homœopath.

But, how ought you to work ? That may be both simple and complicated ; it is according to the distribution of your studies.

Do not adopt any division or classification. Do not make any distinction between the medicines ; they are all equal, I mean, that they are all equally important ; they are all alike, that is, they all present characters in common ; at the same time they preserve their strict individuality. Do not let yourself be embarrassed in your first researches by categories of the *polychrestes*, *anti-sporadics*, &c., the most simple and sure method is as follows :—Study the medicines in alphabetical order, but *write down your analytical reflections*. Dry and speculative observations are soon lost, whereas the mere action of writing fixes them more firmly in the memory. I have found this means the most successful. After that *pass* on to syntheses. Collect your materials, establish comparisons, compose groups, and do not then tell me

all these medicines are alike, and all produce delirium, colic, diarrhœa, vomitings, &c., &c. A very little reflection will make this plain.

The immediate effect of every medicinal substance, bears primarily and directly on the nervous system ; how then should there not be a certain amount of delirium, if the brain be first of all acted upon ? All medicines pass from the stomach into the intestines ; they are likely therefore to produce vomitings and diarrhœa, &c. All medicines may disarrange the functions, and then their action seems to be the same. But if you are scrupulously careful in comparing and examining them, you will soon perceive the delirious symptoms produced by belladonna, opium, stramonium, jusquiama, &c., differ very much from each other. The vomiting caused by St. Ignatius's bean, is not that of tartar emetic, or ipecacuanha ; there are shades of difference between the colic produced by copper, colocynth, veratrum, phosphorus, cocculus indicus, &c. The burning sensation caused by arsenic is unlike that of carbo vegetabilis ; the thirst produced by belladonna is not that of the wild anemone, and the sores brought out by mercury, are different from those caused by dulcamara, &c.

I allow it is not easy to be able to specify, discern and individualize all these powers, characters, and morbid *beings*. It requires long habit, and this cannot be acquired without serious study, constant application, patient and untiring observation. But is it so very astonishing that we must sow if we would reap ? When you see a field covered with a fine crop, do you think that no plough has passed over its surface ? And when a learned botanist names and describes to you all the plants, flowers, and fruits you find in your walk, do you imagine that this faculty is a sixth sense, acquired in his sleep ?

Work then, but work as the labourer tills his field, that is, every day. Write down your reflections, and let them be the food of your mind, which in the end, will appropriate to its use all these medicinal individualities and assimilate them, as our organs do the bread we eat; you will then find, as you did with regard to your fellow-students in the Lyceum, that all the medicines will be to you like a great family, with whose members you are perfectly acquainted.

When you have learned to know the *materia medica* in its purity, the first difficulty which meets the practitioner is the choice of the medicine. You have a disease to treat, what are the means of finding the medicine that is suitable to it?

There is one very simple thing that is not sufficiently understood, especially in the beginning of Homœopathic practice, namely, that in this point of view the malady and the remedy, are two synonymous terms. Now if you have learned to detect maladies with facility, to distinguish between them, to recognise in the very commencement, their features and specific character, why can you not become equally familiar with the portraits of the medicines?

When at the bedside of your patient, disencumber your mind of all preconceived opinions, of all the leading strings of classification; look at nothing but the disease, and when you have thoroughly recognised it, turn your attention to the gallery of symptomatic, artificial pictures, and take that which seems the most like the malady.

Therefore, as a *general* rule, the search for a medicine similar to the disease, is the best guide to your choice. And as a *particular* rule, study the shades and principal features of the medicines. All men resemble each other.

yet each has a *something* which prevents him from being taken for his neighbour, and enables his friend to recognise him in a crowd. It is the same with medicines, each has its peculiarity; thus, one acts principally on the brain, another on the stomach, some on the superior, others on the inferior members of the body; this manifests its symptoms on one single side of the body; another diagonally; the effects of some will be aggravated by rest or movement, during the night, or the day, &c. &c.

If an Allopathic doctor were listening to this account, he would be surprised at my language, and would probably think he was in a synagogue, and take me for a Rabbi speaking Hebrew. Our *materia medica* in fact, would be to him like a book written in an unknown tongue; as the choristers in a cathedral chant in Latin, not knowing what they say.

After these details, ascertain the sex, age, temperament, manners and habits of the patient, and review the state of the various functions. It is almost futile to make such a remark; every observant practitioner knows and does this.

But *above all*, find out the cause of the malady. I mean the mediate and appreciable cause, since the radical one is unknown to us. This precept would astonish our Allopathic brethren, who consider they have the monopoly of etiological science, and the exclusive right of gathering up the golden sands of this Pactolus. One may hear them say every day, most emphatically—"It is we who treat the cause, you only treat the symptoms."—Thus Professor Alquié in his work, "*Précis de la Doctrine Médicale de Montpellier*," page 194, reproaches Hahnemann with confounding the *form* with the *foundation*, whilst Hippocrates has distin-

guished morbid affections by their *nature* and not by their *form*.

But I beg pardon Professor, what are we to understand by the *nature* of a malady?

When you have answered this question, if ever you can do so—I will again ask you—how can we recognise the nature of maladies, if we neglect their form? How can you distinguish your friends one from the other, if you changed their usual dress, and covered their faces?

If you cannot see to the bottom of the ocean, be satisfied to sail on its *surface*.

Give then your best attention to the cause of the malady. In acute cases, let the antecedents furnished by the patient, and those around him, serve as a *torch* to your diagnosis; and in chronic ones, *always* begin by giving the remedy you would have given, had you been consulted the day after the first manifestation of the malady. To be more clear, I will mention two cases from my private practice.

One day a young child was brought to me, who had been long blind. Several other doctors had attended him. All treatment had been fruitless, and I confess I scarcely liked to undertake the case. But when the parents told me, that they attributed the blindness of their child to a fall, I then readily consented to try what I could do. I gave him morning and evening, a teaspoonful of a mixture of *arnica*—I forget of what dilution—and eight days afterwards the child, to the great astonishment of several witnesses, ran between some chairs I had expressly placed in an irregular manner in my study. You are aware that *arnica montana* is the remedy for falls, blows, wounds, &c.

Another day, I was called to see a person labouring under a chronic malady, and who had been given up by

three doctors, who met in consultation. It was a case of dropsy. This man, who was naturally thin, had become of an enormous size. I did not consent to hazard a treatment, until by my investigations I found out, he had had the itch before this illness, and that the other doctors had not turned their attention to this circumstance. I then treated him for the itch, and succeeded so well, that the patient, on the first day of his going out, went to pay the three doctors who had condemned him to death.

I do not speak of these facts, nor of many others in my practice, in order to burn two grains of incense in my censer: or to prove that I cure the blind, or say to the sick, "Take up thy bed and walk."—We will have no ill-natured disputes; we wish simply to show that we also treat the causes of disease, and most assuredly we neglect them still less than you; and cry out as loudly as you;—*tolle causam*—take away the cause.

Yes, seek the cause of disease, seek it everywhere, in the manners, the habits, and propensities of the patient. Do not neglect climate, and all that refers to various atmospheric changes; bear in mind the *genius* of the maladies then prevalent. But above all, in chronic complaints, subject the antecedents to the most scrupulous analysis, and carry your investigations to the very depths of hereditary affections. It is often in the folds of the past, that we surprise the sleeping secret of the present.

Yes, treat the cause, and that in spite of all the pretensions of other symptoms to assert their right to the appropriate medicine. For instance, a person complains of a violent pain in the right side of the face, which affects the eye, the ear, and the teeth on that side; this suffering is principally felt in the evening, is aggravated by heat, and accompanied by an abundant flow of saliva. What remedy would you choose? The case is not doubt-

ful ; out of one hundred Homœopaths, ninety-nine would probably give *mercurius solubilis*. This remedy justly claims the priority. But if the patient adds, that his neuralgia manifested itself after a violent fit of anger, then give *chamomilla* ; if after being wet, or having slept on damp ground, you should give *dulcamara*, &c. if on the contrary, the examination of the antecedents showed that this neuralgia was owing to the abuse of mercury, chamomilla, coffee, &c., you should immediately give the antidote of that *medicinal* malady that is brought before you.

We might here speak of those numberless complaints, for which we are so often consulted, and which have their origin in remedies that were ill-timed, or administered in too strong doses ; but I prefer putting off this digression to another Conference, where it will find its proper place.

In one of our former Conferences, I showed you the dogmatical unity of our doctrine ; you here may see in harmony with all these considerations its *practical unity*. It is in fact impossible, that Homœopathic doctors should not have the same *opinions*, and method of *treatment* in their consultations, since they see the same objects through the same medium.

As a matter of fact, neither the features of a medicine nor of a disease can change, therefore medical men called to judge of the analogy of these two terms, must hold the same opinion.

Every one in these days, knows what value to put upon the custom of calling in several doctors in a dangerous case. These pretended consultations soothe the anxiety, and flatter the vanity of the relatives, generally hasten the patient's preparation for his long journey, and send a little more grist to the mill of the medical gen-

tlemen. These consultations have been such fruitful subjects for the satirists, that one may venture to speak very freely of them. One old writer said with truth; "He who has but one doctor, has *one*; he who has two, has but the *half* of one; but he who has three, has *none* at all." It is much the same as when Napoleon I. said, "I prefer one bad general to two good ones." One might well say here: *tot capita, tot sensus*; which, when freely translated, is,—so many doctors; so many opinions.

But in Homœopathic consultations, this variance of opinion does not exist. To be convinced of this, you might try the following experiment. Write out the symptoms of a well-known and marked disease. Let the picture of symptoms be well drawn. Carry it to a hundred Homœopathic doctors, and they will all prescribe the same medicine; go to a hundred Allopaths, and you will receive a hundred different opinions; now, on which side does the truth seem to be?

Let me take this opportunity of telling an anecdote which Dr. Jahr related one day, at a meeting of the Homœopathic Society at Liège, 28th November, 1835.

"Having finished my medical studies," said he, "I travelled in Germany to complete my education. I arrived one evening at a villa, whose proprietor invited me to partake of his hospitality.

"He was an original and a very rich old man, and though he had been an invalid for many years, he did not neglect to do the honour of his wine cellar with much pride. When he learned my profession, he said with some warmth, I shall take good care not to compliment you on that account; I have a son, but I would rather make a hangman of him than a doctor. Seeing I was struck dumb with this abrupt remark, he added;—listen young man

you are travelling for your improvement, well ! I will give you a lesson which you may turn to some account.

"I have been ill more than twenty years. In the beginning of my illness, I applied to two celebrated doctors who could not agree about my complaint, therefore I neither took the medicine of the one nor the other. I then began to travel about, and consulted, not only the celebrated men in the Faculty, but many of lesser note ; yet, I have never been able to find two who were agreed, both as to the nature of the malady and of the treatment. After much fatigue and expense I returned home, convinced that medicine so far from being a science, was but a vile trade.

"Upon the whole however, I gained something by it, and I will give you the half of the profits. Saying this, he took up a large book, like those used in counting-houses. The pages of this enormous folio, said he, opening it, are divided into three columns. The first contains the names of the doctors, consulted in the different countries where I travelled ; the second, the opinions they formed of my complaint ; the third, the prescriptions and advice I received. The total of each of these columns is as follows ; 477 doctors ; 313 different opinions, 832 prescriptions, containing 1,897 different medicines.

"You see, he continued, I have spared neither pains nor money. Had I found three doctors of the same opinion, I would have submitted to their treatment, but I have not been so fortunate. That I was not soon tired, is proved by this register. It has been kept day by day with the most scrupulous care. And now, what do you think of medicine and doctors ? *Oh, what a farce !* Would you be so good, said he, presenting me a pen, to add to my precious collection ?

"I felt no inclination, but simply asked him, if the

name of Hahnemann figured in this novel martyrology. Of course, of course ; look at No. 301. I looked and read as follows ; name of the malady, O ; name of the remedy, O. I asked the explanation of these zeros ; the singular old gentleman answered ; this is by far the most rational and logical of the consultations. As the name of the disease does not concern me, said Hahnemann, I write O ; and as the name of the medicine is not your business, I also write O ; the cure is the only question. I would have followed this man's prescription, but unfortunately he was alone in his opinion, and I wanted three.

"After a few moments' reflection, I asked him if notwithstanding his fruitless efforts, he would not make a last trial, of which I guaranteed the result. You will find, said I, not only three, but a great many more doctors agreed. Notwithstanding his incredulity, he consented to my proposition by way of amusement, and for the pleasure of adding a few pages to his big book.

"We drew up a description of the complaint, and sent it to thirty-three Homœopathic doctors of different countries ; each letter contained a fee. I then took leave of my host.

"A short time ago, he sent me a cask of Rhenish wine of 1822, and wrote, saying, I have found twenty-two doctors agreed ; it is more than I dared hope. I therefore followed the treatment of the one, who lives nearest to my home. I send you this cask of excellent wine, lest I should drink too much of it myself, and that you may celebrate the restoration of my health. Here I am, thanks to you and Homœopathy, converted to medicine, and reconciled to the doctors."

Let us now continue our subject.

When you have chosen the proper remedy, always

administer it *alone*. A medicine is jealous of its individual liberty, and does not like to share its sphere of action with a neighbour. What it does, it likes to do alone, and it has its reasons for that. We have already mentioned these reasons, and moreover, this article of our posology has been gradually received by our adversaries, who adopt it every day. Read the end of Dr. Munaret's letter quoted in the sixth Conference; page 123.

"Finally, says he, it is not a question of crying up officinal preparations, but of submitting their specific nature to study, and of the simplification of our prescriptions, vainly insisted upon by all good practitioners, from Hippocrates to the present day. *The mixture of medicines is the daughter of ignorance*, said the old philosopher—I add that polypharmacy is a very near relative of *charlatanism*, which, by tacit understanding screens the reputation of the *second-rate practitioner*, and the interests of a profession which is daily losing ground."

You must remember that Mons. Munaret is an Allopathic doctor!

Not only must we never put several medicines in one mixture, but even different dilutions of the same medicine should never be mixed together. Two or three Homœopathic practitioners have proposed this mystical mixture; thus, when giving digitalis for instance, they would put a drop of the 6th, the 15th, and the 24th dilution in the same bottle.

What a notion, how could it ever spring from the brain of a Homœopath? In fact, it savours a little of the fruit of the old tree. It would be like placing several portraits of the same individual, of different dimensions together in one frame.

It is well that Hahnemann died, without knowing that

such an attack had been made on the purity of his doctrine!

After the choice of the medicine, the most important thing is the choice of the dilution. But if it be the most important, it is unfortunately the most difficult also; it is one of the most mysterious articles of the Hahnemannian code. There is no lack of commentaries on the subject, for every one knows, these are always in proportion to the difficulties of the law. This is the first phantom that rises to scare away practical research, the first thorn that wounds the foot of the neophyte in the path of medical experience. Every Homœopath, from the master to his disciples and successors, has sought, and according to his own idea, has found the solution of the question. All would untie the Gordian knot; and as a matter of course, there were some found impatient enough, to cut what they could not unravel.

Comparing as I have already done, to a key-board of indefinite extent, the scale of the doses of a medicine from matter to the fluid, what note must be struck, to find the relative sound of the string, which vibrates in the vital key-board? How find the key-note, which should sound in unison with the pain?

To get rid of the difficulty, some—as in the new musical method of Galin—have wished to do away with absolute tones, and bring all the shades of vocal harmony, to a single monotype tone. Others neglecting all practical rules, adopt indifferently the first note as the key-note, and do not subject their melodies to any particular diapason.

The first of these methods is somewhat exaggerated—the second is absurd. To the ears of a true artist, each note has its value, each chord its destination, and each tone interprets its own shade of harmony.

This comparison will perfectly explain my idea.

Amongst Homœopathic practitioners some have adopted a single dilution, generally the 30th, and others pay no attention to the degrees in the posological scale, considering all the dilutions equally good. Provided they are satisfied in their choice of a medicine, the dose is a matter of indifference to them. Others endeavour to administer the medicine, in the dose which they consider most suited to the case; they make use of all, from the massive to the fluidic, from the first to the last degree of the scale.

I cannot conceive why one dilution only should be used. Why then prepare others? Why, when several means are in our hands, only make use of one? What would you say of a master, who only commanded the services of one of his domestics, or of a harpist, who would only touch one of the strings of his instrument?

I still less understand, how any one can indiscriminately employ the different dilutions; and should any one place this false precept before you, avoid him, as an enemy to Hahnemannian doctrine.

In order to make a right choice of the suitable dose, it is essential to have a correct, or at least an approximate and probable idea of the nature of medicines, for that is as much hidden from us, as is that of disease; but if you do not know what they *are*, you ought at least to know what they *are not*. Thus, do not ask, and still less allow yourself to be asked — if amongst the dilutions, there are some that are strong, and some weak, and if the process by which medicines are dynamized, diminishes or increases their therapeutic virtue and intensity;—did you ever hear a discussion on the strength of a ray of light?

The medicines are neither strong nor weak. I have

already explained the meaning of the words, dynamism and dynamisation. Although these terms have for their root a Greek word which signifies *power*, they do not denote any degree of power, either ascending or descending. Let there be no war of words, do not stop at the letter, for you know, "*the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.*"

Our pharmaceutical manipulations modify—I had almost said change—the nature of medicines. Those which have a poisonous action lose it; those which have no action, acquire one; and those which possess a virtue at a certain degree, will acquire one totally different at another degree.

• It is upon this general plan that you should base your choice of the dose. I will not detain you any longer with these considerations, they are sufficiently obvious. Therefore we are only to recognise *low*, *medium*, and *high* dilutions.

Now in order to arrive at an easy choice of the dose, carefully note the disease with regard to its acute or chronic nature: its division into vital and organic; remark the age, sex, and temperament of the patient, his manners, habits, &c., and in fact every pathological modification. Before entering into the details of all these articles of your code, I recommend you to remember what we said in our last Conference, upon physiological dynamism.

We will now answer the twofold question which was put to us in form of an objection, see page 218, namely, *why are not medicines always given either in infinitesimal or in massive doses, since our organization undertakes to dynamise them, in its physiological operations?* The details of this answer which here finds its natural place, will furnish us at the same time

with the rules which ought to direct the choice of the various dilutions.

Firstly, clinical facts prove, that whoever becomes exclusive, and affects a kind of posological puritanism, runs the risk of meeting numerous and flagrant instances of failure in his practice ; whether he only adopt a single dose of universal application to all pathological cases ; whether he confine himself to the high regions of the fluids ; or use nothing but massive doses.

Again—clinical facts prove, that the scale of pathological manifestations being infinite, the scale of doses appropriated to them, should be infinite also. Facts again show that a malady which has been proof against massive doses, is sometimes cured by fluidic ones, and vice versa.

What is the reason of all that ?

Alas ! you know facts are capricious ; they manifest themselves, without always deigning to explain their meaning. When they do prove anything, they prove it thoroughly ; but when they keep their secret, they keep it well. Amongst the curative action of extreme doses, some remain hidden in their material envelope ; others rise to the regions of the fluids ; in vain would you place them on the bed of Procrustes ; their cries, tortures, and mutilation, will reveal nothing. It is already quite sufficient, that facts teach positive laws touching our posology ; our pride should rest satisfied with this, and since it consents to receive so many mysteries, it may well receive one more.

Keeping within the domain of generalities, the positive laws are as follow :—

In acute cases, organic maladies, the diseases of children, of women, and old people ; to subjects excessively debilitated by any cause whatever, or to lymphatic temperaments, give low dilutions, that is to say, from the first

trituration, or the mother tincture, up to the sixth or ninth dilution.

In chronic cases, in purely vital maladies, above all in nervous affections, those that the ancients called *sine materiâ*; those in general, which evade the scalpel of physiological anatomy, to men, to persons who are strong, robust, and fully developed; to those in a word, who are in the full vigour of life, give the medium dilutions, twelfth, fifteenth, eighteenth, or the high ones from the twenty-fourth, thirtieth, one hundredth, and beyond.

There are no better interpreters of laws than examples; I will give you several.

Take the case of intermittent fever, no matter the type. Suppose that arsenic be the suitable medicine—if it be a case of long duration, six months or a year—give the thirtieth dilution, and in one dose: if the case be recent, give the triturations. By transposing the doses, your treatment would be crowned by a brilliant want of success!

The same remark applies to cases of glandular swelling, within the sphere of *dulcamara*. And so on in all analogous cases.

I just now said, that our pharmaceutical manipulations almost changed the nature of medicines; this will be evident from a few examples. Thus, belladonna in low dilutions will be suitable for certain kinds of darts; the medium dilutions for laryngo-pharyngitis, and the thirtieth for certain cases of giddiness, delirium, nervous affections, &c.

It is possible to treat several different complaints with a single medicine, if you know how to manage its doses. I remember one day in my consulting room prescribing *nux vomica* in five different cases, and in as many dilutions.

Of course I am only here speaking of medicines, endowed with a therapeutic action in their natural state, for the scale of those that only acquire it by the process of dynamisation, is less extended, and their virtue is not so elastic. Therefore when you give *silicea*, *calcareo-carbonica*, *carb. vegetabilis*, &c., give at least the fifteenth or the eighteenth, for in the *low* dilutions, you would be throwing stones into a well.

For the comprehension of all these facts, we must go to the source of analogy, for here reasoning is barren, and almost dried up.

Examine a man in good health, and who is in perfect physiological harmony. Alimentary substances are to his organs, what medicinal ones are to his vital principle when he is ill. Consider what caprices affect these first elements, and see,—in the classification of temperaments, sex and age—how each has his mode of being; that is to say, his manner of appropriating alimentary principles.

Amongst the various articles of food, some require to be previously cooked, and more or less seasoned with spices and flavours, before the stomach can receive them, or extract their nutritive principle. Others can be taken in a raw state, and in their physical and chemical integrity. Among certain kinds of animals, the mothers nourish their young, with food prepared in their own stomach, by physiological coction—pigeons are brought up in this way.—Amongst other kinds, (the ruminants for instance), they have several stomachs, and it is only by the phenomenon of rumination, the alimentary mass acquires assimilative properties.

Look at the rich inhabitant of cities—his physiological wheels turn slowly and lazily, and almost rust in inaction. His sluggish stomach requires the finest wheaten flour,

light white meats, and his languishing appetite can only be excited by piquant and highly-flavoured dishes. Give him strong substantial food, and his stomach would be overdone by the difficulties of digestion.

Look at the countryman ; in him the whole machine works with all the regularity and vigour of springs and levers, the lungs are always well supplied with oxygen, and under a burning sun, the functions of the skin are in full activity. For the reparation of all this waste, and the maintenance of the vital equilibrium, the stomach needs very substantial nourishment, and in a grosser form. The food of the rich would be but holiday fare for his children.

We may also take into consideration the various kinds of appetites, the predilection or aversion for certain food ; one has an unconquerable aversion to one dish, and another to satisfy his epicurean fancies, would, like Esau, sell his birthright for a mess of pottage.

Certainly all these caprices, tastes, and requirements of the stomach are inexplicable ;—as much so as the caprices, tastes, and requirements of the vital principle, viewed in reference to medicinal substances. If reason cannot lend us a very bright light, to clear up the darkness of the question, let us at least profit by its paler beams.

In the first years of life, the vital principle is very feeble ; like the child, it is still almost in physiological swaddling clothes ; at this age everything tends to one effect ; the development and growth of the subject. Leave it then to grow, and for some time do not interrogate the vital fluid ; it is too busy, too pre-occupied, it will not answer you.

At a more advanced period of life, this principle diminishes, the fluids evaporate, and the weight of matter bears down the old man towards decrepitude. By this

time it resembles a worn-out electric machine ; apply your finger to the conductor ; you will elicit no more sparks. Do not then adapt fluidic doses to this enfeebled state ; there is scarcely any power left, to receive medicinal agents.

It is mostly the same with the female sex. Woman's constitution resembles that of the child, or the elderly person. She ought then to be treated as in the two extreme ages of life, or as a subject whose system has been weakened, by vital loss of some kind.

It is the same thing with organic diseases. Though they may have their origin in a specific derangement of the vital principle, there is found in the organization a kind of mass, which disturbs the physiological equilibrium, and massive doses are in a manner required to establish a counterpoise. But remember ; these are but general laws ; the exceptions are the thorns of practice, which every one must avoid, or know how to extract from his hands.

You will sometimes see those old men, of whom the illustrious Lordat speaks, preserved from the approaches of age, more vigorous than men in all the prime of life ; you will occasionally see children of precocious moral and physical development, which require the help of your fluidic doses to restore them to health ; and there are certain *viragos* that might be more easily conquered by medicines, than by main force. I have found some young girls very sensitive to high doses, even the two hundredth. Organic maladies sometimes disappear, by means of one very high dose ; I have seen children unaffected even by low dilutions ; when an Allopath, I treated a lady who was perfectly insensible to the effects of purgatives and emetics, even in exaggerated doses ; I have seen too a young married lady, whose nervous system was not in the

least affected from the administration of sixty grains of chloroform : in fact, I have witnessed with regard to doses, the most astonishing departures from the general laws of receptivity.

After the choice of the dilution, that is, of the quality of the medicine, comes the question of quantity. What is the most suitable form ? Should globules or tinctures be used ? In what cases should one be preferred to the other ? Is there any rule to be observed with regard to their number ? Is it a matter of no consequence, whether the globules be taken dry on the tongue, or dissolved in water ? What is the relative quantity of liquid, to the number of globules or drops ?

Useless questions, which are not worth consideration. Choose the right medicine, and the right dilution, that is all that is necessary. You may give from one to a hundred globules, from one to a hundred drops ; you may put the drop or the globule on sugar of milk, or as you please, provided you have the right dilution of the right medicine, that is enough, all the rest is secondary.

Let us see what passes every day ; when a child has to be vaccinated, what is done ? We are very scrupulous in choosing the infant who is to furnish the virus, and we are perfectly right. We wait for the proper season, another and very important condition ; but how many *punctures* should be made ? This is a useless question. Make several by way of precaution, in order that one at least may take, but six or a dozen will effect no more than that single one. I have seen mothers very uneasy about the success of the vaccination, because one place only had risen on their child's arm ; and you will find it difficult to persuade them, that not only is this one pimple sufficient, but that with it, you might vaccinate all the children in the universe.

But the important question is, whether you give *one* or *several* doses ; whatever be the dilution. Take, as an example, a drop of medicine ; there is a great difference between giving it at once, or in ten spoonfuls of water, at ten different times. Though the organization only receives one inoculation, in the other case it receives ten shocks, which may very much modify the fluidic vibrations. This is almost analogous to the phenomena of the electric telegraph ; you transmit a spark ; be it small or large, be its volume the result of two, of five, or ten others, the needle will execute the same sign ; but if you divide this spark into ten smaller ones, instead of one interruption of the current, there will be ten, and instead of a single sign, there will be ten signs. Again, it is as though you looked at yourself in a mirror, however large it may be, it will only reflect one face ; but, if you break it into ten pieces, each part will reproduce your likeness, and instead of one image, you will have ten.

These considerations lead me to speak of the repetition of doses, as a not less difficult subject than those already examined. When and how ought one to repeat the doses ?

Here is another sea to be crossed, before we can reach the port of real Hahnemannian practice ; and this sea abounds in rocks and dangers. Never repeat the dose of a medicine, or give a new one, until the first has accomplished its action. This precept of Hahnemann ought to serve as a compass to the pilot ; if he remain unfaithful to its indications, shipwreck is inevitable.

If you have well understood the rules which regulate the choice of the medicine and the dilution, this new precept will be far more easy of comprehension ; since it is to a certain extent, the consequence of the others. First remember that each medicine has its own specific action,

and that the duration of this action, is in descending or ascending proportion to the number of the dilution. This law, which is far from having the mathematical certainty of the calculations of Barème, still offers the satisfaction of probability.

Thus, medicinal substances in massive doses, have scarcely any duration of action; the 6th has six times more, the 15th fifteen times more, and the 30th thirty times more; so that if the 1st has one day's action, the 15th will have fifteen, and the 30th thirty. But when you come to the 100th and 200th, to the doses of Korsacoff, or Jénichen, the action is lost in the shadows of time, as the dilution is in the mystery of the fluids. Bear in mind, that all these observations are but in the domain of generalities; the rule belongs to the master; the exception to the disciples.

That question settled, it is evident that you ought to repeat the doses, in direct proportion to the degree of the dilutions. In acute cases, should you administer the *low* dilutions, you may give a spoonful every four or two hours, every hour, half-hour, or quarter; morning and evening, or every two, three, or four days; in fact according to the acuteness of the malady, and the intensity of the symptoms.

Compare this to a river, and the doses to the movements of a swimmer; if the weather be calm, the surface of the water tranquil and almost immoveable, the motions of the swimmer will be slow and measured; he amuses himself in the arms of the smooth and careless waves, and only repeats the stroke, when the impulsion has reached the limits of its action; but if the water be agitated, and the waves rush furiously on, the person quickens his movements to overcome the resistance; it is only by great exertion, rapid and repeated efforts,

that he succeeds in disentangling himself from their perfidious embrace.

Thus, in chronic maladies where all is calm, the vital principle quiet and tractable, give but one dose, and only repeat it when a new indication calls for it ; but in acute affections, when you have to fight against violent symptoms, and to quench the fire of burning fever, or appease the ebullition of life in wrathful mood, repeat the doses, and proportion your efforts to the obstacle.

It is easy to conceive the immense importance of the choice of the medicines and doses in chronic cases ; for, if you have made a false aim, your blow will not hit the mark, and it is lost time. I say lost time, for it is certainly a great consolation to know, that in case of mistake, an ill chosen medicine becomes inert, and very rarely dangerous. It would be well, if the therapeutics of Allopathy could say as much ; it would not so often have to reproach itself with doing more harm than good, and producing, by its pretended heroic means, maladies caused by medicines, that the unfortunate patients had no idea of either having, or of paying so dearly for.

But do not let your scruples cause you too much anxiety. Be prudent and calm. When you have administered a high dilution in a single case, learn to wait patiently, and continue your observations.

Of three things, one will happen. After a while, say eight days, for instance—there will be either an aggravation, or diminution of the symptoms ; or the state of the patient will be the same. In the first two cases, leave the medicine to act. If it act well, the improvement will indicate this in an evident manner—an aggravation in a probable and almost certain manner. Before the neutralization of the fluids takes place, the struggle causes inevitable attractions or repulsions, and as the

physiological field of the patient is the theatre of this struggle, is it astonishing that he feels the shock?

Thus, learn to know how to wait, and do not repeat the dose, or give a new medicine, until you are morally certain, either that the former has exhausted its action, or that you had been mistaken. Distrust a dangerous impetuosity which especially misleads beginners; they change their medicines too readily. When you see an improvement from one remedy, why employ another? Order the same, since it acts well, and you see the proof of it.

You also ask, if in this case, you ought to diminish or increase the number of the dilution—but why change that which is doing good? Keep to the same remedy, and the same dilution; all that you can or ought to do, is to slacken the progress of the medicine; that is, make a longer interval between the doses. If for instance, under the influence of *sulphur* 12th dilution, administered every four days, you see an amendment in the morbid state, keep to the same medicine and dilution, but order it only once in eight days, and so on.

I will close this Conference by pointing out to you an error, a false step, a little heresy, that has sprung up in the bosom of our doctrine.

Hartmann, in his *Thérapeutique des maladies aiguës*, IX, paragraph, page 66, says: "We ought to consider as a great improvement in Homœopathic therapeutics, and as a most useful practice, especially in complicated cases, the alternation at suitable intervals, of two medicines which correspond to the apparent symptoms, &c.

I respect all opinions—especially those propounded by learned practitioners, nevertheless I venture to oppose this one in the most open, and I should even say, energetic manner.

I have uttered the word *heresy*, and do not withdraw the expression ; this precept is contrary to the Hahnemannian spirit, and Homœopathists who practise it have diverged from the path of pure therapeutics ; if Hahnemann were living, I should fear they would be called to order.

Were his ORGANON put into a press, and only one maxim were to ooze out, it would be that of not administering a new medicine, until the first has accomplished its action.

These are fruits of the old tree, which we ought long since to have cut down and cast into the fire. These are the reminiscences of former practice, the lining of the old mantle ! I am convinced that had Homœopaths never been Allopaths, this idea would never have found a place in our progressive therapeutics.

In fact, you impose upon yourselves a very stringent law, never to administer more than one medicine at a time, and yet do not scruple to associate two or three in their specific action ! But it is simply an affair of words ; you separate the names, but you unite the substances. When for instance, you administer two medicines, alternating them every five minutes—(this is done in cholera with *cuprum* and *veratrum*)—why not put these two medicines together in the same bottle ? You separate them for a moment, only to associate them in a larger reservoir, the stomach ; do you think five minutes are enough for the first medicine to have disappeared, and given up its place to its brother ? It is impossible !

Why do Allopathic doctors mix several remedies in the same potion ? Whence sprung this idea ? From uncertainty and doubt. As five or six medicines appear to suit the various symptoms of a malady, not knowing upon which to decide, they give them all at once, and by

this means are relieved from embarrassment, and their conscience is tranquillized. This new precept of the alternation of medicines, has arisen from the same doubt and uncertainty.* Two medicines suit, and you alternate them ; on the same principle why not three or four ? If you do not go any further, it is evidently because you fear the spread of the heresy !

The same reasoning applies to a less frequent alternation, say from evening to morning, at intervals of two to three days, &c. Of two things one ; either you should not admit the double precept of Hahnemann — which requires that one medicine only should be given at once, and not repeated, or changed until the action of the first is accomplished — or you should not alternate medicines. It is like an inexperienced sportsman, who in the ardent pursuit of the game, hastens to fire off both the charges of his double barrelled gun at the same bird, for fear of missing his aim.

But it may be said, this practice has met with success. I do not doubt it, and I will explain the reason.

Hippocrates has said : *duobus doloribus non in eodem loco, simul abortis vehementior obscurat alterum* ; when two pains manifest themselves in different places, the stronger overcomes the weaker. When he says *two pains*, he means two maladies. Now a malady or a medicine—to the *Homœopath*—are synonymous terms ; therefore, when you alternate two medicines at too frequent intervals, without giving time for the doses to accomplish their action, one deadens the other, and one only remains in activity, to secure the success you falsely attribute to their united action. The aphorism says ; *not in the same place* ; how much greater the reason if it were in the same place, as in the stomach, which serves as a receptacle to the two medicines.

I do not think that this error will be much adopted. Many practitioners have already abandoned it ; amongst others, the illustrious Bœnninghausen. I confess, that in the beginning of my Homœopathic practice, I also dipped into this heterodoxy ; but for the last four years, I have rejected it from the deepest conviction.

All the laws, rules, and precepts that we have enumerated, are very difficult of application ; theory is easy, but practice is difficult. Would there were fewer exceptions to all these general laws. Our therapeutical system would then perhaps be easy, as some ignorant people think it to be, but unfortunately it is not so ; the road is narrow, rugged and steep. Endeavour to merit the consolation, of having worked as much as you could in your study, and done your utmost in the sick room.

Remember the answer that the illustrious Accoucheur Baudelocque made to his pupils one day, after a lecture in which he had enumerated and examined all the rules which direct obstetrical operations. "How," said the students, "can you remember and observe so many things in your practice?"

—— "I DO AS WELL AS I CAN" !!!

Twelfth Conference.

OUR FAILURES.

. "A sower went out to sow his seed, and as he sowed, some fell by the way-side; and it was trodden down, and the fowls of the air devoured it. And some fell upon a rock, and as soon as it was sprung up, it withered away, because it lacked moisture. And some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up with it, and choked it, and other fell on good ground, and sprang up, and bare fruit an hundredfold. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

THIS parable applies to the field of medical practice in general, but more especially to that of Homœopathy. I am willing to confess that Homœopathy does not work miracles. It is neither foolish nor blind enough, to raise its pretensions to the standard of the impossible. It ought not to bear the blame of the exaggerations of some of its followers, whose zeal sometimes amounts to rashness and fanaticism. Yet it has a just claim to its place in the domain of truth.

We do not then pretend to work miracles, and in order to be prepared for your undue reproaches, we confess that we too often, as the fruit of our exertion and toil meet only with failure.

We do not wish either to deny, or lessen our want of success ; on the contrary, we invite you to go over the whole extent of the immense Hahnemannian domain, and instead of pausing only at the most fertile parts, we will ask you to choose your resting-places, at those which are the most sterile and ungrateful. Yet, when we have to report a bad harvest, you must permit us to explain the reason of its failure.

The treatment of a disease may be compared to a man, who sows his field. Our farm is our practice, and the remedies administered to the patients, are like the grain which falls either into good or bad ground. When no obstacle occurs to choke our seed, it springs up, and brings forth an hundredfold, but when it meets with stones or thorns, it withers and dies.

Our field is very often fruitful, and returns us a hundredfold ; we do not however publish our success, since we take care to house the corn in our granaries, without even showing it to our neighbours. But if the crop be deficient, we would tell the reason of it, so that we may not be accused of want of skill or care.

Now, the first element of success for seed, is the proper time and season. Every fruit, crop, and grain has its appointed time. The countryman well knows this ; and if you ask him to sow out of season—he would say : “ it is too late, or too early, how could my seed grow ? ”

This is what happens to us every day.

It is clearly not here a question of the partisans of Homœopathy, or the acknowledged patients of a Homœopathic physician. These persons send for their doctor at once, they do not wait until the symptoms are aggravated, there is virgin ground to work upon, and in this case, the harvest brings forth a hundredfold.

I am to be understood as about to speak of occasional

patients. Let us then imagine some one is taken seriously ill. The family Allopathic physician is called in, but as the symptoms become alarming, two, three, or even four doctors are sent for, to have what good folks call a consultation ; and then, if the complaint continue to grow worse, some one of the family ventures to say ; "Suppose we send for a Homœopath?" and he is accordingly sent for.

Go ! poor Homœopath, to glean a certain failure. What right have you to say : "It is too late?" To raise the dead is the question, and if you do not perform this miracle, they will say that your Homœopathy can do nothing.

These circumstances undoubtedly happen to all, but more especially to Homœopaths. A short time ago, I was sent for to a young girl dangerously ill. Four physicians had already treated her. The family had still some hope from my visit. It was, in reality, of very great use, for the patient died some hours after my arrival. Another day the case was still more urgent. I was sent off by express train ; but death did not think it worth while, to wait for the help of the last doctor to finish his work. I received a counter-order when half way on my journey.

Another condition necessary for the growth of our seed is, that it ought not to be sown amongst other grain that already occupies the ground, and is beginning to spring up.

In fact, it is seldom that our treatment is tried upon virgin ground ; other physicians have already cast in the germs of their numerous medicines. How can you expect, that ours should have full scope for development ? Was a sower ever seen casting seed among other grain, that was already springing up ?

Homœopathic remedies are certainly neither so delicate nor susceptible as people are pleased to say, or even as new converts believe them to be. It is true however, that though we must never be over scrupulous, we must always be prudent. I confess that occasionally, I have seen remedies act along with, and in spite of others already occupying the ground ; but these cases are exceptional, and we must not travel complacently along the field of practice, with exceptions for our guide.

In chronic diseases, the matter is not so urgent, you can afford to wait. If the patient be a reasonable person, he will allow time for the effects of the medicines he has already taken to disappear, and for the ground to be cleared ; he will thus present a new and almost clear field to the physician. But in acute cases, the enemy will grant you no truce, there is no time to be lost, we must at once put on our armour. Here, temporising is neither in the power of the patient, nor the doctor, and—to keep up our metaphor, the first grain, already germinated, will choke the new seed ; that is, your medicines hindered in their action by those already administered, will remain inert, and you must write in your note book, a new case of inevitable failure.

Such circumstances frequently occur in our practice. Let a Homœopathic physician be called in to a case of gout, for example ; nineteen times out of twenty, he finds the person already saturated with remedies. Again, suppose an attack of typhoid fever ; his nose will be assailed by the smell of the cantharides in the blisters, the mustard of the plasters, the evaporation of æther or musk, the sweet odour of valerian, or the perfume of assa-foetida, &c. ; to administer a Homœopathic medicine in such cases, would be to act over again the fable of the wolf and the lamb.

Similar instances of want of success, happen still more often in the time of an epidemic, cholera, for example. Enter the room of a cholera patient, every kind of exhalation meets you at once, but above all you will be stifled by the smell of camphor in every form. Your treatment is immediately entangled in the brushwood, not only of the remedies ordered by the physicians, but also in all the means advised by the gossips of the neighbourhood. In such a case, hasten to quit a field, where you will only reap a probable failure, the best thing you can do—is to do nothing, and to leave to others the responsibility of unravelling the skein, which they have entangled.

But the road is still more thorny, when either from timidity or intention, the patient hides from you the fact, that he has already consulted one or more physicians, and swallowed half the drugs of a chemist's shop. In this case you commence working with the most naïve confidence, and are quite surprised to see, how vain and fruitless are all your efforts. It is the deceptive labour of Penelope; the web is being woven, but is never finished.

This consideration induces me to speak of illnesses caused by medicine; a subject that we only touched upon in our last Conference. This new element of failure, is in some respects, the consequence of the preceding one, or if you prefer it, the same in a greater degree. In fact, it is one seed meeting another, already in process of germination, where the development is more advanced. It would be like throwing grain into a field of corn in full maturity, which only waits for the sickle. Now, how can this seed ask for its share of sun and nourishment? And even then, how can it spring up?

What is to be done in this case?

First reap the harvest, then plough up the field afresh,

and a new soil will open its bosom to a new cultivation. This is what Homœopathic physicians are obliged to do. This is the pathological ground to which they are daily called.

We venture to say, diseases produced by medicine are those which patients buy—often very dearly—half at the doctor's and half at the chemist's. They are more common than is generally supposed, and how many unfortunate wretches, carry in the folds of their constitution, the stains produced by certain medicines! This stain, unknown to themselves, has first soiled the vital principle, and from thence, it has spread throughout the organism, like a drop of glycerine, which at first only made a small mark, but afterwards grew larger, till it penetrated the whole fabric.

—— What is the cause of medicinal maladies?

—— Polypharmacy, and massive posology.

You administer several medicines together to a patient. In general, if not always, one of them takes upon itself the therapeutic manœuvre, and triumphs over its fellows, before conquering the enemy he has been given to combat. But do the others remain passive and inert, in the economy of the patient? Alas! no. Each one turns towards some particular point, and too frequently attains it; a new disease then breaks out, which neither the patient nor the doctor expected.

Or, if the Allopathic practitioner gives but one medicine, he administers it in such enormous doses, that the constitution can no longer free itself from its effects. It is thus that the physiological dynamisation becomes the convenient ally of this antagonistic medicine. Blind guardian of the organic receptacle, it gives the same welcome to every substance, naïvely opens them every door, and introduces them into all the secret wind-

ings of the economy. Then the remedy metamorphosed into a real disease, chooses its abode, and installs itself into the pathological field, which a culpable imprudence puts into its possession.

These medicinal diseases may be produced by the habits of the patient, as well as by the prescriptions of the doctors. There will be the symptomatic pictures of camomile, coffee, camphor, musk, belladonna, &c., &c. Every one has his little remedy for his little indispositions, and in our days, when every one is a doctor, each advises some little cure for his friends' complaints. Then appear these *apparently* spontaneous diseases, like those plants which spring up and grow in the clefts of old ruins, as though they had grown there of themselves, like effects without cause.

— Cannot Homœopathic practice also produce these artificial diseases, and could not the same reproach be addressed to us?

— Yes, most certainly we can produce them, since this possibility is one of the cardinal points of our doctrine. But can the same reproach be addressed to us? No, for we only give the medicines, when we are well acquainted with their physiognomy, and all the extent of their action; therefore error in their application to disease, is hardly possible, or at least, if it be so, it is only in virtue of human fallibility. But Allopathy, deprived of that positive knowledge, which pure experiment alone can give, and trusting only to the uncertain ones afforded by experience, finds itself surrounded by many more chances of error.

Moreover, our medicinal diseases are fluidic diseases, which can spontaneously evaporate, or be neutralized by their antidote. When we give massive doses, they are never clothed but with the slightest covering of matter,

and can easily be absorbed and disappear; whilst the enormous Allopathic doses being unable to pass entire into the machinery of physiological dynamisation, a great part is obliged to remain in the crucible. General derangements might result therefrom, or local changes more or less serious, according to the amount of residuum; for instance, look at those patients who have swallowed large quantities of mercury — their constitution at last is perfectly saturated. We might treat a subject with our doses, for a thousand years and more, before we could ever obtain this fatal result.

It also follows from these considerations, that medicinal diseases, although presenting themselves with all their symptomatic attributes, pass unperceived before the eyes of Allopathic practitioners, whilst the Homœopath does not allow them, to take him by surprise. Familiar with all the artificial pathological pictures, he recognises them at first, and when he has run over the symptoms of which his patient complains, it is only a question of deciding between natural and artificial diseases. Thus, many times he can astonish his patient, after having heard his account, by saying;—"You have taken mercury, sulphur, quinine, &c."—and he, replying in the affirmative, declares that this physician is endued with extraordinary clear-sightedness.

In such a case what should we do!

— We must reap the old crop, and plough up the ground, in order to sow new seed.

Your failure will be certain, if, seeing a natural disease where there exists only a medicinal one, you undertake a treatment in sight of a hidden enemy. The wolf is in the wood, beware of taking your flock thither. Your failure will be probable, if, according to the most rational means, you wish first to administer antidotes, that is to

say, to clear away before you construct. Why? Because no one will give you time enough; you will see that presently.

Have you never heard country people say, that after a crop, a field must lie fallow, and that land exhausted by repeated cultivation, can no longer afford nourishment to the grain, and becomes almost barren?

It appears then necessary, in order that grain should spring up, that the field should have sufficient strength to feed the crop. Thus in all treatment, the patient ought to have a sufficient amount of re-action and *receptivity*.

How many times have I not found individuals exceedingly weakened by repeated bleedings, a large number of leeches, blisters, mustard plasters, injections, purgatives—and the whole seasoned with a severe diet.—What can become of this poor patient?

There are certain diseases, typhoid fever for example, which from their very nature, have a tendency to induce prostration in the patient. The morbid principle seems to fall with all its weight upon the vital powers, it oppresses and overwhelms them. To relieve this oppression, remedies are nearly always powerless. The patient must sink in this state, without our being able to free him from the snare that envelopes him. Nothing makes the physician despair so much, as the radical weakness of his patient. Whatever be its cause, it is always an element of failure, because the remedies remain powerless.

The more strong and robust we are, the more are we exposed to serious diseases. Hippocrates called this disposition "*the danger of athletic health*."—This is true. But on the other hand, the action of the medicines that have to combat with these diseases, is also stronger and

more efficacious. It is a general principle, that the strength of medicines is in proportion to the vital energy.

When a patient has no longer any receptivity for medicines, all the efforts of science to save him become powerless. The physician in desperation, though feeling himself capable with his therapeutic lever of moving the whole pathological world like Archimedes, he seeks in vain for a fulcrum. He strikes, but his blows fall on a vacuum; he gives remedies, but they drop into the vessel of the Danaïdes; he touches all the keys of the finger-board, but all are broken and mute. It is, in reality—excuse the comparison—like playing at tennis against a wall of cotton.

I may also mention, as other causes of failure, the absolute incurability of some organic and chronic diseases. What can be said on this head? Discussion is as powerless on the subject as therapeutics. There are things that we very well understand, without being able to express them. There are morbid cases that one would like to cure, but the best will in the world may be baffled by the impossible. Laudable pride would erase the word IMPOSSIBLE from medical dictionaries, but unhappily from the darkness of impotency, it stands out in letters of fire.

In organic affections—considered incurable—what must we do, how advise our poor patients? The best remedy in this case, is *the root of patience*. I have often used this means, and have always found it to answer.

I now come to the most fruitful element of failure. An element which I will call the thorn of the profession; I mean the impatience of the sick or of their friends. This is the application of the parable in all its force. The thorns choke the seed, and if they grow quickly in

the field of medicine, they spring up still more readily in our field, and with our grain.

What would you say of a sower, who the very next morning after he had sown his seed, should visit his field to see if the grain had not yet sprung up? What would you say of an architect, who after having given the plan of a house to his workmen, should go next day to see if the windows were not already put in? The first would deserve the metamorphosis of Philemon and Baucis; and you would send the second to the Genii in the Arabian Tales.

This is however, what we experience every day. The impatience of the sick, is unfortunately no fable, it is the most fearful reality that God has sent to physicians for the expiation of their sins.

I wish here to speak especially of Homœopathic physicians, for being constantly met by Allopathic treatment, he finds other trials of patience—example;

A young man consulted me lately about a very serious malady. It was nothing less than a fistulous opening in the lumbar region, caused by a carious vertebra. For two years he had followed the advice of a physician, and had most carefully taken the remedies ordered. He came entreating me to take him under my care, and do my utmost to cure him. He appeared in good earnest and full of the strongest resolution. I gave him a prescription—what was the result? I do not know, or rather I know very well; my remedy was not lucky enough to cure him in a week, and I saw him no more. I thank him most heartily. He little knew from what a heavy burden he had relieved me, by removing the responsibility of his malady.

It is but a few days since I was called to see a young person, who had been suffering for some years back from

St. Vitus' dance; all treatment had been unsuccessful, and the relatives, according to the advice of a friend to Homœopathy, consented to entrust her to my care. On my arrival the family were full of joy, for the appearance of a new doctor is always a gala day in a sick house; it would seem as if the cure were hidden in the folds of the doctoral gown. All went on well up to the moment, when, according to my custom, I frankly expressed my opinion on the conditions of success; and when I said that the treatment would be a little tedious, that time would be necessary to eradicate the disease, I saw a cloud and a wrinkle appear on the brow of the mother. "Oh!" said I to myself, "my stay here will not be very long." I wrote a prescription, but they never even sent for the medicine.

—— Imbecile Homœopath—to ask time in order to effect a cure!

I will not multiply quotations. I only give these, because they are recent, and present themselves first to my memory. Every physician in his medical experience, has enough of them to furnish materials, for the fireside chat of many a winter's evening.

I am now used to the scenes of all these comedies. Indeed, it is very reasonable to expect that with sick people, the dose of patience is in proportion to the doses of the remedies which they take. In Allopathic medicines all the senses are satisfied; the curiosity of the smell appreciates the odour of the medicines; the eyes analyse the colours of the bottles; the fingers fondly roll the magic pills; the palate tastes the tinctures and the mixtures according to directions. How is it possible for the patient not to be seduced by these shadows of hope? He hopes on, and perseveres.

But how can you expect he should have the least con-

fidence in our medicines? In this case, there is nothing for the taste—nothing for the sight—nothing for the smell. Always white powder and clear water. Farewell, hope! and, as patience is the daughter of hope; farewell, patience also!

But here is a fact which appeals to all. I need not go far back into my memory, for this happened to me not a month ago.

A young woman, living in a village in the neighbourhood, came with her mother to consult the medical men of the town, about an illness that caused her great anxiety. For some time she discovered that she was rapidly becoming short sighted; she was threatened with amaurosis, commonly called gutta serena. The first physician who examined her, prescribed several medicines, what, I do not know; but I learned that he also advised a cautery to be applied to the left arm, and a seton to the back of the neck. In leaving the study of this practitioner she came to consult me; I only gave her a small bottle of *clear water*, to take by spoonfuls every two days. How could this person hesitate between these two prescriptions? Could she waver a single instant? Two exutories which would both draw out the humour from the eyes, and clear the sight! that speaks to the very senses, and is self evident to those who can see! But a bottle of clear water—what do you expect that to do?

— Galen tells us that a patient answered him one day; *Keep what you are giving me for the poor; I want a more costly remedy.*

Therefore when the mother and daughter held a consultation together upon the two prescriptions, the deliberation was not long, and the upshot of the matter was, an unanimous decision in favour of the cautery and the

seton. I thanked God this time also, for since then, I have been told that the person died the day after these two consultations. If unfortunately, she had taken a single 'small spoonful of my potion, they would have accused my clear water of having poisoned her.

The impatience of the sick is the cause of many failures. Thus some medical men, make these defects the subject of their treatment rather than the disease. Charity forbids me to pass any judgment upon their conduct. I confess for my part, that my frankness in this respect has sent many a one from my study, and prevented them from ever consulting me again.

Should one then tell a patient that his affection is incurable, and thus plunge him into despair? Evidently not. Galen says that a certain physician of antiquity called Callianax, had no pity for his patients, and if any one of them asked him if he were in danger, he replied very coolly by a verse of Homer, the sense of which is—*Patroclus died at last, and he was worth more than you.*

— Ought you to imitate the tone of this physician, so foreign to our nation? Certainly not, but what you cannot say to the unhappy wretch, you may say to his family. And if you cannot pronounce the fatal word *incurable*, you ought not, on the other hand, to promise more than you can perform. I am not afraid to proclaim my opinion on this matter openly, even at the risk of stirring up some one's bile. Every physician who promises what is impossible, and amuses his patient by the mirage of a cure, which is always to be expected, but which never appears, compromises his conscience, and lowers the dignity of his calling!

I well know that the financial appetite does not much relish this meagre diet. I well know that you can-

not in this case take tithes of your patient's property—keep him then—drive the poor sheep through the brush-wood of your treatment, that he may leave you a part of his wool.

There are others who are incapable of following an uninterrupted course of treatment. Here it is not exactly impatience, but rather negligence or inconstancy. Sometimes for one reason, sometimes for another, they delay the visits or the consultations of the physician, and thus interpose solutions of continuity to the thread of treatment. In order to keep up the metaphor, I will compare them to a gardener, who, after having planted a shrub, uproots it from time to time and is then quite surprised to see it bear no fruit.

Now, these persons, after the first or second prescription, are lost sight of for a month or two, they then re-appear, and bring with them the most curious answers.

One says—I found myself a little better, and I thought my complaint was going to leave me without further trouble.

Another—This medicine has not acted as a purgative, I did not feel its effects; it has done nothing, and I am discouraged. However, I wish to continue the treatment. He takes another prescription and another medicine; but at the end of a week, finds he is not cured, and returns no more.

A third—I left off my treatment the whole winter, because I was told, that the medicines had no effect at that season.

This is one of these old prejudices, that will live as long as there are any old gossips to tell them. As if nature had her fits of laziness and activity!

Do not diseases come during the winter? Do not those that exist, continue their silent progress in spite of

cold, dry, and damp? Are remedies frozen in the winter season? Do you believe that they act more favourably in spring? Do you consider them in the light of plants, and see in them only sap and buds?

Prejudice—deep-rooted prejudice!! However this may be, all these reasons, and many others, are the causes why these interrupted courses of treatment end in nothing.

There is one cause of failure, which is as prolific as any of those which we have just examined. Here we have not only stones, brambles, and thorns, want of sun and dew, but all the fowls of the air that come to eat up the grain. This cause is, regimen with all its adjuncts and peculiarities.

The abusers of our doctrine, do not fail to attribute all our negative success, to the severe regimen which we impose on our patients. But there are some, even right-minded persons, who really imagine this regimen is so strict and exclusive, that in following a Homœopathic course of treatment, one is scarcely allowed either to eat or drink. This erroneous opinion contributes not a little, to drive patients from our consulting rooms. Therefore, in order to make ourselves understood on this question, we will explain ourselves frankly and clearly.

People have spread abroad on this subject, reports of the strangest eccentricities. Thus some think, that we arrange the time and number of meals by a most impracticable rule.

This is a mistake; we disturb none of the usual arrangements of the table—at least, we only introduce those modifications which are required by the individual character of the disease, and which are submitted to general dietetic rules. Why do you wish to make us imitators of Celsus, for example, who advised people to make but

one meal, and to take during the rest of the day nothing but dry food, without drinking? Why did Seneca live almost entirely in this way? perhaps to economize his time, and to save himself the trouble of washing his hands—as he takes care to inform us—“*I dine on dry bread, without sitting down to table, and I have no need to wash my hands.*” (Epist. 83.) “*Panis siccus et sine mensâ prandium, post quod non sint manus lavandæ.*”

We never intended to give any such precepts. I repeat then;—unless the case really require it, we do not enter into gastronomic details. •

Others imagine with the most good-natured simplicity, that Homœopathy has a peculiar general regimen, and that all who embrace our doctrine, are obliged to adopt it, and that, for the whole of their life, whether ill or well. Thus, if any kind of fruit is forbidden, they think it is for ever. For instance, several have confessed the same fears and apprehensions to me, and they were very agreeably surprised when I said:—once cured, you may return to your old habits.

To what lengths may not false impressions go! There are some who hesitate to consult a Homœopathic physician, fearing they will be forbidden the use of baths, infusions, tisans, &c.—that wine, coffee, beer, liquors, and tobacco will be strictly prohibited; and that spices of all kinds, such as cinnamon, cloves, even pepper and all condiments which humour the appetite, are found in the list of forbidden things.

I am not surprised at all these fears and false apprehensions. In reality, the list of things forbidden by some Homœopaths is so long, exacting and severe, that there is scarcely anything left to eat and drink. Most certainly, if I were in the place of the patients who go to

consult them, I would rather a thousand times keep my complaint, than submit to so tantalizing a punishment.

All these exaggerations are very easily explained. That Homœopathy at its commencement—in its day of trial—was to some extent strict—nay, very strict—may easily be conceived. Experience had not yet spoken. Success had not yet raised its hand to sustain and defend it, and the new disciples guarded its first movements with extreme precaution; like a mother who anxiously watches the first tottering step of her child, to guard it from all chances of danger.

That in the commencement of his practice, a physician, recently converted to Hahnemannian doctrine, should be scrupulously severe, can easily be imagined. I confess, for my part, that at first I was always in fear for my poor infinitesimal remedy. It was a mirror that the least breath might tarnish—a feeble light that the gentlest breeze might extinguish—a little lamb that the wolf was about to carry off into the woods.

All that is very natural; at this time we do not yet thoroughly believe; faith has not taken full possession of the mind of the neophyte; and groping in the shades of doubt, he is very pardonable for walking with an uncertain and somewhat trembling step.

But there are some who still remain in the trammels of doubt, in spite of the old standing of their conversion and practice. This is the necessary consequence of their temperament and peculiar character. Thus I know, that one of our old and illustrious practitioners, gives to his patients, along with his written prescription, a printed paper containing an endless list of all the aliments forbidden in Homœopathic treatment. I have seen this list, and am convinced,—without having had the patience to read it through,—that there *was* scarcely anything

left to eat and drink. Truly this is enough to discourage the firmest confidence, and to endorse the old saying—the remedy is worse than the disease.

I will not weary you with going through all these details, you would no more have the patience to listen to them, than I should to relate them; but let there be no exaggeration, no false fears, no erroneous impressions. Homœopathic medicines are neither so sensitive, nor so susceptible as one would really think, or as even many of Hahnemann's disciples themselves imagine them to be. And it must be so.* For instance, at the railway, how could I treat my workmen, if I were so timid and particular? How could I exclude from their meals dishes of the most doubtful character, or order them aristocratic delicacies? They eat what is put on their table: they eat what the family eats, and they do right. I have come to the point of only forbidding them one single thing. After I have given them my prescription, I merely say,—you must have no camphor in your house.—You will see by and by, why I put no other limits to their habits. Do you believe that they would obey my orders, if I forbid them to smoke their pipe after their meals, or drink beer and coffee on Sundays, their only day for rest and lawful recreation? It would be as reasonable to forbid them to handle their files and hammers during the week! And yet the medicines act, and the treatment succeeds very well.

I am now going to relate the fragment of a consultation, that I wrote this morning to one of my patients in the country, whom I treat by letter. I ought however to remark, that every one is responsible for his private opinions.

This patient has been suffering for some years from rheumatic pains. As the old system had given him no

relief up to this time, he had just applied to Homœopathy. After having told him how to take the medicine, this is what I wrote on the subject of regimen.

“Make no change whatever in your habits. For twenty years past, you say, you have taken coffee after your meals,—continue to do so. You are accustomed to seasoned dishes, and a first-rate table; consequently you drink beer and liquors, and are not inconvenienced by them. You have also been long accustomed to smoke; I do not wish to make any change in your diet, or manner of living. Keep to your flannel, since you have worn it so long. You have an old issue in the left leg; were it not already there, I should have taken good care not to have ordered one; but as your constitution has become accustomed to it, I shall equally advise you not to dry it up. Regard it as you would a troublesome parasite.

“As to diet, I must however impose one slight restriction. Do not live exclusively on animal food, and especially, do not give the preference to dark meats. I make this observation principally on account of the nature of your complaint: in any other case, I should leave you unrestricted. As to odours and perfumes of which you spoke to me, be not over scrupulous, but prudent; avoid strong odours, especially that of camphor, for camphor is the antidote to Homœopathic medicines in infinitesimal doses. Moreover, do not make use of any sort of embrocations, pommades, tisanes, infusions, &c. Strictly follow the prescription that I have the honour of sending you.

“Lastly, I recommend you to pay attention to the state of the atmosphere when you walk out. Especially avoid damp, and endeavour to guard against exposure to intense cold, either by going too much out of doors, or

by not taking all those precautions required by the season on which we are entering."

If I were now to point out the remedies taken by this patient, and their manner of administration, you would see that our treatment is no hard thing to bear, and that in following it even in the most rigid manner, it is quite possible to live very comfortably in one's usual habits.

However, we must not fall into the contrary extreme, and by a too ready compliance—which would then become negligence—give the reins to every abuse. It is precisely in wishing to repress these abuses, and to give to each case its appropriate dietetic rule, that we expose ourselves to frequent and often inevitable failure.

In acute cases, the thing is easy, for at that time patients commit far fewer transgressions against the orders of the physician. The appetite has then but few fancies, not even a desire to eat, since in fact it lies dormant. No inclinations tempt him; for his former habits are also in a state of slumber. There is very little else to fear, but camphorated powders and scents. Putting these aside, the medicines do not meet any obstacle to their progress and action.

But in chronic cases, the physician has many causes of uneasiness, and many reasons for being anxious with regard to the result of his prescriptions. Thus, in the matter of habits, he must not uproot them, if they are of very long standing. As a rule, we ought to respect the equilibrium of the organism. Even Hahnemann, who had a rather exaggerated prejudice against coffee, did not forbid it to inveterate drinkers.

You have probably heard of the extraordinary fact of that prisoner, who, after having been confined for twenty years in a dungeon, had become so accustomed to its

infectious air, that on being restored to liberty, he fell ill when exposed to pure air, and asked for his old cell in order to recover his health.

We must then, have some regard to habits. But there is a wide difference between doing this, and permitting everything. If we must respect inveterate habits, we ought to employ every means to hinder those who are free from forming any. Therefore, it is always prudent to forbid the abuse of coffee, liquors, acids, spices, and excesses of all kinds,—in a word, every transgression of the rules of health, very much militates against the effect of treatment. With respect to perfumes, Homœopathy is not their declared enemy, and does not fulminate its threatening bulls against them.

In reality, if our doctrine is the truth in medicine, its application, like that of every other truth, ought to be easy, in order to become general. If it could never agree with odours, how for instance, could we treat perfumers? What would be its guarantee for the future, if she rejected from the bosom of her practice, every person, who either from taste or necessity, lived in the midst of exhalations of any kind? If we were to exaggerate these opinions but a little, every one would be forbidden to pass a hairdresser's shop, or to walk in a garden and sit under a tree in full bloom. At this rate, one might remain all spring under a bell, and blot out the month of May from the calendar.

But remember, that from use to abuse, there is but a single step; especially in these days, when we are under the reign of excessive luxury, and the foolish indulgences of the toilet. Go into the most ordinary house—visit the least pretentious boudoir, and what do you find? Elixirs, dentifrices, powders and pomades, patent soaps and creams, aromatic vinegars, perfumed oils and essences,

double distilled eau de Cologne, oriental pastiles, cosmetics and washes of all kinds, &c.

And still ladies are astonished that they have spots on their faces, and terrible headaches ; that at thirty they are obliged to wear false teeth, and at forty a wig ! And people wonder that the medicines have no effect, and that disease will not quit its perfumed habitation !

Yet it is said ; Homœopathy is the medicine of the boudoirs : say, rather, it is the medicine of the people and of the workshops !

You saw in my letter to the stranger who consulted me, that I advised him to avoid camphor, as being the antidote to all Homœopathic medicines.

If instead of comparing our subject to a field destined to be reaped, we had likened it to a vine, I should have said, that our plant is subject to a disease, which too often injures the crops. In reality, camphor is the *oidium* of our pharmaceutical vineyard. It stands to reason, that when remedies are given in large doses, it takes less effect upon them. They are protected against its attacks by their material envelope ; but when in a fluid state, it stifles them all—it is so because it is so.

And unfortunately at the present day, this substance is become as popular as the bust of Béranger. We find it everywhere and in every possible form. Never did any medicine take such deep root in the field of medicine, never has any of its colleagues been so fêted, caressed, and praised. It enters both into the palace and the cottage ; it frequents the doctors as well as the quacks, it is introduced into the secrets of the toilette, as well as into the snuff boxes, or the cigarettes of Raspail.

It is not an ill-natured criticism that I make on camphor, which is one of our Homœopathic remedies, and like all the rest finds a place in our list. For the very

reason that it is the antidote of our fluidic doses, it sometimes does us good service, by stopping the action of a medicine that has gone too far in the wrong road. Being able to produce several artificial diseases, it has consequently the power of curing their similars, and this is precisely the reason why camphor is successful, both as an antidote to several of the medicinal diseases of which we have spoken, and as a cure for these that are within the sphere of its pathogenetic activity. But whilst we recognise its virtues, we are far from crowning it as a sovereign. All medicines are equal, and were they to constitute a republic, they would not even recognise a president.

Be this as it may, distrust camphor, and remove your remedies from so dangerous a neighbour; without this precaution, it will be the cause of numerous failures in your treatment. Thus I recollect having treated a young person, whose disease resisted all my medicines. I then looked round to see if the wolf were not prowling about in the neighbourhood; a piece of camphor was found in a table-drawer, and it was not until we had driven out the enemy, that the medicines regained their activity.

Another time I had a lady under my care, who surprised me at every visit, by the negative character of her replies; I could not explain to myself how the best indicated remedies remained powerless. During our conversation, this lady brought out her snuff-box, and took a camphorated pinch with the most charming naïveté.—The wolf was taken in his den.

Such cases are unhappily too frequent, I could quote you a thousand others. To this general question of regimen are attached several secondary considerations equally important.

Thus, many persons blinded by false prejudices, persuading themselves that the prescriptions of the Homœopathic physician must necessarily be very exclusive and severe, will not submit to the regimen suited to their particular disease. When other physicians forbid certain aliments, or even enforce a pretty strict diet, they are heard and obeyed ; their orders are received with patience and resignation ; but when these rules accompany our prescriptions, people fancy they cannot observe them.

Some time ago, I treated a patient attacked by chronic gastritis, and was never able to make him adopt that regimen, which his disease so urgently required. "Your method is much more severe than the old one," he used continually to say, "for it does not at all agree with my habits, and your medicines must be much more delicate than others, since you guard them with such jealous care."—"But Sir," I replied, "it is neither on account of the requirements of our doctrine, nor the susceptibility of our remedies, that I forbid you coffee, tobacco, liquors and acids, too succulent meats, and highly seasoned dishes. It is the nature of your malady that dictates all this advice to me, and if I treated you according to the old fashioned medicine, I should bring your regimen under the same restrictions. You pretend that our medicines are much more delicate than the others, you fall into an error in that respect, which unfortunately is too widely spread."

"Moreover, how little suffices to derange the play of all the scientific machinery, which progress has just discovered? A mere nothing may interfere with the levers of a locomotive, and stop it in its furious course. A mere nothing may interrupt the current of the electric telegraph, and paralyse a message on the very wires. A trifle may disarrange an operation in photography, and

the plate then only offers a negative proof, or one veiled in the most confused tints.

“ You see that all fluidic powers are susceptible. Why then will you not allow us, a little indulgence to our medicinal fluids ? ”——But in vain, at every consultation, I exhausted my arguments in order to convince him ; it was as if I had spoken to an academician of Viterbo.

There are others who would like well enough to be cured, but they are not willing to submit to the requirements of any treatment.

Here, impatience is carried even to an absurd point. I shall not enter into any detail, but only cite the case of a young man, whom I treated for very severe ophthalmia. He persisted that he could be cured, though he went out in intense cold, and especially during a very strong wind that raised clouds of dust, and blinded every one who was obliged to leave the house. I could not make him understand, that in his state, he ought to have his eyes carefully protected from the light, and every draught of air.

Such persons are even more impatient than Louis XIV. I would as soon be the surgeon of a horseman, who, having broken his leg, would expect it to unite though he should continue to ride.

Ought I to mention in conclusion, one cause of failure that happily is very rare and exceptional. I allude to the preparation of medicines, and their administration. It is very evident, that in order to obtain a good crop, one must sow good grain. All chemists, and especially Homœopathic ones, ought to be conscientious—I am glad to say they are so. Were it otherwise, instead of writing prescriptions for our patients, we had better send them to draw water from the nearest fountain ; that at least would cost them nothing. If our

medicines were badly prepared, the thing that happened one day to a professor of chemistry would also happen to us. He had placed in a mercurial bath several retorts filled with hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen; some wild students took it into their heads before the lecture, to remove these retorts; the gases escaped, and were replaced by air having the same colourless appearance, so that when the professor made his experiments, they totally failed.

I shall say nothing of the administration of medicines, it is for every physician to explain himself thoroughly, and to be always on the watch.

Such are the elements of our failures. It is right that they should be known, but it is also well to explain them. The avowal is necessary, but the justification ought to be permitted.

Now hear the rest of the parable:

"No man when he hath lighted a candle, covereth it with a vessel, or putteth it under a bed; but setteth it on a candlestick, that they which enter in may see the light.

For nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest; neither any thing hid, that shall not be known and come abroad.

He that hath ears to hear,—let him hear."

Thirteenth Conference.

HOW LONG?

PERMIT me to suppose, that the practice of bleeding does not exist, or that at least you neither know it, nor ever heard it spoken of.

Permit me also to suppose, that a traveller,—after having long explored the most unknown parts of the world,—gave you the following account.

Turning towards the North, after having quitted the Pacific Ocean, and crossed Behring's Straits, I coasted along the Aleutian Archipelago. Now one day, before arriving at Alaska, I discovered an island, unknown to previous travellers, and which has not yet figured on the geographical map.

This island is moderately large, and is well peopled by an almost savage and entirely uncivilized race.

In this island, some most extraordinary practices prevail, and this is one that surprised me the most.

The doctors,—for there are some here, as everywhere else, and what doctors, good heavens!—have the right of life and death over their patients, and always carry about with them a little box containing five or six small knives

with moveable blades, which are two-edged and exceedingly sharp.

And when these doctors have made a pretence of examining their patients, they then almost invariably, and without any apparent reason, take one of these little knives out of their box, and stick it with a certain degree of skill, into the arm of the poor patients.

By this manœuvre, they make the blood of these unfortunate people flow in a pretty fair quantity; they do this several times, and not unfrequently, they take it nearly all away.

The governor of the island to whom I am indebted for these particulars, told me also, that in many cases, these doctors, — called also *physicians*, — cause their patients to be bitten by small black worms which are very greedy of blood. These little creatures, — which they call leeches, — are applied, according to prescription, upon all parts of the body, and there they suck out the life of these unfortunate people with the greatest avidity.

Sometimes these doctors go so far as to tear the flesh of their patients with another kind of knife, and afterwards they apply to these incisions, — which they name scarifications, — a kind of glass, — called a cupping glass—in which they had previously placed a small piece of burning cotton.

The governor gave me many other details of these savage and inhuman practices, but I will not mention them, lest I should wound your feelings.

Well! if the traveller were to relate all these things, no one would believe him. The most indifferent would shudder at such a recital, and what would be said, if it were a question of introducing such abominations into our customs!

Where is the man who would lend his arm for the first experiment? What patient would like to see his vital fluid running out into a basin? What mother would consent to disfigure the tender skin of her child, by the indelible marks that are left by those odious creatures, called leeches?

And to say, that all this actually does exist! that these practices are in full vogue—in 1858—in an age of universal progress, and under the sun of European civilization. In an age where every one reads the Bible, but where few meditate on those remarkable words of the Hebrew lawgiver :

Sanguinem universæ carnis non comedetis, quia anima carnis, in sanguine est.

Ye shall eat the blood of no manner of flesh ; for the life of all flesh is the blood thereof.

In an age in fact, where young doctors, listening only to the voice of bye-gone generations, seek the nourishment of their intellect in the dust of antique libraries, and neglect the confessions made by the princes of the modern school who deprecate all these odious practices. When I say : *the princes of the modern school*, I am not alluding to Homœopaths ; their testimony would be suspected ; I wish only to speak of progressist professors of the *Allopathic* school of Paris, as you will see in the course of this Conference.

The life is in the blood.

If, as we have already seen, the vital fluid is to a certain extent, the union of mind and matter ; the blood is the vital liquid which waters and nourishes these two principles and their various bearings, (*rapports.*)

“The blood is the first part formed in the embryo”—said professor Amador.

"The blood is the first to live, and the last to die," said the learned Harvey.

"The blood is liquid flesh," said the celebrated Borden.

"The blood is the animator of thought," said Raspail.

"The blood is the spring whence emanates every living thing," said Hufeland.

"The blood is the soul of animals," said Moses.

It was the same sentiment that inspired this thought of the tender Virgil :

"Purpuream vomit ille animam." He pours out his purple soul !

This is then, the most serious subject I can submit to your consideration.

Blood-letting is one of those means of which Hufeland says—"that they penetrate to the innermost recesses of life itself, and, heroic in the true sense of the word, may cause both life and death."

It is one of those means, which, even by the confession of Galen, that great advocate of bleeding, *take away life ;*

It is one of those means, which according to Van Helmont, *shorten existence.*

One of those means, which by the testimony of Sauvages, *weaken and kill the patient.*

One of those means, which according to the aphorism of Hippocrates, *is a curb to the nerves.*

In order to understand and thoroughly appreciate this discussion on bleeding, keep in mind the reflections we have already made in another Conference, on derivation and revulsion ; see page 112.

My intention to-day, is to consider bleeding in all its aspects, and to show you, that in a practical point of view, it is always the most fatal and incomprehensible paradox in therapeutics.

There are as many kinds of bleeding as this hydra may have heads. I will not adopt the classical division of bleeding, into general and local—that is to say, into general,—when a vein is opened (phlebotomy), or an artery (arteriotomy);—and into local,—when leeches are applied, or the skin is scarified with a sharp instrument.

Let us rather examine bleeding in all its possible phases.

Tentative Bleeding.—This kind is the most innocent. It is the offspring of doubt.

The medical man examines all the symptoms of the disease. He carefully scrutinizes their votes for, or against the bleeding. But as the voices are equally divided, he remains in doubt. He then examines the state of the pulse; but the pulse is often treacherous. Sometimes he cannot detect by any sign whatever, that there is any inflammation; or, misled by a deception within, he imagines he traces an inflammation which does not exist.

And the doctor still remains in doubt.

Now the best means of coming to a conclusion is experiment: the patient is bled. And then—what revelations! These revelations too often bring but vain regrets, and the blood that was lost, then becomes the source of bitter repentance.

I have heard it said, that in the time of our revolutionary troubles, certain fugitives, in order to escape death, hid themselves in crevices of rocky or subterraneous passages; and that the horrible demons who were pursuing them, in order to clear up their doubts, and spare themselves the trouble of a longer search, plunged a pike in the hiding-place to which they had traced their victims, and if the experimental pike showed the marks

of blood, they then coolly and effectually consummated the atrocities of the last agonies.

Depletive Bleeding.—If then a little bleeding shows the doctor he has made a mistake, and that the malady does not need it, he sheathes his instrument, and makes his *mea culpa*. In this case, who pays the penalty of the mistake? Certainly not, the doctor, but the unlucky patient. But if unfortunately, bleeding seems to him really indicated, then there are no bounds; and it becomes a deadly fight between the doctor and the disease—until the death of whom? Never of the doctor!

This kind of bleeding is no longer the offspring of doubt, but of fatal prejudice, old and tenacious like all vulgar errors.

Some one has said, that if we would tear an old custom up by the roots, we must dig a hundred feet deep. To find the root of this one, we must search as far as, aye, and farther, than the centre of our planet.

There is too much blood say they. Blood must be taken, because the vessels are too full.

How long shall we see this error grow in the field of medicine? How LONG shall we see the unfortunate public gagged by false opinions? HOW LONG shall we see such gross prejudices fermenting in the brain of the doctors?

I can understand the people adopting, and still encouraging this most absurd and dangerous prejudice; it is not their fault. The people can neither bring experience nor reasoning, to bear on all the pretended truths that are placed before their notice. In their eyes, the words of the doctor are so many articles of faith. If they swallow errors with such utter ignorance, the fault

lies with those who put the cup to their lip. But that doctors drink their portion, and eat of the bread of error, spread by them on the people's table, is to me the most unaccountable mystery !

There is too much blood.

Whoever invented this error, deserved to have been bled in *the four veins*.

When I was a child, I heard it said by an old doctor in our village ; " You should drink a good deal at your meals, in order that the liver may swim." As a child, I believed all this ; afterwards I laughed at it, but now I laugh no more ; in the way of prejudice, I know much greater than that.

One day, on returning from seeing a patient in the country, I met an old retired captain. He had a mania for dabbling in medicine, and the conversation soon turned on that subject. He knew something of Homœopathy he said, *he had put his nose a little into that*—these were his own expressions.

— " There is much that is good, I allow, in this *new medicine*," said he ; " but what I cannot make up my mind to *indorse*, is that the Homœopaths never bleed ! When there is too much blood,—as in inflammation of the lungs for instance—when the patient is suffocating, choked with blood ; he must be bled, or he is a dead man.

— " No captain, he is not dead yet ; you are prompt and decisive as a court martial ; wait a little, and be so good as to listen to me for a moment.

" First of all, it is not enough to *have put your nose a little* into our doctrine, in order to know it. What would you say of a man, who, travelling on the railway, would consider he knew all the towns on the line, because he put his nose out of the window of his carriage, as he was going past at full speed ?

"Let this serve for all.

"Consider I beg, the mass of blood contained in the vessels. Can this blood ever err on the side of quantity? Impossible. In order that such a thing could happen, that is to say, that there should be one single drop too much of blood when a person is ill, it would be necessary that this drop had been brought into the organization by some means or other, and this cannot happen; whence in fact could this excess come, to increase the quantity which already fills the vessels destined to hold it?

"What would you say of a man, who went in the morning in good health to work in his field, and should get an inflammation of the lungs after two hours' labour? Had he too much blood before he started? Would he have believed it, if any one had told him so? Well, how could the quart of blood that the doctor is going to take from him, be formed in the short space of two hours?"

— "I don't know, doctor, but I suppose the fever brought it on."

— "No, captain; you share an error that is unfortunately too general. This is what occurs. The fever is in fact, an inward fire, ignited, and fed by the principle of the malady. This fire is in immediate connexion with that mass of blood of which we have just spoken, and thus it is easy to understand the phenomena which give rise to the popular error.

"See what happens in our steam engines. The water, closely imprisoned in the boiler, and submitted to the action of a hot and well-fed fire, begins to boil, and is changed into steam; this steam acquires an irresistible force, on account of the obstacle that opposes itself to its expansion. The machine then begins to vibrate, the

pistons slip up and down, the wheels move, and by degrees, the motion is accelerated, the palpitations of the monster can no longer be counted, he blows, he roars, and devours space.

"Nevertheless the exciting cause of this tremendous agitation, is but a feeble spark. Now, in this case, has the quantity of water increased? Evidently not. It has increased in volume, that is all."

— "Yes, doctor, but when they wish to stop the machine, and put an end to all this tumultuous movement, they let out the steam by other valves, the pressure is diminished, and all becomes quiet. In the same way, when we bleed, the blood is diminished, and the fever abates."

—— "Yes, captain, that is the case, because water is neither scarce nor dear; it can be renewed at various stations, by re-filling the boiler. But if a fresh supply of water were not to be had, the machine would not go far, it would soon stop from exhaustion, and slumber on the rails. Then some contrivance must be invented to condense the steam, and the loss of the liquid being provided for, the machine would continue to work.

'People have thought of transfusion, that is, of introducing into the veins of a man in a state of extreme debility, the blood of a robust person. But all that, is but a delusive dream, and a praiseworthy but fruitless attempt; if you could find me a means of renewing the blood of a sick person at pleasure, as they supply water to a locomotive, I would allow you to bleed, and bleed again, as much as you please.

"See what passes every day under your eyes. It is a most common occurrence, and yet, to those who like to reflect, and find out the reason of things, it conveys an important lesson.

“Put a vessel half full of milk near the fire; bubbles soon begin to form, it boils, the liquid increases in volume, it rises, and is ready to run over.

“Is it because there is too much milk? Evidently not, since the vessel was only half full.

“What then must be done?

“Put out the fire immediately? this means is good, but your precaution would perhaps be too late.

“Take the vessel off the fire? There may not even be time for that. Would you let the milk run over? That is the shortest, and quickest way. There is however a more simple means, which succeeds perfectly well. Pour a few drops of cold water on the boiling milk, and the furious liquid will immediately become appeased, and return to its first level.

“You ought now to understand, captain, that there is never too much blood, and that in the fire of fever, it only increases in volume.”

—— “I understand that perfectly, doctor, nevertheless it does seem to me, that bleeding is a very prompt means, and that its effect is immediate.”

—— “I see captain, that you are not yet convinced. You have doubtless fought in the wars of the Empire; perhaps another comparison will make the matter more clear.

“Let us suppose a citadel attacked by an enemy. There are within, 20,000 well armed men, ready either for attack or defence. These soldiers are stationed in four bodies, of five thousand in each corner. Now, in consequence of a mutiny inside the walls, one body of men leaves its place, and joins the one in the opposite angle,—a private dispute breaks out, and the result is an intestine war. The governor hearing of this disorder, comes to the place, drives the mutineers from the citadel, and has them shot. Peace is re-established, and all is well.

"But, two hours afterwards, another revolt breaks out, the same disorder follows, and the same punishment cuts off another body of men.—Peace is again restored.

"But, six hours afterwards, the same thing happens a third time ;—and peace is again perfectly re-established. True, but there remains now but one body of men, and the citadel has only five thousand left to resist the attacks of the enemy from without. It would be impossible to hold out long with so reduced a force, it must surrender or die.

"This is the plan adopted by the old school of medicine. A doctor visits his patient, examines him, and discovers an inflammation of the lungs, namely, that there is too much blood in this organ. This causes the disturbance, and to quiet it, he bleeds the first time, for the purpose of taking from the general mass, the blood which had gone where it ought not to have gone. A calm succeeds, but in two hours, the same disturbance again commences ; the patient is bled a second time.

"There is another apparent calm, but in six hours there is a fresh disturbance—followed by a third bleeding. And so matters go on, until the patient dies from mere exhaustion.

"You will observe, that it is precisely at the moment when the patient is attacked by the enemy, and has the most need of his strength, that the doctor comes and deprives him of it, by taking away his blood.

"But I will continue the comparison ; if when the governor of the citadel comes and finds out the disturbance, and either by menaces or persuasion, succeeds in making the rebels return to their post, he will have restored order without the expulsion of a single man ; the complement of the soldiers will have remained entire, and strong enough to resist the attacks of the enemy.

"Thus in the case of inflammation of the lungs ; if, instead of taking away the blood, you have a means of

cooling it, and bringing it into order, the patient will keep his strength, and be able to oppose the malady, which is his enemy, with unimpaired energy, and all the elasticity of his vital principle.

"Now, happily we possess this means. We have a remedy of which a few drops can appease all this feverish revolt of the vital fluid, as a few drops of cold water can stop the ebullition of the milk; or, as a few menacing, or persuasive words from the governor, can put down a revolt in the citadel."

This time the captain was completely convinced, both of his error, and of the truth of the arguments. We continued our little chat till we came to the town, and before separating he said—"Doctor, I swear by Austerlitz, if ever I have an inflammation of the lungs, they shall never bleed me!"

Spoliative Bleeding.—This is one of the most flagrant errors of the Allopathic school, and above all, of the organician school.

In order to make you thoroughly understand this prejudice, I will say a few words upon the composition of blood.

Blood contains two distinct parts; the serum or watery, and the fibrous part. Put some blood into a basin, and you will see it separate into these two elements. The coagulated fibrine will swim like a cake in the middle of the *serum*. This cake is called the *clot*, and the thick, yellowish coating, which covers it, the *inflammatory coat*. Now, in inflammatory maladies, it is always the fibrine which is guilty; therefore it is that part which should be diminished by the spoliative bleeding.

This is prejudice in all its strength of fibre.

However much I try to avoid encumbering my arguments with too numerous citations, I cannot here do less, than bring forward the confessions of the princes of

the science, *true Allopathic MATADORS* ; remember I have already warned you.

That fibrine predominates in all inflammatory states, has been proved by the experiments of many learned pathologists, such as Messrs. Andral and Gavaret. But that the fibrine be the inflammatory element, is plainly false. That would be to confound the effect with the cause.

What then is the cause of the predominance of the fibrine? — Inflammation. — But what is the cause of the inflammation? — This is the difficult and often impossible part of the question. This word: *inflammation* is moreover so elastic, that it binds itself with equal readiness to the negative or affirmative.

Listen to the immortal physiologist, Magendie:—" After all our experiments, which have an indisputable character of *truth*, will you have the courage to bleed in order to combat that ridiculous bugbear of pathologists (inflammation), when the inflammatory coat shows itself in all states, in health, as well as in disease?" (Vol. VI. page 3—32.)

Listen to professor Andral:—" We must not believe that the fibrine of the blood diminishes, either by repeated bleedings, or by a long course of diet.—Whatever be the malady, you will never see the fibrine diminish, either by the one means or the other." (*Mémoire à l'academie*, page 282.)

The same author says again:—" Amongst the means employed in inflammatory states, bleeding occupies the first rank ; I have naturally been obliged to examine, how far bleeding, more or less frequently repeated, had the power of relieving the blood promptly or slowly, from an excess of fibrine. Now, we find, that however abundant and repeated be the bleedings, the fibrine of

the blood, does not the less go on increasing." (*Traité d'hématologie*, page 122).

In another place, he is still more explicit:—"And this confirms our opinions on the progress and duration of inflammations. We believe, that it is a grand mistake to suppose that we can stop the progress of an inflammation by bleeding."

I could bring forwards the assertions of many other celebrated authors, such as Bichat, Louis, Lobstein of Strasburg, Reil, Hudson, Parmentier, Deyeux, &c., who in fact, only say in other terms, what we have just quoted.

Purgative Bleeding.—This is doubtless the first time these two words have ever been coupled one with the other. I do not employ this expression here, in the sense of *purgation*, but of *purification*.

We must bleed they say, because the blood is bad. You must then, be careful to take away the bad, and separate it from the good.

How often have you not heard that? This is certainly an error which ought to be banished to the region of illiterate brains, and never occupy a place in the lancet case of a medical man.

The common people are not expected to know that there is red blood in the arteries, and black in the veins. Neither when they see a lamb or a sheep slaughtered, are they supposed to know that these animals are killed by cutting the carotid arteries. They see a red fluid escape from the wound; they are therefore accustomed to represent blood to themselves as of a bright red colour, and fancy that it can only be pure when it is red; when they see black blood run from a wound, they take it for granted this blood is bad.

— My good friend, you are in error, and in an error

that often proves fatal to your health! When you see black blood flowing from the wound made in your arm, you rejoice to think you have no longer such impure blood in your veins! Alas! how I pity you! You believe it is so bad, that it can scarcely run! And when a clumsy surgeon cannot hit the vein with his vile lancet, he tells you the blood is too thick and impure to flow, and you believe him! And when he tells you, that you will repair the loss by a good meal, you believe that too! Poor fellow! how I pity you! You allow yourself to be bled like a lamb, and the butcher, drawing his smoking knife from your throat, wipes it dry on your wool into the bargain!

The bad blood must be taken away!

In some affections I allow, the *chemical* elements of the vital fluid present some analytical differences in their proportions; but alas; have these analyses enlightened therapeutics?

Certain chemists I know, have laboured to penetrate into the secrets of etiology, by means of their formulæ and tests. Certain learned physicians have wished to imitate them; and allowing themselves to be seduced by the dreams of the alchemists, have expected to find the nature of diseases at the bottom of a bason of blood.

Happy delusion!

Here is a simple fact which will prove to us the dependence that may be placed on the science of these Aruspices.

One of the chief priests of the school of Paris, had ordered equal quantities of blood to be placed in two separate basons. These specimens had been furnished by two patients, one had inflammation of the lungs, the other typhus fever. The professor was to give a lesson to his pupils the following day, on the changes of blood

in disease, and on the inferences to be drawn from them. Next day, Professor . . . — I had almost said the name, but through a sense of modesty I must be silent—the professor took hold of a bason, shewed it as containing the manifestations of inflammation of the lungs, and began to improvise a discourse, prepared and learned by heart, on the most approved principles.

After the first few sentences, the house pupil began to make the most indiscreet movements, and seemed as though he were sitting on hot coals.

The professor looked at him with a severe and inquiring glance, but the pupil dared not speak.

The doctor continued his lecture for a moment ;—again the pupil seemed very uneasy.

The professor cast another searching look at the pupil, who then whispered in his ear :

“That’s the blood from the typhus fever patient.”

. “Cette LEÇON vaut bien un fromage sans doute,

“*Le Docteur*, honteux et confus,

“Jura, mais un peu tard, qu’on ne l’y prendrait plus.”

But let us suppose for a moment, that there *is* bad blood. How will you take it away ?

How can you tell the difference between the bad and the good, since both run from the same opening, and are both the same colour ? By what sign will you know when to close the vein, in order to stop the good from escaping ? All the means in the world would but deceive.

. “Which LESSON if you please,

Is doubtless worth the cheese ;

‘A bit too late’; the *Doctor* swore

The rogue should never cheat him *more*.”

We are no longer in the days of the Aruspices ; and the fashion for interrogating the blood of palpitating victims, is quite out of date.

You could more easily with your eyes shut, pick out the white hairs and leave the black on a head turning grey. You might as well mix wine and vinegar in a cask, try to draw off the vinegar and leave the wine.

You may bleed, and bleed again, with the idea of removing bad blood, and what will you have effected ? You fancy you purified the blood, and washed out the vessel ? Nothing of the kind. You have but diluted the fluid !

Be assured of this ; you may drain a patient to the last drop of blood, without having purified it.

Jugular Bleeding.—This is the best, the most decisive, and above all the most expeditious ; one that never jokes, and does not amuse itself with the first scratches of the sword. It is too fiery a duellist, to wipe out the quarrel with the first drop of blood ; it puts the knife unmistakably to the throat, in a word, *elle jugule la maladie*.

This method of bleeding belongs to Galen. That patriarch of medicine bled until the patient fainted ; he based his practise on the notion, that such a loss of blood all at once, caused a revolution in the machine, which carried off the disease. He calls this method, *cutting the throat of the fever*. (*Method, medendi* lib. 9, c 4.) He says he has taken, 54 oz. of blood from a patient in one day. Nevertheless he allows, that he was not slow to perceive the abuse of these excessive bleedings, and humbly confesses to have seen several patients die under this system of bleeding in the jugular vein. In the latter part of his life, he enjoins greater prudence in this respect. His first precept ought to have remained in

oblivion, and whoever has imitated him in his sin, should imitate him in his penitence also. But succeeding generations of medical men have not been washed from the original sin, and this immortal practitioner, would be not a little surprised, could he rise again in the nineteenth century, to find his method not only existing, but imbued with new life.

Professor Bouillaud, has gathered this fatal apple from the old tree of the knowledge of good and evil. He has taken possession of the notion of Galen, disguised it as well as he could, and brought it out as new. It has all the polish of the antique idea; he has but re-baptized it. The new name is, *la saignée coup-sur-coup*.—(repeated bleedings). Many doctors believe him to be the legitimate father of this Hydra of Lerna, and I have often heard it said in the schools. *Bouillaud's jugular bleeding*.

Yet all the blood that is spilt on the ground, does not cry *vengeance* against him, as against his predecessor, the too famous Broussais. He declared, that all diseases arose from a change in the blood, either in quantity or quality. This idea formed a school, which unfortunately, has become too celebrated, and nursed in it's bosom thousands of *vampires* that have gone forth to practice, like *wolves, seeking to devour*.

This man of genius did a great deal of harm, and yet we should bow with respect before his tomb, for had he lived a few years more, he would have rendered great service to our doctrine. Do you remember his solemn words?

Would that his repentance were imitated by his disciples. But alas! they remain in obstinate darkness, though surrounded by the light of the most startling facts.

Permit me here to relate you an incident, apparently very simple, but which in a moral point of view is of immense importance.

One day, I was called to see a stranger just arrived in our town, who had caught an inflammation of the lungs on his journey. I treated him five days ; on the morning of the sixth, I found a visible improvement and said to those who inquired about him, that I considered him out of danger.

I was not aware, that one of his friends, a violent enemy to Homœopathy,—came very often to see my patient, and most strenuously opposed the treatment. Now on the evening of the sixth day, the invalid had one of those slight relapses which so often occur in these complaints. Nevertheless, when I saw him I found the symptoms not unfavourable, and maintained my opinion.

What was my astonishment, when a person came two hours afterwards, to tell me that another doctor had been called in, by the anti-Homœopathic friend of the sick man. This doctor came at five o'clock. He had been a pupil of Broussais, and swears only by his shadow ; he is perhaps the greatest *bleeder* in our town. He *pronounced that the patient had an inflammation of the lungs, that he was not going on badly*, and added, as he left the house,—“ *Let the doctor who is attending him know, that I shall come to bleed him towards midnight.*”

So this was a real case of inflammation of the lungs ; and this malady, treated by pure Homœopathy, was running it's course in a very satisfactory manner ; the patient was doing well, since the doctor was not afraid to delay his bleeding, till six hours after his first visit.

But why, Oh disciple of Broussais, did you bleed this man at all? Did you consult your conscience before

taking his blood? A Homœopathic doctor can hardly be present at an Allopathic treatment; he has nothing to learn, nothing to see in the manœuvres which he has laid aside; it would be but a compromise of his dignity and self-respect. But you Sir, had you possessed one globule of good faith, you would have said,—this patient is going on as well as possible, he is on the way of recovery, and is treated by Homœopathy; let the treatment be continued. I will even visit the patient, to see the new system at work, and I shall be too happy to prove by an evident fact, whether it be true or false.

This is what you ought to have done Sir, instead of laughing at a doctrine of which you were ignorant, of slandering it in drawing-rooms, where you seem to be in the right, *because there is no one to contradict you!* But this is what you have not done, because your good faith is in too infinitesimal a dose.

The stranger did not die. He came to see me during his long convalescence, and after thanking me for my attention, said,—“Sir, I am not yet well.” He consulted me about eight months after his illness, and he again said,—“Sir, I am not yet well.”

Had this been told the disciple of Brôussais, what would he have replied? “What would have become of the man, if he had *not* been bled?”

But I do not hesitate to say, that without the bleeding, he would have been cured, and scarcely had any period of convalescence.

But what most forcibly proves, that he did not want bleeding is, that he was only bled once. When a disciple of Broussais begins to bleed, does he know when to stop? You must allow, the patient was only bled out of systematic opposition.

This reminds me of a circumstance which happened

in a large hospital practise, and gives us an idea of the pitch of absurdity to which obstinacy can go, when once a man is possessed by the spirit of system.

The professor in his round, ordered a certain patient to be bled. A pupil who was about to receive his diploma, ventured to point out some counter indications—but the professor persisted. His word was law; the patient was bled, and died during the night. On the morrow, the pupil awaited the professor:—"Sir, the patient is dead." The reply was, "what would the consequence have been, had he not been bled!"

What can you say to that? "*La raison du plus fort, est toujours la meilleure.*"—Might is right.

But let us close this digression, and quote the confessions of some celebrities.

Mons. Forget, professor in the Faculty of Strasbourg says:—"There are many medical men, who assure us, that bleeding is a delusion, a myth, perhaps a POISON in inflammation of the lungs."

Professor Cruveilhier says:—"Pleurisy is certainly one of the complaints for which the treatment by bleeding has been most generally employed; yet I have never seen it, however energetically used, stop the fever, (JUGULER LA FIÈVRE) which lasts from five to nine days; on the contrary, how often do we see the fever appear with redoubled force after a long fainting fit, produced by copious bleeding!"

The celebrated Laennec says:—"By bleeding (in pneumonia), one may generally obtain a diminution of the fever, oppression, and bloody expectoration, which makes the patient and nurses fancy that the invalid is progressing towards convalescence, but in about ninety-five hours, the symptoms re-appear in an aggravated form: and the same thing often occurs.

five or six times, after as many repeated bleedings, (saignées coup-sur-coup)."

I could bring forward quotations enough to form a special Conference. But I will pass them by, and only bring before you, these admirable words of the illustrious Lordat :

"Bleeding to syncope," said the immortal physiologist, *"is the knout of therapeutics. It puts it out of the power of those it has not killed, to manifest any symptoms for sometime ; but as the Russians, thus flogged often fall again into the same fault, which merited the punishment ; so THE AFFECTION WHICH REQUIRED THE BLEEDING, REPRODUCES THE SAME SYMPTOMS, so soon as the system has acquired sufficient strength to form them. Does it not seem to you, that these torturers and therapeutists are about on a par?"*

It ought now to be plain to you, that jugular bleeding does not *cut the throat* of the malady ; and that if it cut the throat of anything, it is that of the poor patient.

What is the usual number of *repeated* bleedings ? (*Saignées coup-sur-coup*). It is not limited. You may draw away every drop of blood—and as Professor Andral has said somewhere, the patient *remains defenceless*.

Bleed, bleed on ! There is no law to regulate the use of your lancet. The criminal code, which provides for so many crimes, has not a single article against bleeding patients to death.

The facetious Bordeu, wishing to condemn the abuse of bleeding, too much extolled by Chirac, whose ideas on universal inflammation were so exclusive, said, "I have seen a medical man, who put no bounds to bleeding. When he had bled three times, he bled a fourth, because, said he, the year has four seasons, there are four parts of the world, four ages and four cardinal points. After the

fourth bleeding, he bled a fifth time, because there are five fingers on the hand. To the fifth, he added a sixth, because God created the world in six days!!! However, seven were necessary, because the week has seven days, and Greece seven wise men!!! But eight is a round number, and better still is nine, *quidà numero Deus impari gaudet*,* "God likes uneven numbers"!!!

Triller (*De pleuritide*) calls *Hemaphobes*, those who are too timid to bleed frequently. But he would certainly have knighted such a practitioner as this, had he been a sovereign; though I doubt very much if he would have called him in for himself, had he been attacked with pleurisy.

Here then you have jugular bleeding, and repeated bleeding in all its *beau idéal*. Against so violent an attack, what can the poor patient do? The famous saying of Corneille becomes too weak here, and loses half its point,—"What could he do, not against three, but against six, against eight? but die!"

Whenever I think of Mons. Bouillaud, this great Torquemada of therapeutics, the association of my ideas always brings to my mind La Fontaine's fable of *The animals sick of the plague*.

Un mal qui répand la terreur,
Mais que le Ciel en sa fureur,
Inventa pour punir les crimes de la terre,
La peste,—*la saignée*,—(puisqu' il faut l'appeler par son nom),
Capable d'enrichir en un jour l'Achéron, &c.*

' The sorest ill that Heaven hath,
Sent on this lower world in wrath,
—— *Bleeding*, to call it by its name,
One single day of which,
Would Pluto's ferryman enrich,"—

The animals hold a counsel, and deliberate on the means to be employed in order to appease the anger of Heaven. It is agreed that one is to be sacrificed as an expiation of the crime. Each one is to make his confession; so that the most guilty may be discovered. The lion takes the lead, and says :—

Ne nous flattons donc point; voyons sans indulgence
L'état de notre conscience.

Pour moi, satisfaisant mes appétits gloutons,*
J'ai dévoré force moutons.

Que m'avaient-ils fait? nulle offense;

*Même il m'est arrivé quelquefois de manger le berger.**

Your bleedings, Mons. Bouillaud have cut the throat of the *disease*, and it may sometimes have happened, of the *diseased*. But never mind, you need not fear the assizes; an academician offers you consolation.

Vos scrupules font voir trop de délicatesse,
Eh bien! manger mouton, canaille, sotte espèce;
Est-ce un péché? Non, non; Vous leur fîtes, *Saigneur*,
En les croquant beaucoup d'honneur.†

* "Then let us all turn eyes within
And ferret out the hidden sin,
Himself let no one spare nor flatter
But make clean conscience in the matter:
For me—my appetite has played the glutton,
Too much and often upon mutton;
What harm had e'er my victims done?
In answer, truly—None;
*Perhaps sometimes by hunger pressed,
I've eat the shepherd with the rest.*"—

† "Sire, said the Fox, your Majesty,
Is humbler than a king should be,
And over squeamish in the case.
What! eating stupid sheep a crime?
No never, Sire, at any time.
It rather is an act of grace,
A mark of honour to their race."

Make yourselves quite easy gentlemen, it is only the poor Homœopathic doctor who will be the victim. Cry, *Out on the ass!*

The moral.

Dear clients, you are to be bled, and then pay.

Revulsive and derivative Bleeding.—This is the grand *hobby of all the Jérôme Paturots going in search of* a therapeutic means of combatting congestions of the blood.

We have not yet said what bleeding really is, that is to say, in its mechanical action.

Is bleeding in general a medical act, in the vitalist acceptation of the word?

Certainly not! What do you do when you bleed? You merely practise hydraulics, nothing else! You partly empty the vessels, diminish the mass of blood, cause a virtual emptiness in the passages, and, in virtue of the physical laws which regulate the levels of liquids, that which you take away is replaced by a new one, arising from the extension of the entire mass. And you call that; the practise of medicine!

What is your object when you employ one of these pretended revulsive, or derivative bleedings? To turn the blood from its abnormal course, to disperse the inflammatory current which congests one part, and that by means of inducing the liquid which causes this congestion to turn from its course, and replace that which you have taken away? But you are in fact completely mistaken. Reflect a moment, and this will become quite evident. Here is a ship which is letting in water by an accidental opening. You set the pumps to work, to get rid of the water, which otherwise would have sunk the vessel.

That seems reasonable; but see!—the ship is not yet

dry, the danger is still threatening. How is that? You have overlooked the root of the matter. Close the aperture by which the water enters, and your efforts will be effectual. The dangerous point is where the fatal wave is rushing in, it is there you must look for the *pars mandans* of Barthez, the part which gives the word of command. If you act only upon the receiving part, *pars recipiens*, you will soon go to the bottom.

That is rational.

I will again quote the wise observations of Professor Andral, whose words are an authority for you :

"By either local or general bleeding," says he, *"you can in no wise remove this other unknown cause, under whose influence an organ is congested It would be utterly useless to repeat bleedings ; WERE THERE BUT ONE DROP OF BLOOD LEFT IN THE WHOLE ECONOMY, IT WOULD IN SPITE OF BLEEDING, FLOW WHERE THE STIMULATING CAUSE CALLS IT ; it is then this cause, far more than the congestion (which is but an effect) ; that you should understand and combat."* Andral, Anat. Pathog. Vol. I, p. 25.

The learned professor of Paris, seems to revel in this idea, for he has repeated it very often in his lessons.

Thus in a clinical lecture he again says. *"Were there but one drop of blood in the economy, it would flow towards the irritated part. This is one of the great objections that may be made to the method generally adopted in France, which consists in treating inflammatory action by bleeding only. It is very certain, that though this relieves the congestion of the inflamed part for a moment, the unknown cause is in no way removed, but under its influence, the blood being removed from the ordinary course of circulation, has a constant tendency to accumulate in the part*

where the inflammatory action exists." *Clinique Médicale*, Vol. III, page 152.

Mons. Bousquet, the clumsy defender of revulsion—when speaking of inflammation, before the whole Academy, said with an energy worthy of a Homœopath :

"Neither bleedings, nor the most irritating revulsives can give inflammation the mobility it does not possess, or oblige it to change its place. YOU MIGHT TAKE EVERY DROP OF BLOOD FROM A SICK PERSON ; YOU MIGHT PLAY THE WHOLE SURFACE OF THE BODY, WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO CUT SHORT THE SLIGHTEST INFLAMMATION."

Van Helmont, in his clinical lecture, says in treating of the same subject : *"A new proof amongst a thousand others, that inflammation does not arise from a plethoric state is, that SHOULD THERE REMAIN BUT ONE DROP OF BLOOD IN THE ECONOMY, IT WOULD FLOW TO THE IRRITATED PLACE, as it has been frequently remarked."*

Mons. Dubois of Amiens, also says in his general pathology, *"that congestions are owing to essentially vital phenomena, and are independant of a more or less quantity of blood."*

In the very face of such confessions, will you still venture to speak of derivation and revulsion ? But, à propos of this, what do you make of your famous axiom *tolle causam* ? You are always crying out TAKE AWAY THE CAUSE, and the effect will then disappear. How can you venture to accuse us of symptomatic practice only, you, who in diseases so well marked, as inflammatory ones, only treat the effect, and completely neglect the cause ? You amuse yourselves with throwing handfuls of sand into the stream of water which bathes your feet, and think by this means to dry it up ! I have seen children do that.

Let us now say a word on the puerilities which belong to the pretended revulsive bleeding.

Triller (*De pleuritide*) amongst other questions puts this :—In what part should we bleed? He and many others say that we should bleed the arm, on the same side as the pain. Further on, in his commentaries on Cælius Aurelianus, he says, that this author and others, bleed on the opposite side. That is in case one side only is affected; but if the stabbing pain of pleurisy manifests itself on both sides, what is to be done? I wish he had put that question to himself. No doubt, in order to satisfy every one, the patient must be bled in both arms. We will take this in sober earnest, for I know practitioners who would be capable even of that.

Some would bleed in the *angles*, others in the neck, &c. And all these puerile opinions are based on certain caprices of nature, or on the assertion of some father of medicine. Thus certain bleedings of the nose relieve head aches; that from the right nostril corresponds to obstruction of the liver, of the left to obstruction of the spleen. I don't remember who said that. Hippocrates perhaps? But, what would they have said, had it been Hahnemann?

But, here is an objection which is made on all sides : *Should not persons be immediately bled in apoplexy?*

Why bleed? Upon what principle? On your principle of revulsion? Do you still hold this opinion, notwithstanding the very severe and explicit admonitions of your professors? Let us examine the thing, it is worth the trouble.

What is apoplexy? Apart from all scholastic definitions, it is the rush of some liquid or fluid to an organ, whatever be the cause. I do not stop to examine if there be several kinds, or to consider if the term be

general or particular. It is only a question here of cerebral and sanguine apoplexy, the immediate effects of which are, a sudden and more or less complete loss of consciousness, feeling, and motion.

Now, is apoplexy, or this impetuous *raptus* of blood towards the brain, the cause or the effect? If it be but the effect,—and you will not venture to say to the contrary,—is it possible to know the cause? Whatever it be, is not this cause always vital?

Have the various kinds of apoplexy sufficiently well marked symptoms to prevent their being confounded one with another? Is it possible to form a diagnosis as to whether there be or not be, effusion in the cerebral mass?—Can atmospheric pressure exercise an influence on the bony covering of the brain, and regulate the circulation of the blood, in the same way as it exercises an influence on the walls of the thorax, and changes the level of the *vital liquid*?

All these questions are worthy of your profoundest meditations.

Consult the observations made on this subject by Messrs. Cruveilhier, Andral, Etmuller, Grisolle, Valleix, Béraud, Robin, Voillot, Lallemaud, and *L'union médicale* of the 5th February, 1853, and you will see all the therapeutic purport of bleeding in apoplexy.

Professor Cruveilhier relates in his lectures, that having been sent for to a person, in imminent danger from cerebral apoplexy, he at once bled him. Scarcely was the vein closed, when the patient fell into a state of hemiplegia.—“And,” added he, “the friends of the sick man did not fail to say, that my lancet had done the mischief.”

I could cite you a hundred such observations.

Read the thesis of Mons. Cornil (11th April, 1851); read the *Recherches* of Lallemaud, on affections of the

brain, and you will better see, how much more hurtful than useful, bleeding generally is in apoplexy.

Is it possible to form a diagnosis of the different kinds of apoplexy? Listen—" *With regard to sanguine and nervous apoplexy it must be allowed,*" said Professor Grisolle, "*there exists no means of avoiding error.*"

" *In any well authenticated case,*" says Mons. Valleix, "*it has not been possible to form a diagnosis, the men most conversant with the subject HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY DECEIVED.*"

Notwithstanding all my efforts to circumscribe quotations, I cannot resist my desire to give you an extract, from a work published by Mons. J. Béraud, formerly Anatomical Assistant of the Faculty of Paris, and by Mons. Charles Robin, Associate Professor of the same Faculty.

" *The skull is an incompressible case ; it is true there exists no barometric space in its cavity, but there is a virtual one, for which reason not one ounce of blood can leave the brain, without another entering it. The cephalo-rachidian fluid cannot replace it, because the vessels are themselves incompressible. In virtue of this space, the vessels of the brain can never empty themselves. Examine the head of a criminal, as Bécclard, Abercrombie, and Professor Bérard have done ; or examine the cavity of the brain of a person who died from hæmorrhage, and you will always find a large quantity of blood. Poumier observed, that animals which died from hæmorrhage, had still a considerable amount of blood in the brain. This gives rise to a very perplexing question in practise. Apoplectic patients have been known to grow worse after bleeding. The pressure on the brain was diminished, and the vessels immediately brought blood to fill the*

virtual space. From this arises the paradoxical remark, that persons were threatened with apoplexy after a copious bleeding. The blood then, constantly inclines to rush to the cavity of the brain, and if there did not exist a special determination to that part, circulation would be totally impossible." (*Manuel de physiologie de l'homme, etc.*—1853, page 360.)

Thus, the impossibility in most cases, of distinguishing between the various kinds of apoplexy ; the inefficiency of bleeding to stop the inflammatory *raptus*, and the dangers frequently incurred by this means. Is more than this necessary to induce a medical man to sheathe his sword in presence of a case of apoplexy ?

Is it possible to know the cause of apoplexy ? Sometimes it is ; why not then direct all your attention to it ? A violent emotion, agreeable or disagreeable, an indigestion, the abuse of alcoholic drinks, a blow, a fall, &c., are so many causes which may engender the *raptus*. Why then not treat this cause ? I will not say how *we* act in such cases ; that is not the question ; I have only to blame your plan, not to praise ours.

Would you have a faint idea of Allopathic treatment in apoplexy ? Read page 25 of the *Vade mecum du médecin praticien*, and see what is said on the subject by Messrs. Amédée Moure, and Henri Martin. Excuse the comparison, but this is really the very carnival of therapeutics.

APOPLEXY. *Destroy the cerebral congestion.*

Here is the precept, nothing can be more easy what assurance !!! IS IT A SANGUINE CONGESTION ? *General bleeding, more or less repeated in the arm, foot, jugular vein, temporal artery ; numerous leeches to the perineum, anus, cupping in the neck, the mastoid apophyses, the nostrils, the occiput ; mus-*

tard plasters, purgative drinks, potions, injections, &c., &c.

You see that these gentlemen do not waste their time.

IS THE CONGESTION SEROUS?—what assurance! these two apoplexies then are as easy to define as the right and left eye!

Insist less on bleeding, and more on cutaneous and intestinal revulsions. Infusion of arnica.

Here I stop you, gentlemen; why arnica? who told you that? Take care, that begins to smell of Homœopathy!

IS THE APOPLEXY SYMPATHETIC WITH OTHER AFFECTIONS? *First, adopt the treatment suitable to apoplexy, and these other affections.*

What is more easy in fact, than to direct several battles, and push on your army to confront many enemies at once. Here the infantry, there the cavalry, the artillery everywhere, there is nothing else to do but give the word of command.

You see, for great evils there must be great remedies. It is almost enough to make one wish for an attack of apoplexy. To be sure, it might be the death of you, but what of that? You would have the consolation of saying, "What more could have been done?" And if by chance, you escaped, it would have been such good luck! *à vaincre sans péril, on triomphe sans gloire.* To conquer without danger, is to triumph without glory.

Preventive Bleeding.—Here I will be brief. This partial question has been already settled in the preceding considerations. This kind of bleeding is certainly very absurd and very irrational, nevertheless it is still in vogue; patients even ask for it, and doctors are weak enough to indulge their wishes. Thus, instead of rooting out this prejudice, they water it with the blood of the credulous.

You have just experienced a violent emotion, or given way to a fit of passion, had a fall, or received a blow; be bled at once, or you will have an attack of apoplexy. Nearly every day, some workman on the railway comes and asks me to bleed him, because he has been frightened by some accident. In such cases, I always give the suitable remedy, and say, "Take this first, and if to-morrow you want bleeding, I will bleed you." *Not once* have I been applied to a second time. I am happy to say, that since I have treated these interesting mechanics, my hands are pure from their blood. And why take away a single drop? They need it in order to labour, and gain their daily bread. The workman's fortune is his blood.

Habitual Bleeding.—It is really incomprehensible how persons have adopted the habit during a long series of years, of permitting a subtraction of their vital powers at certain seasons. They go periodically to the surgeon, hold out their arm to the lancet, to have their blood purified, just as they take their watches to the watchmaker to be cleaned.

My blood wages war against me!

This is the fruit of false ideas on pretended plethora. Plethora! this grand bugbear of the lovers of life. Your blood wages war against you, and now and then, you are in the habit of being bled! May I tell you?—you pay too much attention to the aphorisms of Brillat-Savarin, and too little to the laws of labour.

You have too much blood and fat! go for a month and share the customs, cares, and fatigues of peasants and workmen. Go with them to the fields or workshop, and lose about a quart of perspiration a day; eat and drink what you find on their table, and then come and tell me if you want bleeding!

Homicidal Bleeding.—The association of these two words may perhaps surprise you ; nevertheless they agree perfectly well together.

There are cases, where bleeding is directly, voluntarily, and undoubtedly homicidal.

Hippocrates neither bled children nor old people, even Galen at last recommended the greatest circumspection at these extremes of life. But in our day, they are not so particular. Probably a Louis XI. might be found to drink the blood of children ! When a *ravering wolf* pounces down on a flock, the tender lambs are nice picking, and the old sheep, though a little tough, are yet food for his cruel teeth.

Bleed children !—Let them be devoured by those hideous black worms !—arrest and dry up the course of the vital stream, at the very moment when it begins to spring under the first impulse of life !

Bleed an old man !—Blow on this brand, whose last spark casts a flickering gleam over the shadows of his declining days ! Bleed an old man, spoil him of the last drop of life, as a thief robs the beggar of his last rag !

Bleed that delicate and consumptive youth !—extinguish in his trembling and frozen hands, the torch of life which sheds its feeble ray on his hectic cheek, as the autumn sun reddens the hill side with its dying beams ! Bleed ! to stop the hemorrhage of his feeble lungs ! Break this fragile vessel, because it allows the liquid to escape, which it can no longer contain !

Bleed the unfortunate Duc d'Orléans, the sad victim of fatal imprudence ! Open the veins of that cold body, almost a corpse ! Smother all re-action of the last efforts of life ! Cut the only thread which holds him suspended over the abyss of the tomb !

These are so many crimes, committed, if not by medical men, at least by the false principles they adopt.

I remember long ago, having bled a man in the third stage of pulmonary consumption. "Bleed me," said he, "I am only ill from having too much blood." I bled him, and he died three days afterwards. How often have I repented this deed! I hasten however to say, that I only acted in accordance with the orders of my professor, and it was then only the first month of my pupilage. I also remember having been called in to see a young medical student, who was just about to receive his diploma. He was spitting blood, and in the second stage of that fatal malady, so well known and so seldom cured. He immediately asked me to bleed him, but I refused.—"Doctor," said he, "if the spitting of blood returns, I will be bled." He was pretty much in the right; the best means of hindering any one from vomiting blood, is to take it from him.

A fresh hemorrhage occurred a month after. There was the same request on his part, and refusal on mine. He then called in another medical man, more yielding, who bled him. The sick man died, and his friends said, he would not have died had I bled him at first. Sad error, and sad despair!

Dr. Frappart, a friend of Broussais, said one day in melancholy repentance, pointing to the bust of the immortal Galin; *There is a man, whose death I hastened ten years by bleeding.*

Descartes said on his dying bed, to the doctors who were preparing to bleed him; *Gentlemen, spare French blood!*

Let medical men profit by this lesson, and meditate on the solemn words of the celebrated philosopher!

Let them above all, remember in their practice the

confession of Magendie : "*For more than ten years,*" said the professor to his pupils, "*I have not had recourse to more copious bleedings than from sixty to eighty grammes; in other words, I have chosen rather to act on the minds of my patients than on the circulation, and I do not fear to affirm, that my practice has not been less successful in consequence.*"

Leeches, Cupping.—May I speak to you, mothers of families, of the little black reptiles which regale themselves with such a cruel appetite, on the blood of your tender children? Why watch over those little beings with the fondest solicitude? Why bend over their cradles with such joy and love? Why spread the softest carpet under their first footsteps in the path of life? Why banish from their games the smallest risk of danger? Why ever cover them with your warm and anxious wing? Their faintest cry agitates you, their smallest emotion alarms, their least suffering makes you weep. — And yet you give them up to be eaten by leeches! You let their blood, which is your own, be sucked by those filthy creatures! You serve up their flesh, which is your own flesh, as a dainty dish to these little vampires! Go,—live in the Aleutian archipelago!

Leeches, Cupping.—All details on these barbarous means would, I think, be superfluous, after all we have just said on the inutility, the prejudice, and the danger of bleeding. I will only read you an article from a political journal, which banishes and brands them in the most signal manner. It is a kind of profession of faith in Homœopathy, made by Mons. Louis Jourdan, editor of the *Siècle du 5 Janvier*, 1856.

"Would you believe, that we are still barbarous enough in France, to permit the old system of medicine to apply, one year with another, forty million leeches to the bodies

of our sick friends and relatives! Supposing the quantity of human blood with which every leech gorges itself, and that which escapes from the opening made by its triangular fang, be equal to about two ounces only, we should come to this result; that the average of blood shed each year by the doctors' orders, is eighty million ounces. This is a total of about five million pounds of blood, that is, to say, a river of blood, of the vital element *par excellence*, of which nature has probably only given us what is strictly necessary.

And we have the folly to believe, we are a civilized people! The leech has its violent partisans, and opponents; I am amongst the latter And this is why Homœopathy which excludes leeches and bleeding from its practice, is according to my idea, the best system of medicine. The day—when the same thing happens to leech dealers that happened to the masters of the post horses, when they saw the first railway train pass by,—that day, O Broussais! (may your great shadow forgive it), will be a grand day for all humanity.

Let us take courage, for when the powerful voice of the public thunders against an abuse, that abuse is not far from its fall. Moreover, it must be confessed, the present generation of doctors, is much more moderate in the use of these homicidal means. There are scarcely now any but the old disciples of Broussais, whose trembling hand pierces the vital reservoir of their unfortunate patients.

Yes, by degrees, all these prejudices will disappear from pure and sound therapeutics. By degrees, the progress of our civilization will destroy all these errors. And a day will come, in which leeches will only figure as curiosities in the collections of annelides. And, if in future generations a lancet should be found in some

subterranean excavation, it will be placed in a museum beside the broken weapons of the Persians and Romans. And when they talk of what was done in 1858, no one will believe it, not even children; *nec pueri credent ista*, as Juvenal says.

Having formally, conscientiously, and frankly given my opinion on this scientific jury, permit me to repeat these energetic words of Thiers:

“Yes, the evil is great, greater than we can express; well! far from bowing before it, because it is great, I strike at its root.” (*Moniteur du 18 Mars*, 1846).

And in order to show all the respect I feel for the medical body in general, I venture to apply the thought expressed by a skilful political writer:

“God forbid that I should accuse men, who, acting according to the measure of their light, have followed the dictates of their conscience, and have not ventured to take upon themselves the responsibilities of such important matters. I have been able to combat the opinions of nearly all; I have never questioned the probity or devotedness of any one.” (*Proudhon, La Révolution sociale*, page 56.)

Fourteenth Conference.

A COMEDY ALWAYS NEW

The Countryman to the Physician.—Sir, he can hold out no longer; and he says he has the most dreadful head-ache in the world.

First Physician.—The patient is a fool; the more so, because in his distemper, it is not in the head, according to Galen, but in the spleen, he ought to feel the pain.

Countryman.—Whatever it be sir, he has been bad in his inside for six months past.

First Physician.—Well! that is a sign that his inside is getting clear

Countrywoman to the Physician.—Sir, my father gets worse and worse every day.

First Physician.—That is not my fault. I give him medicine; why does not he get better? How many times has he been bled?

Countrywoman.—Fifteen times, sir, in the last twenty days.

First Physician.—Bled fifteen times?

Countrywoman.—Yes.

First Physician.—And he is not cured?

Countrywoman.—No, sir.

First Physician.—It is a sign the distemper is not in the blood. We will purge him as many times, to see if it is not in the humours

Apothecary.—That is the end; the end of physic.

Molière. *M. de Pourceaugnac.* Act 1. Scene 8.

"*And the times*" are not changed ! .

The Comedy of our immortal Satirist seems to have been written but yesterday. Not one of his roses is faded, not one of his thorns has lost its point ; it has yet a freshness sufficient to make all the modern productions which are daily brought upon the stage, die of jealousy. Although it be of somewhat ancient date, no one can read age on a face so naïve, and so free from wrinkles.

After bleeding, comes purging ; they are both branches of the same tree. Since the patient will not be cured by one means, we must try the other. And besides, what does it matter which we fix upon ? Dr. Bosquillon, physician to the Hôtel-Dieu, said one day to his pupils, "what shall we do to our patients to day ? Well, let us bleed the right side of the ward, and purge the left."

After having visited the right side, and seen the prodigal waste of the vital fluid, let us go on to the left, and suffer ourselves to be conducted for a moment into the *Cloaca maxima* of therapeutics.

I would here repeat, that the false interpretation of terms, is a very frequent cause of error.

It is on this account, that the habit of employing purgatives has sprung from false notions respecting the humours. Indeed there are very few, who attach the true physiological meaning to this word. To become convinced of this, examine for a moment the mechanism of digestion.

Food is received into the stomach. After being reduced to a pulp by a peculiar process, all goes into the small intestine. During its passage from the stomach to the duodenum, the chyle is impregnated with bile and pancreatic juice, which communicate to it new properties. The alimentary substances undergo a physio-

logical elaboration in the small intestine, and separate into two distinct parts ; that destined to nutrition, passes through certain vessels into a special reservoir, which afterwards becomes the treasure-house of life. The other, unfit for nutrition, passes into the large intestine, and is only the refuse of digestion. It is that, which in distillation, the old chemists called, *caput mortuum*. It is in fact, the part which our organization rejects daily, and throws off as a foreign body.

Then beware of terming this residuum, a humour, or humours, and accustom yourself to regard it simply as something inanimate and useless. This reflection applies generally to all matters which are expelled by the vessels, or from the surface of the body, by means of excretion.

What then must be understood by humours ?

You have seen in our first Conferences that the human body is composed of solids and liquids. Now all these liquids form what we ought to call humours, in correct physiological language.

The old Greek school, represented chiefly by Galen, divided the humours into four kinds,—blood, phlegm, bile and melancholy. It considered the blood, as the red, hot, and moist humour ; phlegm, as the white, cold and moist ; bile, as the yellow, hot, and dry ; melancholy, as the black, cold and dry humour. The remedies which had the specific property of carrying off these different humours, received also specific and corresponding names ; thus, according as they drove away bile, serum, melancholy, phlegm, or all these humours united, they were called, cholagogues, hydragogues, melanogogues, phlegmagogues, and penchymagogues.

What a misfortune it is for our medical literature, that these euphonious terms have been laid on the shelf

like old coins, whose two surfaces worn by time, no longer present either effigy or inscription.

The use of purgatives dates from the remotest antiquity, and like most pretended derivative means, their origin may be traced to the age of therapeutic fable. They were already abused in the time of Hippocrates, and the father of medicine smartly reprimanded the Cnidians, because they blindly used them in almost all diseases. The learned Erasistratus, struck with the immense inconveniences of a system become too general, had even forbidden the use of purgatives, *because in changing the humours, they did more harm than good, and might produce many dangerous diseases.*

But unhappily, Galen who had extolled bleeding, was also the one to revive and make popular the use of purgatives, and so many other means, termed, whether rightly or wrongly, *heroic*.

The celebrated Physician of Pergamos, in transplanting all these systems into the field of therapeutics, watered them with the blood and sweat of the human race. Their germ is but too well developed, and if the shadow of Galen were to interrogate the dust of past generations, a funereal echo might repeat this terrible sentence: *Melius esset si nunquam natus fuisset!* It would have been better had he never been born! To him be the responsibility of a germ so fatal, and a fruit so deadly!

At the commencement of the last century, physicians however perceived the evil of Galenic polypharmacy, and from time to time some modern Erasistratus, ventured to oppose this systematic abuse of purgative medicine. But this happy reform was not of long duration; there did not want zealous *Purgons*, to keep alive this darling

system, so acceptable to the patients, but especially to the druggists.

What has always so much surprised me! is that it was chiefly in France, so backward in the path of medical progress, that the old precept of Galen was almost extinct. We cannot address the same reproach to England. Dr. Hamilton protected it most zealously, and in the British dominions, the purgative method began to have a run of good fortune.

Alas! in France, it did not long delay in again finding and taking possession of its old abode. Let us confess to our shame, that there were few obstacles to its re-establishment, but, on the contrary, it received the most flattering ovations. *Repeated* bleeding, found its representative in Bouillaud; and *repeated* purgatives, theirs in the famous Leroy.

I will not here examine what is the source, from which advocates of the exclusive humoral system, derived the radical idea of their doctrine. I wish however to explain in a few words, the foundation of the purgative method of the said Leroy.

It was under the trees in the garden of Eden; it was from the pulp of the forbidden apple, from the first digestion, that this famous system took its rise; you see that as far as age is concerned, no other can boast of a more legitimate title. Man came pure from the hand of God. His constitution ought therefore to have remained pure, and without his disobedience, (according to this system) the humours would never have been tainted by the smallest vice. But as a consequence of his fatal sin, having fallen from his primitive vital perfection into degradation, he brought with him a germ of corruption and corruptibility, transmissible to all generations, like the principle of existence.

Here is the solution of the enigma ; you now see why man is corrupted and attacked by diseases, and how the best manner of curing them, is to use purification, or if you will, purgatives. This is the genealogy of the purgative plan of Leroy. You will find this thought diluted in his first chapter, entitled, *Exposé de la cause des maladies*. It is most diverting ! and to say that the father of such a doctrine, the chief of the sect *Purgon*, has allowed himself to pass the most insipid, ignorant, and absurd jokes against Homœopathy !

It is really to be regretted, that Leroy was not installed chief Physician to the terrestrial paradise ! As soon as the too inquisitive Eve had pressed the pulp of the seductive fruit with her pearly teeth, he would have given her a good vomî-purgative, and the bowels of this sinner, immediately washed and cleansed, would have had no time to lose their virginal purity, and consequently her children would have never been ill, or needed purgatives !

But let us return to our subject, and listen attentively, for this is the pith of the question. I will not revert to Galenism, I will not penetrate the darkness of this doctrine, nor follow the physician of Pergamos in his hurried excursion into the field of hypothesis. I put aside all the theoretic phantasmagorias which have reigned in the schools during the whole of the middle ages, together with the Aristotelian philosophy, which in a great measure, had engendered them.

Of what are the humours composed ? Is their peculiarity dryness, moisture, cold, heat or other such elements ? Do their different kinds result from these imaginary combinations ? Must we admit the plethora of the humours, bilious, or lymphatic plethora, &c. . . . Let us leave all these questions, and many others equally

futile, to slumber in the tomb of the old school. What concerns us to examine is this ;—the body is a living aggregate, which means, that all the particles of which it is composed, share in the general life of the individual. When you see the sensibility of a nerve, the contractibility of the muscular fibre, the palpitations of the arterial vessels ; when you see the play of light in the chambers of the eye, the oscillations of sonorous undulations in the labyrinth of the ear, the tremor of the papillæ of the tongue produced by flavours, the pituitary membrane by odours, the effect produced on the entire surface of the body by the current of the sensations ; when you consider all these phenomena, you see life in its purest manifestations. Now, this life and its manifestations, must also be seen with the same purity, in the liquids of which our body is composed. You are persuaded of the vitality of the blood ; I should like you to be equally convinced of the vitality of the bile, saliva, tears, &c.—in fact, of all the liquids.

Thus, be assured, that these substances are not inert, but living elements ; and living for the same reason, as all other solid fluidic parts, which compose the human aggregate, man. All these liquids are real humours, and we must not confound in the same category, those remains of the digestive functions, which the economy rejects as foreign bodies.

The liquids of our bodies possess life. This is one of the greatest physiological truths,—a truth of which the vulgar is ignorant, and which many medical men neglect in spite of therapeutics. These living liquids then, have alone the right of bearing the name of humour. The vulgar may be excused for not knowing this, but the medical man is unpardonable for forgetting it. Let any one see pus escape from an organic focus,—a large

quantity of discharge upon the surface of an ulcer, or a putrid secretion issuing from a gangrenous sore; people call these humours, but this is a vitiated mode of expression, an error in terminology.

Can the humours be affected by disease? Yes, assuredly, since they live.—Now everything that lives may become diseased; that is evident.

But what is not equally evident, at least to all the schools, and especially to the organician, is the source of these diseases. Here is the starting point of all diverging opinions.

We consider that this cause always springs from the vital principle, and in this path, Hahnemann and Hippocrates walk together in perfect amity. The school of Montpellier, like that of Cos, says F. Bérard, admits the alterations of the humours, but views them as *the effects* of vital force.

Professor Alquié, in commenting upon this principle, does but develop this fundamental etiological truth. "With all the more reason," says he, "are these remarks applicable to scrofula, cancer, dartre, and the most part of those morbid affections, which develop themselves spontaneously, and without the direct introduction of a morbid principle in the liquids. What in fact is the part first affected in yellow fever, plague, cholera, marshy and other fevers; nervous maladies, chlorosis, the sweating sickness, inflammations, and most of those morbid affections, where the action of exterior agents is so variable and uncertain, and where we must refer to an internal and general lesion, to imagine their true cause?"

Let us say by anticipation, how can the practitioners of Montpellier, administer purgatives to their patients, in the very face of this dogma? Why does this vital

principle, the etiological receptacle of humoral diseases, always remain veiled from their eyes, when they attack the effect by their *repeated* evacuations.

These general considerations were, the indispensable preliminaries of our subject, which we shall now follow with much greater facility in its various branches.

Alas ! in our day, we are in the time of Galen and his humoral theory. Now, as then, we give purgatives for nearly everything ; purgative is synonymous with medicine. When any one has swallowed a purgative, they have "*taken medicine*." All is said ; all is done. Alas ! is medicine then such a trifle that a patient can swallow it at one gulp, to wash out his intestinal canal ?

Now, as then, they see nothing but humours in disease. Humours are everything, not only in a pathological, but even in a moral point of view. The humours form the character, as they do the temperament, and you hear it said every day ! a man is in a *good or bad humour*. A universal and fatal example of the force of prejudice. Prejudices are like those reptiles, that soil the tissues with an indelible mark. Like them, this one has left its slime upon our medical and social language.

But in the case of foreign bodies lodged in the intestines, as an abscess in the lungs, or a poisonous substance taken into the stomach, give a purgative, either as a potion or as an injection ; give an emetic, no matter in what form.

I leave you at liberty, so much the more, because in the same circumstances, I should not do otherwise myself :—Why ? because the means is purely mechanical. Once more let me impress upon you ; this is not practising medicine ; it is like extracting a carious tooth, which the socket refuses to retain ; it is like pulling out a cork from the inside of a bottle. But, to perform a

purely therapeutic act,—that is to say,—to treat a malady of vital origin, is what you can never do by means of your purgatives.

Thessalus, a learned physician of antiquity, and no more a partisan of purgatives than Chrysippus and Erasistratus, made a supposition that might well open many a blind eye.

“Let us take,” said he, “any athlete you please, in other words, the most robust and healthy man you can find; let us give him a purgative medicine, and we shall see, that although he had nothing previously but what was good and healthy in his body, that which the medicine expels, will be very corrupt. We infer from this, without fear of contradiction, that what is expelled was not previously in the man’s body, since he was in good health. We infer also, that the medicine did two things in this matter; the first, it changed into rottenness and corruption what was not so before; the second, it expelled what contributed to the health and strength of the man.”

This is an explanation that every one can understand. This is a truth, which ought alone to be sufficient to expel all these old, corrupt prejudices. But no, notwithstanding the serious assertions of science, the just satires of comedy, and the daily lessons of experience, people will see humours in everything, *peccant matter* everywhere! Leroy will be as immortal as Hercules, for having cleansed the Augean stable, and, according to his system of the general corruption of mankind, he must necessarily purge; for—is it not written—*nothing impure can enter the kingdom of heaven*.

Hippocrates, Celsus and Asclepiades seldom used purgatives. Pliny considers medicines in general, as enemies to the stomach; with how much more reason, evacu-

ants ; and Plutarch exposes their uselessness in most witty fail-
 lery.

"If he were in a city of Greece," said the immortal historian, "that was too full of its native inhabitants, and he sent moreover for Arabs or Scythians, it would appear ridiculous to everybody. It is however the same error into which those fall, who, with the idea of expelling from their bodies the superfluities which are naturally found there, put in strange and hurtful drugs, or the trashy messes from the apothecary's ; things which are in greater need of being themselves purged and purified, so far from being able to free us from our humours."

We know that the blood is neither corrupt, nor too abundant. In the same way, the humours are never of themselves vitiated, or in too great quantity. When will those elementary principles of medicine be seriously considered ?

Suppose a child ill from teething. A burning saliva flows incessantly from its inflamed mouth, its clothes are continually soiled by an impure and almost incessant discharge ; the mother sees all this with satisfaction, and imagines that the disease is being carried off by means of these favourable excretions ; but in a few days, the poor little sufferer is exhausted, and goes, *thoroughly purified*, to the abode of angels.

Here is a consumptive patient who expectorates night and day. Well, says he, this is a *sign that the inside is getting clear !*

Here is a hypochondriac who, in order to polish his intestines, and keep up the varnish of his health, swallows a purgative, thinking by that means to clear away his bile and phlegm, and when he has produced a very copious result—"well," says he, "*this is most satisfactory !*"

I will call your attention for a moment to some striking lines extracted from the article on *purgatives* in the universal dictionary of *materia medica*, edited by Messrs. Merat and De Lens. "The public,"—*say these two academicians*,—"is greatly inclined to employ purgatives; for imagining all diseases are caused by humours, whenever there are evacuations, people think they are cured, and have retained, in this respect, the ideas of those physicians contemporaneous with Guy-Patin. It is very usual to find persons who take purgatives as a *precaution*, as they say, which often however produce a contrary result. A child is hardly born, than opening medicine is given to take away the meconium, which escapes very well of itself, or with the help of a little sugar and water, and still better with the first milk of the mother; if it has colic, they hasten to administer purgatives, which increase it. When a little older, they continue them, instead of regulating its food which is nearly always too strong, and one of the most frequent sources of disease among children; adults, but especially old people, do not scruple to use purgatives, and *often disturb a good state of health by their inappropriate administration*."

And it is not only the common people who fall headlong into those old prejudices; unfortunately physicians also slip into the same gulf.

I once knew an old inspector of health, who must have been an excellent disciple of Galen. I very often saw him sitting at his door;—"Every morning," said he to me, "I smoke a pipe in order to get rid of my phlegm."—This phrase was ever new to him: he always forgot that he had repeated it to me the previous evening. I pardoned him these notions, I forgave his tottering steps, that they were behind hand in the path of progress. He

was so old !!! But how excuse such gross paradoxes in young doctors, who, coming warm from the bosom of the pretended progressist schools, allow themselves to be towed along by the old Galenic vessel ; a vessel, which rejecting screw and steam, only moves by the caprice of the sails, and ever finds itself at the mercy of the winds !

There are then also precautionary and habitual purgations. There are persons mad enough to take purgatives regularly, under such or such a circumstance, in certain seasons, at least once a year, many every month, some even every week. They sweep the chimney of their digestive establishment, and so fancy they are insured against all chances of fire. Do these persons know, that a purgative has the immediate effect of producing irritation of the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal ?

In fact, what is a purgative ? For indeed, they ought to be told ! Have you ever had an acrid liquor, or irritating powder in the eye ; such as a few drops of vinegar, or a pinch of snuff, for instance ? What an abundant flow of tears immediately escapes from the eyelids and roll down the cheeks !

Have you ever seen bunches of grapes, heaped on the wine press ? As the weight of the heavynda plank falls crushes them, the dark wine flows from every fissure of the flattened mass.

This is the image of the action of purgatives.

A purgative is a venomous substance, which, introduced into the digestive canal, first disturbs the vital principle, then causes an irritation of the whole mucous coat of the intestinal canal, disorders all the sympathetic organs of the intestines, and occasions a more abundant secretion of the liquids than are produced by the parts acted upon.

Now do you think that such an operation is always harmless, and that its effects never go beyond what the physician intended?

I should like to quote a fragment of an excellent work by Professor Barbier of Amiens. In his general observations on purgatives, he has given a most correct and perfect description of their action.

"Purging," says he, "consists in a moderate and temporary irritation of the alimentary canal, and the cathartic agent is but a substance endowed with the power of causing this irritation. Its contact with the mucous membrane of the intestines, suddenly determines the effects which supervene; the capillary vessels which form a thick network on the surface, open and are filled with blood; this membrane becomes more red, sensitive, and heated. The serous secretion, which always moistens the interior of the alimentary canal, is put into a state of considerable activity; it is like a shower that inundates the intestinal cavity. The mucous cells which coat this membrane work more rapidly, and in a few moments furnish a much larger supply of mucus. The irritating action of purgatives upon the extremity of the biliary duct, determines other organic movements, and causes the liver to become turgid; this organ increases its secretive action, and the bile flows abundantly; the pancreas, sympathetically stimulated by the aggression exercised upon its excretive duct, also furnishes a still greater quantity."

A little further on, the professor makes this very judicious reflection.

"We must not imagine however, that the different purgatives comprehended under these names, act in the same manner, or that one may produce by their means, either a slight or a powerful irritation, by diminishing or increasing the dose of these agents."

After this serious warning we again read,—“ It is well known, that if the purgative irritation be too great, or too violent ; especially if it continue too long, it produces a kind of disease called super-purgation, (*hyper-catharsis*). Excessive alvine evacuations weakening the individual, violent cutting pains, cramp in the lower extremities, agitation, often a decided state of feverishness, want of sleep, sickness the next morning, loss of appetite, painful digestion, liquid and often bloody evacuations. These are the symptoms, or the effects which characterise super-purgation. This pathological state demands emollients, milk, gruel, solution of gum arabic . . . opiates are sometimes very useful.”

The professor ought rather to have said in conclusion, this is a new disease which the patient did not ask for, and which we have given him gratis.

Gratis is not the word, for instead of one disease, there are now two to treat. The business will be more tedious—and a little more profitable.

If you have read the works of Wepfer, Orfila, Graaf, Gendrin, Magendie, &c., you would see that they do but corroborate the assertions of Professor Barbier. Read on this subject Messrs. Merat and De Lens, and you will see that it is but a difference of terms.

The observations of these authors only bear upon the moderate use of purgatives, but what shall we say of the enormous, and incredible abuse of this kind of medicine ? Thus in the very pointed letters of Guy-Patin, you see that in his time, to drive off the *peccant humours*, in one single disease, they administered from ten, twenty, to forty medicines ! Leroy confesses, nay he delights in telling us, that he has given purgatives to patients once a day for a considerable period. A too zealous partisan of his system, told me as a model of heroic treatment,

that he had administered in about a year, to one of his patients, as much as eighteen hundred doses of purgative medicines ! What *humours* this man must have had ! What corruption, upon my word ! Was he not like one of those inexhaustible marshes, that industry vainly tries to drain. The purgative method applied to his intestines, like the endless screw of Archimedes, works continually at this exhaustless reservoir, without ever being able to empty it. I scarcely like to say that this poor doctor, treating himself by the evacuating system, ended by producing an abdominal dropsy, under which he sank in great suffering.

Persons usually imagine, and frequently even physicians fall into the same error, that the loss of the humours is not of importance, or at least, it does not exhaust the system as much as blood-letting for instance. Loss of blood certainly produces death more rapidly, but the loss of the other fluids does not fail to lead to this fatal result. Nothing is more hurtful than repeated evacuations, said Sauvages, the learned Nosographer of Alais, *Nil magis nocet, quam repetita evacuantia*. Look at what happens in the case of a fistula in the cheek, the saliva flows incessantly, and the patient is exhausted. Look at the effects of an obstinate diarrhoea which resists all remedies ; the patient gradually sinks.

Now, what occurs pathologically in this case, may very well happen as the result of imprudent and artificial purgations.

"We have not yet spoken," says Professor Barbier, whom I have just quoted, "of one source of influence which purgatives exercise over the entire body ; it is that which proceeds from the very liquids that are taken away. These agents weaken the vital force, because they take from the animal economy those principles which

should have served for assimilation, and which ought to have produced a restoration of strength; they weaken it still more, inasmuch as they lessen the mass of blood, and lower the impulsive and stimulating action that all the organs receive from them. Some practitioners have considered purgatives, as a proper means to weaken the vital energy when it was excessive." Here are more confessions.

"Emetics weaken and irritate the stomach, purgatives irritate the intestines," says Mons. Chomel—and Mons. Tardien, more explicit still, points out more energetically the wisdom of the precept. "We ought to banish drastic purgatives," says he, "which may produce evacuations of a really cholera-like nature, that we have no power to stop, and which are often succeeded by death."

Professor Alquié, speaking of tedious convalescences, after having enumerated the causes, adds—"This re-establishment of weak and uncertain health, is longer and more difficult when the patient has experienced losses of blood, abundant suppuration, obstinate diarrhœa, &c. when the physician has had recourse to repeated bleedings, and numerous evacuants, in fact, to medicines that are too irritating, or administered in too large doses.

In speaking of convalescence, we may remark, that after an illness, more or less tedious or serious, every patient thinks he ought to take a good purgative. Even medical men consider themselves obliged, in conscience, to prescribe them, as the first indispensable step in the way to restore health. There still remains a little bit of the complaint to be driven away, "*tamen aliquid superest*," as Guy-Patin has it.

Under the influence of this purgative, the convalescent in fact, parts with black and offensive matter, and

imagining it to be the remains of his malady, congratulates himself on his perfect cure. Supposing this result produces extreme weakness, and keeps him for a considerable time at the same point of convalescence, it would be very difficult to make him see the real cause. I believe it would be easier to make him swallow another purgative than this truth.

Another serious consequence of purgative medicines is, to produce, precisely the effect it is desirable to overcome or avoid, namely, constipation. This hurtful result may arise from two causes; the too great frequency of intestinal excitement produces either a continual state of irritation, and then, the residuë of digestion, instead of being expelled easily and regularly, becomes hardened, or as the ancients say, *baked*, and this matter is confined in the lower intestine by the most obstinate constipation;—Or, the action of purgative medicines occasions the immoderate loss of the humours, weakens the muscular fibre of the intestine, which then falls into the most deplorable state of atony, that may even end in paralysis, and there is no longer the power of expelling the refuse of the alimentary mass. For it is necessary, in order that this residuum be expelled, that the intestinal organ should contract and force it on, towards the utmost extremity of the digestive canal. This is the mechanical operation of constipation from sluggishness of the intestines, —a constipation that often sets at defiance all emollients, dissolvents, and all possible and imaginable evacuants.

Another unfortunate result of the purgative process, consists in the disposition that the internal coat of the digestive canal acquires of contracting many diseases, and especially those engendered by miasmata. The thing is easily explained. Any organ whatever is all the more disposed to absorb virus, venemous miasmata,

and other similar fluidic substances, when its pores are softened and dilated. Now, inflammation leads to the softening of the tissues, therefore purgatives, by irritating the intestines, place them in the most favourable condition for absorption.

You know also, that during epidemics, weak and sickly persons, or those affected with any organic lesion, are the first and easiest victims of the scourge. Notice what happens during the prevalence of cholera, for instance. Now, excessive purgation places the intestines in the fatal condition of susceptibility, and thus prepares them for every chance of contracting these diseases.

I told you in our last Conference, that disease was a combat between it and the patient, who was too often bled, at the precise moment when he most needed his strength. Now, in demonstrating to you the weakness and want of power occasioned by purgation, could I not with equal justice, bring forward the same argument against it, as against bleeding?

I also told you that bleeding consumptive patients, children, and old people, was a kind of homicide. If I do not go so far in speaking of the abuse of purgatives, it is not for the want of strong conviction, but because I dare not. The same causes, in the same conditions, produce the same effects; I should only be guilty of repetition were I to develop this incontestable principle.

Have I said enough to convince you of the uselessness, absurdity, and danger of the purgative system?

We will now examine our subject in its true light, that is to say, in a therapeutic point of view.

What can be your intention, in administering any purgative whatever? Is it to drive away the refuse, the remains of bad digestion, the residuum of the alimentary mass; in a word, the *peccant matter*? We have

already examined this question, I shall not revert to it ; I have however forgotten to quote a testimony from one of your masters, whom you are obliged to hold in great veneration.

“ And first,” say Messrs. Trousseau and Pidoux, “ how is it possible to imagine, that the humours contained in the stomach, which are all-mixable with the ailments, soluble in water, coagulable by certain drinks, liquefiable by others, will not be every day, at every meal, mixed with the food in the same manner, as those humours which cover the tongue are mixed with the alimentary mass during the act of mastication, to such an extent, that the tongue is never furred immediately after a rather plentiful repast. The idea of fur remaining is *absurd, physiologically speaking*, and if, in the interval of meals, the gastro-mucous membrane secreted any unhealthy matter, eating would be the best remedy.”

You see then, that if we take the matter seriously, a good dinner is far preferable to the best purgative, and that all the apothecaries in the world are not worth one first rate cook.

Again, what can be your intention ?

Is it to open the digestive canal, to relieve the loaded appetite, to produce an *aperient* effect, as the old-fashioned people say ? Do you want to *practise Homœopathy*, in wishing to obtain an *aperient purgation* ? Yes, for the best means of upsetting the humours of a healthy man, and to drown his appetite in the slough would be to purge him. If a patient feels sick, you clear out and polish his stomach, by administering a purgative. You believe this, and do it in good faith ! Similar are cured by similars ; in fact, it is perfectly logical, I had not yet perceived this happy application of the Hahnemannian principle !

It is possible then that this means is excellent, but I prefer that which Rabelais so eagerly prepared for his master, Cardinal Bellay. The physicians having ordered an aperient decoction for the Cardinal, Rabelais boiled some water in a kettle, into which he put a bunch of keys, being at much pains to shake them well, so that they might be thoroughly cooked. The doctors inquiring what was meant by all this preparation, he replied, *Gentlemen, I have followed your orders, for nothing is so opening as keys.*

A polypharmacist might throw into Rabelais' kettle, a little fennel, parsley, asparagus, capillary, dog's-grass, thistle, restharrow, and strawberry, some scorzonera, dandelion, chicory and other plants of the same family. I think the effect might then be a little more certain.

Again, what can be your intention?

Is it to *purify* the humours? To keep them, or to re-establish them in the most perfect physiological limpidity? But in order to that, you must first prove that these fluids are turbid; we ought to be able to know and point out the cause and degree of this turbidity which is impossible.

This brings to my mind a good joke of the facetious Bordeu, directed against the partisans of Silvius and Boërhaave. "A materialist physician," said he, "accosted three young men one day without saluting them, and after having looked at them attentively, he said to one, *you have some acrid matter mixed up with the viscid*; to the other, *your blood passes through the capillary vessels*; and to the third, *the globules of your blood move slowly, and are drowned in a great quantity of serum.*"

In order to discover the impurity of the humours, we must be endowed with clairvoyance, or the second sight

of this physician ; but since, on the contrary, you are blind, you would do better to give your attention to the depuratives ; that is to say, the bitters, diuretics, diaphoretics, or even the *sirop de Portal*, the *biscuits d'Olivier*, capsules of cod liver oil, or what is better still, I was going to forget it, to the *Rob de Laffecteur* ; the latter, at least, is the true *pool* of Bethesda.

What then can be your intention ?

Is it to perform a purely therapeutic act ; that is to say, either to stop some inflammatory action, to combat a general humoral disease, or to counterbalance another malady, by the counterpoise of a derivative attraction ?

Here we are at the root of the matter. But before entering into it, let us put some preliminary questions.

Supposing that the use of evacuants be clearly indicated, are there several shades either among these indications, or among the diseases which call for these evacuants ? Certainly, since these may have different causes and manifestations.

— In the classification of evacuants, is there one for all these shades ? Can you adopt a corresponding formula to each particular case ? Certainly not, since their very limited number falls far short of the diseases which might need them, and moreover, they have never been submitted to pure experiment. And then, as a necessary consequence, their administration falls into the hands of the blindest empiricism. What physician, in fact, in any given case, can explain to you why he prefers one purgative to another ? He knows it will purge, and it is all he wants.

Supposing again, for we will be complaisant to the last, — supposing with Hufeland, that the evacuants, — and he is speaking of emetics, — have two kinds of effect, the one local, and the other general, can you pro-

duce the first without producing the second? In plainer terms, is it in the power of the practitioner to obtain such or such an effect, and to produce that alone, by a simple effort of choice? For instance, give an emetic; you will procure the expulsion of all matter confined in the stomach; but are you sure that the bile, urged by your appeal, will not force the watch at the pylorus, and follow its captive companions in the uproar? Are you sure, that all the other humours will remain calm and tranquil? Are you also sure that the nervous system will experience no disturbance, during the shock of the whole organism? And since Hufeland compares the action of emetics to *volcanic explosions*, can you calculate upon the amount of *débris* thrown out, its direction and limit, and above all of the convulsion communicated to all the surrounding country?

Since I have allowed myself to be drawn into this digression, I will quote some lines from Messrs. Trousseau and Pidoux, two of your authorities, who, better than I, will show you all the danger of emetics. "This therapeutic agent," say they, speaking of antimony, often causes violent inflammation of the mucous coat of the intestines, peritonitis, &c. The effort of vomiting may cause a rupture of the stomach or diaphragm, hernia, hemorrhage, or abortion. But, of all the consequences that may ensue, the most serious is the coagulation of the blood in the arterial vessels, the result of a prolonged syncope, or too great collapse. Whatever prudence may have been exercised in the administration of antimonial preparations, it may happen, that with certain patients, serious derangement of the digestive functions will require prompt assistance The contact of antimony causes, in the gastro-intestinal mucous membrane, local inflammations analogous to those we often see on

the skin, when antimonial frictions or lotions have been used ; numerous post mortem examinations demonstrate this fact."

Out of a hundred physicians who might read these lines, and consider them conscientiously, many perhaps, would still administer an emetic to a patient ; but I doubt if one could be found, who would swallow it in the same circumstances. I could quote, on this subject, many other assertions, made by the heads of the old school, but I must refrain.

I will pursue my digression a moment, and say ;—I can understand, that as a mechanical means, emetics may be used to expel poisons, foreign bodies, &c. But this is not *the practice of medicine* ; it is, *the mechanical part of the art*. I have already said this, and I would repeat it a thousand times, in order to draw a line between art and science, and separate the living from the dead.

These manœuvres are practised every day ! We have even gone further, since the operation of gastrotomy has been performed, that is to say, in order to extract certain foreign bodies, an incision has been made in the stomach. Thus Daniel Schwaben opened this organ to take out a knife which a Prussian peasant had swallowed. Cayroche performed the same operation on a woman who had swallowed a silver fork, and a similar fact is related in the *Journal de Médecine Française et Etrangère*, of a person who accidentally swallowed a piece of lint, used in dressing an ulcer of the pharynx. The relaters of these observations have forgotten to say if the operations succeeded. Let emetics be used to procure these results ; that is, and ought to be done. But for any one to pretend to treat a vital disease in this way, is pure delusion !

Moreover, towards the middle of the last century,

Cullen, Tissot, Stoll, and their disciples, laying aside the old ideas of humourism and solidism, began to see in emetics nothing but dynamic effects. But unhappily, they fell into the abuse of a false interpretation, and their mania of treating all diseases with emetics, gave birth to *gastricism*. The time had not yet arrived, when the true medicinal dynamism burst forth in all its purity, and meanwhile the evacuant method has ruled over therapeutics. Let us then retrace our steps, and see how it squares accounts with disease.

Let us first examine the inflammatory movements of the humours. The one which will best serve as a type is diarrhoea, and among its various kinds the most frequent is the atonic.

How will you attack it? With a purgative? You often do this, and then you are at the same time, a pure humourist, according to the language of the schools, and a pure Homœopath, according to the etymological sense of the word. Do you give an emetic to produce an anti-peristaltic motion of the intestines? Then you are the disciple of Boërhaave, and you perform a merely mechanical act.

But up to this point you have only attacked effects; what are you going to do for the cause, and why do you forget the vital principle? In order to act directly upon this, will you give quinquina or other tonics? In this case, you act on purely Homœopathic principles, probably without being aware of it, for you do not know that quinquina produces precisely the diarrhoea you wish to attack. But if, however, you obtain a cure, to what therapeutic principle will you ascribe it? Name me any one which is not a similar.

Let us suppose another kind of loss of humours; of saliva, for instance; when this fluid is secreted in too

great abundance by the salivary glands, it runs out of the mouth and irritates the chin. What is the cause of this *discharge*? You care very little about that. You prescribe a kind of astringent gargle, and are satisfied. You will perhaps venture to order some purgative; but upon what principle? A celebrated practitioner of our day does better than that, he amuses himself by drawing the teeth of his patients; to what end? I do not know; probably he does not himself; but what does that signify?

Let us suppose again an influx of bile into the stomach. In that case, this organ will be the *pars recipiens*, not the *pars mandans*. What is the cause which makes the biliary secretion escape through the pylorus, and deviate from its ordinary course? If you know, how do you attack it?—With a purgative, or an emetic?

— But, so long as the cause remains, the effect will also remain, that is evident; now, I defy you to reach this cause with any evacuant whatever.

Here are some lines of Messrs. Trousseau and Pidoux, which will open out to us some new considerations.

“If we would judge of mechanical action,” say they, “let us see the effect of a tongue-scraper in changing the furred state of the tongue. This appendage to the toilet undoubtedly removes the mucous and fetid coat, which covers the tongue in the morning, on awaking; it can easily remove it, but we should have to repeat the operation a few hours afterwards; the morbid secretion will be incessantly reproduced up to the moment, when an appropriate medicine will have changed the organic state of the tissue.”

We saw in our last Conference, when treating of the blood,—and it is the Allopathic princes who said so,—that should there be but one drop left, it will flow towards the

irritated part. It is the same with regard to the inflammatory action of all the liquids under a vital impulse.

I will suppose for a moment, that an emetic will clear the stomach from the excess of bile, which often flows there abnormally; but will it then have dried up the source? I will go further and suppose, that with a spoon you have collected this bile as fast as secreted, and thus cleansed the mucous coats of the stomach; what have you effected? Absolutely nothing, for, you see the liquid continues to flow, and you are witness of the same phenomenon of the inundation of the vessel, of which we spoke in connexion with derivative bleeding.

Who ever could have imagined that this fact would one day have almost become a reality? I will explain myself.

About the year 1823, the stomach-pump was invented, to relieve that organ from certain poisonous liquids. An American journal was at much pains to find out, whether this invention was to be attributed to Mr. Jukes, or to Dr. Physick; it is of little consequence to us who has the right to the patent, or whether this pump had an ascending or descending action; it has been tried by several practitioners, as Ferral, to pump away laudanum; Evans, Brice, Pulteney, Moore, Lee and others, for the same purpose.

This idea is not new, for towards 1711, the brush or stomach-broom was invented. We must confess that this process of sweeping the stomach is very ingenious; it has been examined by Bartholin, Boëtius, Wedel, Wolf, Muller and others; it is truly vexatious that the oesophagus should have behaved towards it, like an incredulous and obstinate Academician, and refused it a passage by its absurd resistance.

Some enterprising man might have got up a very

flourishing company for the sweeping of stomachs, and made a rapid fortune by the business.

We will be more obliging, and leave the brush and pump to empty the stomach, and even convert that organ into an artesian well; but the more bile you draw, the more you will have to draw; this effect is in harmony with all physiological and pathological laws. The manœuvre militates against therapeutical good sense, and yet the evacuating system does nothing more or less than this.

But how does it treat humoral diseases? Do not forget that all diseases, even these, have their origin in the vital principle, and especially remember the quotation from Professor Alquié, given at the beginning of this Conference, page 334.

The type of humoral diseases is most certainly *typhoid fever, called by the ancients putrid fever.*

Must we begin the treatment of this affection by repeated purgatives? (*coup-sur-coup.*) The school of Paris says, Yes; and the school of Montpellier, No. But what does it signify in the end, if one purges in the beginning, and the other only during the course of the disease? The fact is, that they both do give purgative medicines: I have never been able to comprehend how the school of Montpellier, with its doctrine and vital laws, should always persevere in the path of organicism when it is a question of therapeutics. To be half in the right and half in the wrong, is to be in the wrong; to be consistent in error, is to be consistent, if one may be permitted to couple together such paradoxes.

Will you treat by evacuants scurvy, scrofula and other general diseases, dependent, as you think, upon a vicious state of the humours? Will you treat hereditary diseases in the same way? I cannot carry out these

questions. Their solution may be gathered from the principles already explained, and which I have probably repeated several times.

Finally, what can be your intention in making use of the purgative method? Is it to displace a malady by derivation? To carry it off by purgations and super-purgations?

In order to examine and solve this last question, it would be necessary to recapitulate the whole of our discussion upon revulsion in general, and in particular, upon bleeding. I shall therefore content myself by referring those who are anxious for details and quotations, to the works of Rabelais, Montaigne and Guy-Patin.

In vain would you collect all possible proofs in favour of the derivative effect of evacuants, I should reply ;—I have every day patients in my consulting room, who say to me,

—— “ You see, Sir, I have had bad eyes for a long time.”

—— “ And what has been done for you ? ”

—— “ They have given me opening medicine.”

—— “ And what has that done for you ? ”

—— “ Nothing, Sir.”

A dropsical patient, says,

—— “ I have been a sufferer for some years.”

—— “ And what has been done for you ? ”

—— “ I have been purged I don't know how many times.”

—— “ And what good has that done you ? ”

—— “ None, Sir.”

An asthmatical patient,

—— “ I am stifled, I wheeze, and I cannot walk for want of breath.”

—— “And what has been done for you?”

—— “I have taken emetics at different times.”

—— “And what benefit have they been to you?”

—— “None, Sir.”

If the removal of diseases by purging, were an easy and possible thing, medicine would then be an art in the grammatical sense of the word, and their treatment a mere pleasure trip. If one could disturb and dislodge a disease, by the help of a good purgative, as a bailiff serves an ejectionment upon a tenant in arrears, to warn him that he must quit bag and baggage, no social position could compare to that of *Purgon and Diafoirus*, and the most agreeable business in the world, would be to throw on the robe of Toinette, learn to play his part with skill,—(as in the *Malade Imaginaire* of Molière), and cry in the public squares,—“I am a travelling doctor, and go from town to town, from province to province, and kingdom to kingdom, to seek matters important enough for my skill; to find patients worthy of my attention, capable of showing to advantage the great and rare secrets that I have discovered in medicine. I disdain to amuse myself with the paltry rubbish of common diseases; such trifles as rheumatisms, febrile attacks, vapours and head aches. I seek for diseases of some importance, good tedious fevers with delirium, good spotted fevers, good plagues, well-established dropsies, some smart pleurisies with inflammation of the lungs; this is what I like, it is here I triumph; I would, Sir, that you had all the complaints that I have just mentioned, and were given up by all the doctors; that you were in desperation, and at the last gasp, that I might show you the excellency of my remedies, and the desire I have to be of use to you.”

Fifteenth Conference.

A NEW ORGAN.

YESTERDAY, at the hour which I generally devote to these conversations, I was in my consulting room, seated at my table, and reflected almost sadly, on the subject of to-day.

Several books lay open before me, and my impatient fingers passing hurriedly from page to page, turned them over, and thrust them away, when an involuntary feeling of indignation agitated my mind.

Among these books was the great Dictionary of Medicine, opened at the article *exutory*. There was the *Apostolat scientifique* of Victor Meunier, and also a small treatise of Eugène Pelletan, entitled, *Le monde marche* ; (The world makes progress.)

These writers, said I to myself, talk of nothing else but progress. Progress is everywhere, progress is everything, progress is the God of the world.

I allow it, I feel it, I see with them. Progress is the sun that warms and enlightens all intelligences, progress is the divine breath which expands the soul, progress is the essence of all mind ; then why cannot its rays penetrate even to the bosom of our old medical schools ?

Why has its light never illuminated the darkness of our academies?

You tell me, Mons. Meunier, of a ray of sun that can pourtray a likeness ; of galvanism that can give an aristocratic tone to the dinner service of the plebeian ; of steam which, defying distance, can bear the traveller on its wings ; of an electric spark so refined, as to balance thought from pole to pole ; but of medical art, of the progress of therapeutics—nothing.

Does medicine then refuse to bend the knee to progress, to the idol which the universe adores ! Alas, what care I for your progress, if, when sick, it cannot cure me ! For the enjoyment of its riches, treasures, and harmony, is not the first condition health ?

You tell me, Mons. Peletan, of the endless progress of science, and when Mons. Lamartine asks you what we possess more than the ancients, you reply by enumerating, as conquests of this science, the secret of gravitation, the motions of the celestial spheres, geology, infinitesimal calculus, algebra, dynamics, botany, chemistry, physics, statics, meteorology, mineralogy, biology and social economy. But of medicine, of therapeutics, what do you tell us ? Nothing.

I am mistaken. You speak of progress in manual operations. Now in this point of view, surgery is but an art. But do you say anything of MEDICINE ? Yes, you quote one single fact !!! *Quinine cures fevers.* This is a fact ! But it makes the principle of *contraries* blush, and you ought not to have brought it forward, if you are in the least degree the enemy of our doctrine ; for, as I shall soon show you, it is this fact that gave birth to Homœopathy.

If I ask you what ideas the medical men of the present day have, more than those of antiquity, what could you

reply? The medicine of ancient Rome, is still the medicine of modern France. In 1858, as in the time of Galen, they bleed, purge, cauterize, and martyrize the sick; where then is progress?

In the 19th century, as in the 2nd, therapeutics limp along the old ruts of empiricism;—where then is progress?

Under the reign of the Napoleons, as under that of the Emperors Marcus Aurelius, Verus, and Commodus, the wheels and levers of medical systems are only moved by the brute force of the masses, and the mechanism of theory rejects all fluidic principle; where then is progress?

You say that man has added to his organs, new ones. The improvements in machinery give length and power to his feeble arms, the courser lends speed to hasten his tardy step, the telescope opens the distant horizon to his circumscribed sight; these and many others are the new organs which you describe with all the fire of thought and the luxury of scientific language. But now let me cast a glance at the great Dictionary of medicine lying before me, where Mons. Guersent also says, that an exutory is for man a new organ.

An exutory! A CAUTERY! A SETON!—for indeed, we must pronounce the words—are new organs that man has added to his constitution. Is that progress—will that find a place in your Pantheon?

The world makes progress! It may be so in your sphere, but in the field of medicine it retrogrades!

What then is progress? Is it a machine that moves backwards and forwards at the will of levers? Your legitimate enthusiasm has cried up progress, but this high sounding word has not yet awakened a single echo in the vestibule of our Medical Academies!

The world makes progress! This is possible. But

official medical art has not yet taken a single step, since it was chained to the rock of the Academy.

Thus it was, that my impatient fingers passed hurriedly through the leaves, turned them over, and thrust them away; and that a feeling of indignation agitated my mind.

But I turned my eyes away towards another horizon, and consolation regained possession of my soul. I asked progress itself, and it replied to my invocation. I looked at universal progress, which, turning on its pivot, like the Pharos of science, showed me that face which enlightens true therapeutics.

Yes! there *is* progress in medicine! It has shone forth for half a century, and from day to day, it spreads into every country in the world! Yes, it exists, and what the fanatic mandarins of false progress would not, or rather could not explain, I will tell you with the utmost frankness.

But, alas! we are still condemned to trudge along the paths of the old routine. Let us overcome our disgust.

Embrocations, blisters, cauteries, setons, moxas, &c. These are the cabalistic letters that form the ABRA-CADABRA of official therapeutics; these are the carious vertebræ that compose the spinal column of rickety medicine!

For the third time, I must beg you to bear in mind the observations that have been made upon revulsive treatment, in one of our former Conferences.

Now, imagining that disease is an individual being, a material and tangible enemy that insinuates itself into every part of the body, choosing such or such a place in the organism for its ambuscade, medical rationalism endeavours to track it out, sometimes to stifle it behind its retrenchments, and sometimes, to attract it outside, in order to make it submit more quietly to its fate.

Thus armed with his offensive weapons, the doctor enters into the list of revulsion. We have discussed blood-letting. You have witnessed the combat called disease, the physician and the patient both entering the arena, the one armed cap-a-pie, the other defenceless. How many times have you not seen the field of this unequal contest, watered by the vital fluid of the poor victim?

After having carried its ravages to the very centre of the organism, revulsion must attack the circumference, and then the skin serves as a butt for all the projectiles of therapeutics. This plan of attack is in reality the most natural, and at the same time the most easy.

Bleeding is often doubtful, dangerous, and impracticable, for several reasons. Purgatives cannot always be administered; their action is uncertain, and the medical man can neither control, nor limit its extent. But the skin offers to his requirements, a more accommodating and extensive field. Less intractable than the stomach and intestines, it submits to all his caprices and becomes the slave of the most brutal master.

If you wish thoroughly to understand this new discussion, let me make you a rough sketch of the general anatomical and physiological properties of the skin; I shall be as short and simple as possible.

The skin forms the exterior covering of the body, as the mucous membrane lines the interior. These two membranes communicate with each other by natural openings, and are closely united in the strictest physiological sympathy.

The skin is formed of three very distinct layers; the lower one, the derma, is the thickest and deepest; it is elastic and supple, but very resistant; it resembles a number of blades interlaced one with another. It is

united to the part lying beneath, by a layer of fatty substance, and its external surface is furnished with a great number of red and very sensitive elevations, which form the nervous *papillæ*.

The uneven surface of the derma is covered by a net-work of vessels, called the *reticulated mucous body*; this composes the second layer of the skin.

Finally, the entire general surface is covered with a kind of varnish, intended to lessen and modify the too excessive sensibility of the skin. This layer, which is called the *epidermis*, is not a real tissue, but simply an inert material secreted by the exhalent vessels.

The skin is furnished with numerous nerves and blood-vessels, and is endowed with the most exquisite sensibility. The least touch awakens these nerves, containing the sensitive fluid, and the slightest prick opens the vessels containing the vital fluid.

You may understand from this, how prudent should be the approach of external agents, that are capable of calling this general membrane into action.

In a physiological point of view, the skin possesses very important functions not generally understood, and unhappily too much neglected or forgotten by physicians.

Compare the skin to a sieve. Formed by all thin layers of the derma, it sometimes absorbs, and sometimes throws off, or rather both at once, everything capable of passing through the tissues. Thus, by means of exhalation, part of the residue of the digestion, is thrown off, either by sensible or insensible, but continuous perspiration. By means of absorption, all the different external principles, whether natural, or remedial, can penetrate the organism, and there develop their particular properties, good or bad.

It is therefore easy to understand, with what care the

physician ought to preserve the balance of these two functions ; how cautious he ought to be lest he disturb this equilibrium, and with what prudence should he put it into action by his treatment, even when the case requires it, and only offers this way as a possible means of action.

Do you now understand how this surface of our body, so important, so accommodating, yet so sensitive, may become the field of the most empirical, imprudent, and cruel experiments? Now, whence arose the barbarous idea of torturing and burning this surface? It has its source in two prejudices ; one has been falsely conceived by physicians, and the other is fostered by the fatal credulity of the vulgar.

In reality, doctors imagine they can draw out a disease by means of a blister, cautery, seton, or any other such amusing expedient. Strong in this belief, they bring to the surface the morbid matter, which, at their will and command, is to leave the internal organs, and pass through the folds of the skin, like a loadstone attracts the particles of iron concealed in other metallic elements.

A happy delusion which amuses patients, but which ought never to deceive medical men. People believe, and unfortunately will do so for a long time to come, that external means applied to the skin, do not enter the body, but remain on the surface of the common membrane, and if they do no good, at least do no harm ! Easy, and willing to make use of any remedial agents that they are not obliged to swallow, they lend their skin with the blindest confidence to all the capricious experiments of the doctor.

A happy delusion, which sometimes costs the people very dear !

Among the means which Allopathy uses to lay

siege to the skin, I will not speak of the most harmless. To a certain point I agree, since people are accustomed to them, and one must give some plaything to soothe their impatience. I am perfectly willing; apply the classic mustard-plaster; for the merest trifle, it is used both by doctors, and old women; no one can die without it; it would scarcely be decent to allow any one to depart without mustard.—Mustard is the indispensable seasoning to the repast of the patient, who sits down for the last time, at the table of Allopathy.

Apply the stimulant of boiling water to a certain part of the skin; the iron hammer of Matthias Mayor; in a word, make use of all the irritants possible, either to draw the blood and the fluids to that part, or to cause the appearance of a revulsive effect; provided the patient is willing, I make no objection.

But do not trifle by producing an eruption with any medical substance, for remember, that some day, this substance will enter into the organization, and will there produce its peculiar pathogenetic effects, in spite of your well-meant intention. Thus, under pretext of producing redness, pimples, blisters, &c., do not rub the skin with medicines unsuited to the disease, such as the burning oil of nettles, the smarting lobelia, rhus toxicodendron, anacardium, &c. Never use the juice of certain plants, which cause vesicular inflammation; as ranunculus, clematis, hellebore, &c., or the leaves of lepidium, cochlearia, &c. By means of absorption, all these substances enter and spread in the organization; you ought not to be ignorant of this, or to forget it; why then would you oppose a medicine to a disease that does not suit it?

But all this is a mere nothing, and would that the tactics of pretended revulsion, confined its manœuvres to

means which are like military recreations, compared to the regular siege of a strong fortress !

Let us now come to a very generally employed means of most popular notoriety, which is brought forward in every kind of consultation, from those clothed in all the pompous ermine of science, down to the most ignorant practices of old women. I speak of the famous blister. It is ordered everywhere, and for everything. Who has not, or may not have one? We must confess that to take away from doctors, especially the old ones, their blister, would be to rob a Zouave of his Minie rifle.

The blister is almost of modern origin. It was scarcely known in the ancient Greek school. Archigenus and Aretæus appear to have been the first who used it. If they really were its inventors, should posterity be grateful to them? Later, blisters were brought into fashion by Sydenham and Freind, afterwards Baglivi pointed out their inexpediency, and endeavoured to suppress them, or at least did not consent to use them except in serious cases, and as it were, as a last resource. But in our day the blister triumphs, and its partisans have no need to complain. This lucky plaster, is become the favourite not only of the people, but even of the amiable aristocrats,—nay, even of the ladies !

It will end some day.

I need not say what a blister is ; unfortunately every one knows, and your kitchen maid can manufacture one quite as well as the druggist. I desire however to call your attention to its nature, to the substance which plays the chief part in the sad comedy of old therapeutics.

Every one knows that blisters act by the cantharides with which their surface is covered, but every one does not know what cantharides are, and especially what diseases this remedy is capable of producing. However

it is, or ought to be, the indispensable duty of every one who uses any therapeutic agent whatever, to be acquainted beforehand with its principal properties.

Cantharides is a most powerful remedy, and a violent poison. To give here the details of the natural history of this beetle, would be a long and useless task. I will simply tell you what I am most anxious for you to know.

Cantharides given to the healthy subject, in pure experiment, produces the following symptoms.

In general,—Internal heat in the principal organs—shooting pains in the limbs and different parts of the body—special action upon the urinary organs, stiffness of the body,—a sensation of dryness in the joints, general faintness, and great loss of strength,—convulsions, tetanus, &c.

In particular—Redness, inflammation and blisters on the skin,—loss of sleep—perturbation of the mind—giddiness, congestion in the head—inflammation and yellowness of the eyes,—bad smell in the nose—yellowness and erysipelatous inflammation of the face, thrush, irritation of the mucous membrane of the mouth—difficulty of swallowing, especially liquids—inflammation and ulceration of the glands of the throat,—pain in the stomach, digestive derangement—burning pain and inflammation of the bowels, dropsy of the abdomen—dysentery, diarrhoea—special action on the bladder, with inflammation, burning, bloody; scanty and even suppressed secretion of that organ. Finally, weakness in the throat, painful and difficult respiration, burning pain, and sometimes spitting of blood.

The short enumeration of these principal symptoms, is but the sketch of the symptomatic picture, which may be portrayed by cantharides. I have told you very little, and yet perhaps some medical men will read this

list, with a smile of incredulity ; an incredulity which is the best measure of their profound ignorance.

Let me tell you again—at the risk of a useless repetition—that the skin absorbs external substances, and introduces them into the internal organs, often with a too fatal rapidity. This would be easy to prove. I should only have to bring to your mind certain well-known, and established facts. For instance, do you not absorb the sulphur put into your bath ? do you not take the itch or small-pox by simple contact ; does not the least bite of a mad dog communicate this terrible disease ; does not the finest puncture of a needle dipped into vaccine matter, and inserted under the skin, propagate the virus throughout the organisation, &c. ?

Now I ask every man capable of reflection and of following an argument ; every honest minded doctor ; in fact every one who does not wish to be the dupe of the most infamous cheatery ; if it be rational, or just, to use blisters in almost every disease, whether acute or chronic ? —to put the skin in a position to absorb a remedy so dangerous as cantharides, as though it were suited to every action ? It would seem to be the most obvious truth that the same remedy cannot apply to every complaint, and be used with as much indifference as soap and water.

You are now aware, that a passage through the skin is always open, if you wish to penetrate into the interior of the organization. There is here no watchful sentinel to call out "*qui vive ?*" you nevertheless allow an enemy capable of setting fire to the train, to wander about with the most culpable indifference.

This lavish application of cantharides to the skin, rests upon the fatal prejudice, that whatever does not enter the body is harmless, according to the old saying, " what

does not enter the body, does not offend the soul." Now, is not this prejudice a little shared by the profession?

Medical men will not fail to tell us that these considerations are but dreams, only worthy at best to trouble the diseased mind of a Homœopath. But the fact is, these pretended reveries are cruel and brutal realities; unfortunately the cantharides in a blister can enter the organization, and are not content with remaining on the surface inert and harmless. In vain does the doctor say, "There thou art, and farther thou shalt not go;" the doctor goes, the cantharides go too, and are already at a pretty fair distance—and then what happens? Listen to what Mons. Guersent says,—

"In certain individuals, a more or less general disturbance is added to the local symptoms; the pulse as well as the breathing is accelerated, and agitation and thirst follow; in some cases, the patient experiences burning pains, accompanied by DYSURIA, STRANGURY and even HÆMATURIA!"

Further on, he says,—“In certain cases, notwithstanding a lessened activity of the application, and the most careful precautions in the dressing, the patients experience severe pain and extreme agitation.”

Again, the same author speaks of the consequences which may render the application of blisters very complicated. He mentions mortification, which, especially in children, may easily happen and become very dangerous; we have then to give quinquina, camphor, &c., to struggle against the disease brought on by the imprudence of the doctor.

"Sometimes," says he, "and without apparent cause (why without apparent cause! how simple you are! Mons. Guersent, you ought to know the cause!) the wound of the blister extends more and more, and this

kind of eating ulcer, ends by involving a whole limb, notwithstanding every effort of art ; in other cases the blistered surface becomes the seat of a bloody discharge, which sometimes appears due to an excess of inflammation, and other times is quite passive."

Further on, he continues : "*the irritating effect of blisters is still more marked in fever, thus, in acute cases, we have only recourse to blisters, when there is a great diminution of strength, and towards the termination of the malady ; otherwise the strong reaction they produce would still more increase the febrile state, and, might even in certain cases bring on convulsions, of which I have seen examples.*"

After having spoken of blisters in typhus, the author makes the following reflections, "*In general, one of the disadvantages of blisters in this case, is, that they often terminate in scars and ulcers difficult to cure, which retard convalescence ; but if this reproach have a foundation, of what consequence is the length of convalescence in a serious disease ? The important matter is the cure, and is it not probable that these local derangements, artificially produced, may assist it ?*"

How timid you are Mons. Guersent ! the curative action of the blister, in these cases, is then only *probable* it only *may* assist the cure. It is easy to see you are not quite sure, but you so clearly point out its disadvantages, that I am obliged to forgive you.

Lastly, you say, "*Practitioners ought never to lose sight of the fact, that in all cases of phlegmasia, the reaction produced by the blister always tends to reproduce the inflammation, if it have not been sufficiently subdued. This is what we often see in most cases of phlegmasia of the membranes, as meningitis, pleurisy and peritonitis.*"

Your intentions are excellent, Mons. Guersent, and your advice of the very best, but unfortunately the practitioners you address, have ears and hear not, a skin they never torture, blisters they never apply !

Professor Trousseau, after having spoken of the consequences that may be produced by the application of certain medicinal substances to the skin, adds ;

"How many times, in the Hospital, or in private practice, we see poor children take acute forms of scabby humours, simple or impetiginous, as the result of a temporary blister, rendered necessary by an inflammation of the lungs ; in most cases, the malady assumes a chronic form. We may then set it down as a rule, that *blisters are often the cause of skin diseases*. We have, IN OBEDIENCE TO ROUTINE, AND EVEN THEORY, applied perpetual blisters ; *we have often had to repent, but very rarely to commend ourselves for it.*"

"*In obedience to routine !*" "What, a professor obeys routine ?"

"*Even theory*" . . . It would seem as if this concession were made to his medical brethren, with a shrug of the shoulders ! This confession is really too full, sincere, and humble, not to deserve double absolution !

"*Large blisters applied to a denuded surface,*" says Professor Bouillaud, "*determine a more or less abundant, and often continuous albuminuria.*"

What is there astonishing in that ? Cantharides have this effect in the healthy subject, though you may not be aware of it.

"*One can never apply very large blisters upon the skin with impunity,*" says Mons. Fabre, in his *Traité de matière médicale et de thérapeutique*, "*for in weak persons especially, there may result very serious consequences on account of the great absorption.*"

Thus, the latter gentleman forbids the application of blisters to weak subjects, and Mons. Guersent told us just now, that they must only be employed when the strength is *much diminished, and towards the termination of the complaint.*

When will these dear colleagues ever come to an understanding?

Mons. Trousseau again speaks—"Besides its topical action," says he, "the blister also exercises a *general* one, which depends on the one hand, on the reaction caused by the inflammation of the skin, and on the other, on *the re-absorption of an irritating element which, circulating in the blood, stimulates the various tissues of the economy. This absorption of the active principle of cantharides*, is demonstrated, as every one knows, by the effect that the application of a blister has on the region of the kidneys, bladder, &c."

Have you understood this . . . ? Can you still doubt the fact of the absorption of cantharides?

I have yet at my disposal some valuable lessons from the pens of very worthy authors, such as Morgagni, Ambrose Paré, Professor Récamier and Velpeau, Valleix, Morel-Lavallée, Bouchardat, Devergie, &c., but I must stop, and refer those who wish for longer details, to the works themselves.

The point which concerns us, and which we ought to establish, is, that in collecting together all the phenomena which they attribute to the absorption of cantharides, and in bringing all these shades into one picture, we obtain the perfect physiognomy of this medicine. Now, remember these confessions cannot be considered as reveries worthy at best of troubling the brain of a Homœopath; they are the confessions of your masters, the professors of the old school—confessions

which ought to freeze the smile of incredulity upon your disdainful lip,—confessions that you ought to receive, as Moses did the Tables of the Law upon the mountain.

Go on then trifling with blisters, and when one of these consequences shows itself and renders the complaint more complicated, you will be quite surprised at the phenomenon, and will ask naïvely how it could happen. You would be like the gardener, who should be astonished to see plants spring up in a patch of ground where he had never sown any seed—or rather, where he had thrown seed some days before.

I remember long ago to have read in an old author, at the article *Gastritis*, that the stomach resembles doctors; when it is out of order, it will not be *doctored*. Medical men are bad customers to the druggists, they leave medicines alone, more especially blisters. Prodigious of this remedy to their patients, they take very good care not to disfigure their own skin, or that of their wife, or children! It does very well to amuse simpletons.

One day, a celebrated physician being seriously ill, sent for two medical friends to attend him. After their consultation, perceiving they were going to apply blisters, “*Do you take me for a patient?*” said he indignantly.

Dr. Chapman mentions the fact of a barrister in London, a distinguished orator, who was in the habit of applying a blister every time he had to plead. The remedy is not altogether out of place, but I did not know that cantharides was a stimulant to eloquence. •

But, let us go forwards in the field of our discussion. Let us dig a little deeper into the furrow of the old prejudice, and see if we cannot find the root of this pretended progress.

In the centre of the wound made by the blister, put what is called an orange pea ; use compression over this foreign body by means of a bandage, and we shall at last arrive at the production of a NEW ORGAN !! the finest specimen of medical progress ! a CAUTERY !!!

In order to dig this new organ in the cellular tissue, several other tools may be used. Iron at a white heat, the burning action produced by combustible substances, chemical or medicinal agents, such as nitric and sulphuric acid, pure caustic potash, ammonia, tartar emetic, chlorate of antimony, arsenical ointment, &c. &c.

At last we have the exutory fully established ; this is the infected drain through which all sorts of maladies are to make their escape ; here is the spring of delusions so dear to the doctors, or rather so *dear for* the patients !

Cauteries were known to the ancients. The physicians of the Greek school made frequent use of them. I excuse and pardon them with all my heart. In those days, steam, railways, screw steamers, heliography, galvanoplasty, and the electric telegraph were unknown. The steps in the high road of communication were slow, industry was languishing, thought lay dormant in the brain of the nations, the circulation of progress was still congealed in the cold arteries of society. But in 1858, when progress bursts forth and irradiates the whole universe, do you venture to speak of exutories and cauteries ! Where are we then ?

I would here make a confession, and I do it with all the humility and repentance of a sinner.

At the time I practised the old system, no one was a greater partisan of exutories than myself. For the merest trifle I prescribed blisters ; in every chronic affection I applied a cautery, and did so with the most

easy conscience. I never made much use of bleeding. Triller might very justly have called me a hemaphobist ; but in purgatives, blisters and cauteries, I was certainly a great proficient. Galen would have placed me in the list of his most zealous disciples, and I deserved to enter into the learned Faculty of Molière.

How many I could name whose skin I have lacerated ! Sometimes it was an old man, whose humours I would draw off ; sometimes a child, whose constitution I wished to purify ; at another a dropsical subject that I wanted to drain ; or a consumptive patient, whose chest I worked upon, to soften the tubercles ; or it was the deaf and blind, who believed in an approaching miracle, when they were furnished with the all-powerful exutory.

Oh, ye ! whose organization wears a perfidious exutory, as an arm of defence ; you, young man, who give to the wounds in your breast their daily supply of peas ; you, cruel mothers, who stifle the cries of your children, when you dress their arms, attenuated by this artificial ulcer ; you, young girls, who veil with the covering of your dress an odious cautery, thinking by this means to preserve the charm and freshness of youth—believe me, you are deceived. You are the dupes of the most cruel imposition !*

Here however, dear patients, is an excellent piece of advice that I give in all sincerity, and of which you may some day make use. General rule ; when your doctor advises a cautery, ask him, if in the same circumstances, he would apply one to himself. They take good care to avoid them ; they are too good doctors for that !

* It will scarcely be believed in this country, how frequently cauteries and issues are used abroad, especially in France. They are applied to persons of every age, sex and station, both as a cure and preventive of disease.—*Translator's Note.*

One day I was speaking to a physician who was threatened with an organic affection of the heart.

— Have you applied a cauterly, said I?

"No," he replied, "I was thinking of it, but I cannot make up my mind."

To another, in the course of an amicable discussion I said,

— "Be honest, have you ever received any benefit from cauteries?"

— "Yes," he replied with a knowing smile, "their pus is the sap that nourishes the trees of our garden."

Who has ears to hear, let him hear!

If I have made many cauteries, I have at least the merit of confession and repentance. I have also the pleasure of remembering, that I have been the means of drying up a great number.

Since I have been a Homœopath, I have amply redeemed the absurdities that I may have committed in my short Allopathic practice. How often have my unfortunate patients thanked me for having delivered them from their disgusting cauteries, which they fed with the very sap of their youth? These benefits console me for my past errors.

If it be not true that diseases can escape by cauteries, it is at least certain that they can enter into the system by this means. It is in reality a new organ of absorption, and this absorption becomes very active and injurious in certain circumstances. Thus, a celebrated practitioner relates that he knew a student, in whom, each time he made a *post-mortem* examination, the discharge from his cauterly contracted the same odour as that of the effluvia from corpses. Therefore, on account of this absorbing property, those who have cauteries would do well cautiously to avoid all the agents, which might

contain or transmit the least miasmatic or epidemic disease, and most especially those which are contagious.

I regret that my limited plan does not permit me more fully to develop this idea.

The cautery, according to Messrs. Merat and Delens, is a point of irritation set up in some part of the body, to turn aside or destroy a morbid principle, which exists in some other part, or whose formation is threatened. According to Dr. Fabre, it is an artificial lesion, an induced disease, established by art to cure a more serious one, which has its seat in a more important or vital part.

Every definition, more or less descriptive of this ulcer, amounts to the same thing.*

In reality there is but one reason for applying a cautery; it is always revulsion, the dream of the profession. To cure one malady by another, is rational,—it is almost Hippocratic and Hahnemannian. Let us examine the effects of a cautery. Let us see if diseases do escape through this most infected canal of therapeutics.

Certainly the affection for which cauteries are most prodigally used, is undoubtedly, pulmonary phthisis. Now, I would ask all the unfortunate sufferers from this perfidious and pitiless disease, if they have received any benefit from those ulcers that eat away their flesh, irritate and dry up their skin, and sap their last drop of life! Alas, doctors had better confess their impotency, than martyrize their poor patients.

Organic affections are nearly always cruel and unconquerable. Sometimes they are ferocious tigers that laugh whilst they drink the blood of their victims; oftener they are like those blind machines, which slowly and pitilessly crush the unfortunate beings who fall within their grasp.

I could here relate the confessions of celebrated physicians, all Allopaths, who have branded the practice of exutories, but nothing is so fatiguing as long and repeated quotations, I will therefore be very sober, and confine myself to a few lines.

We are at the famous sitting of the Academy of the 13th January, 1855. Mons. Bousquet is again before us! It is always the same story: always the same powder which he intended to blow up, in the defence of revulsion. Unhappily we have received all the benefit of the fire, whilst the revulsive method has had nothing but the smoke.

Listen to the *naïf* Academician!

"What! when a disease is quietly introduced into the human economy, settled in an organ, and taken possession to that degree, that the system bears it without fever or reaction, do people imagine that it is only necessary to set up an inflammation near it, in order to dislodge the former one, and get the better of it! We know of physicians who are still in the habit of putting a cautery to the thorax, in order to draw the pulmonary tubercles to the surface; but, have they ever cured consumptive patients by this means? I admire and would share their confidence, but I cannot."

How beautiful is truth, coming from so learned a mouth! and do not forget that Mons. Bousquet is not a Homœopath!

Before him, Mons. Velpeau had said,—“I am happy to bear my testimony to the fact, that the advocates of perpetual exutories decrease more and more among medical men. Mons. Jolly, in an article upon scrofula says, that cauteries have often appeared to him to occasion this malady, but not to cure it.”

I could quote several other confessions quite as com-

promising, from equally good authorities; such as Messrs. Guersent, Velpeau, Piorry, &c., but I spare you.

Lastly, we will penetrate the lowest layer of the skin, and establish the barbarous seton.

The seton consists in a skein of cotton or silk, inserted under the skin by means of an incision.

This time the manœuvre is deeper, it pursues the enemy into its last retrenchments to seize the malady behind its strongest rampart; the seton is several steps in advance of the cautery, in the scale of progress.

The seton is really the most brilliant example of progress in medicine. It is truly vexatious that our age, so remarkable for progression, cannot claim the honour of its invention.

The seton is unfortunately contemporaneous with Galen, and is perhaps even of older date. The Greek physicians used skeins of horse-hair. In making a seton, they employed pincers whose extremities were large and flat, furnished with a hole in the centre. They grasped a fold of skin between the two ends, introduced a red hot iron into the aperture, and then passed the horse hair through.

But at the present day, progress has happily somewhat modified this manner of proceeding. We use skeins of silk, or little rolls of lead. To make an opening for passing the skein, we no longer use a red-hot iron; that was too barbarous. Various means are now employed, such as a bistoury, which is passed through a fold of skin, a sharp pointed lancet, or a large flat needle furnished with an eye which carries the silk. When the seton is dressed, the skein of silk is drawn out a little, and the part cut off which is saturated by the discharge; remember, that this recreation takes place at least once a day.

Here is progress !! Here is the drainage of the pathological ditch ! Here is the true gutter of revulsion !

This means is admirably adapted to strike the imagination of the people, the ever-ready victim of culpable experiment ; the vulgar have always had a pleasure in being deceived. *Vulgus vult decipi*, a certain philosopher said. The patient imagines that in cutting off a part of the skein of the seton, the scissors remove each day, some inches of his malady. He is satisfied and happy, like a person, who, having a tape worm, felicitates himself every time that he parts with some joints of the fatal parasite. It runs and discharges so well ! the disease must soon be dried up.

Oh age of progress ! Delusion of delusions ! Oh ye who make, or allow setons to be made, whoever you are, I do not wish to know how large or how small may be *the poverty of your spirit*. but assuredly *yours is the kingdom of heaven*.

At the day of judgment, I shall at least have the consolation of not seeing thrown into the scale, the sin of having applied a seton to the meanest of my patients. But if I have never applied one myself, I have dressed many in the hospitals. Sometimes it was at the back of the neck to disperse an amaurosis, or a chronic affection of the nose or ears ; sometimes in the region of the heart, to polish its valves, and to clean the wheels ; it was still more frequently applied, to draw out some organic derangement of the liver, lungs, joints, or to dry up a dropsy. The first time I dressed a seton, (I remember it to this day,) I suffered as much as the poor patient. I was filled with indignation, and made up my mind that I would never commit this crime of treason against humanity. I have the consolation of knowing my promise has never been broken. I have

often wished we could realize the following idea:—If, by means of a general census, we could examine in France all the persons who may be at this moment, attacked with any chronic affection, there would undoubtedly be a pretty fair number of doctors amongst them. I am very sure we should have a fine collection of hidden setons, but among the doctors—not one.

Bah ! it is all very well for patients !

One or two more quotations ; and another act of the comedy played before the Academy on the 8th of January, 1856. Same scene, same characters.

Mons. Malgaigne.—“ *Setons are suitable when we do not exactly know what is the matter ; they are also useful when one does not know what to do.*”

Here is a fulminating bull—issuing from the Allopathic Vatican !

But this is not all, listen ! Further on the satirical professor adds :—“ Some days ago, there was a discussion at the Academy, about an essay for the Corvisart Prize. I proposed the seton. ‘ And where do you suppose we can study that ? ’ was objected, ‘ in your service ? ’ Oh, no ! . . . My colleagues made replies similar to my own. One only confessed to have applied them sometimes, but he forbid me to name him here, threatening to contradict me. (*Continued laughter.*)

“ In order not to expose myself to that, I shall consequently conceal his name. ‘ It is not that I have much faith in it,’ said he, ‘ but it is a means which acts on the imagination of patients. It produces an effect on the mind.’” (*Laughter.*)

Whoever it was, this unknown practitioner well deserved to wear a red ribbon at his button-hole. *What a farce!* would have said the old German who had consulted so many doctors.

Finally, the learned Academician addresses himself to the rising generation of young medical men, and says to them,—“Like Mons. Bouvier, I address myself to the members of the Academy, in order to obtain some new light, but beyond the Academy, I see a new generation, and I thus address it:

“Investigate, take no one’s word, neither that of Mons. Bouvier, nor of Mons. Malgaigne. Think for yourselves, put faith in experience only, go into the service of Mons. Bouvier, and see what the seton does for him: but remember this same Mons. Bouvier, does not know at this moment, *either how, when, or why, we must avail ourselves* of this means; and what proves this is, that he appeals to me to tell him: a desperate appeal in truth.”

Listen young students to the voice of your professor, will it be a voice crying in the desert?

Listen again to Mons. Piorry: “The effects they cause,” says he, in speaking of the abuse of revulsion, “make the patients forget the lesser pain which was there before. It has an effect upon the mind of the patient, by turning away his attention from his sufferings.”

How can you reconcile with such words the anathema hurled by the professor against all these means? For, after the most eloquent speech, in which he exclaims against this abuse, he cries;—“I ask myself if medicine could not be less cruel, if it could not take the pain of the sufferers into greater consideration, if in the eyes of the physician, the means are indifferent, if they would be as prodigal of exutories *for themselves*, as they are for their patients?”

Reconcile, if you can, these two fragments of the same discourse.

What a farce!

Now, the reports of these sittings of the Academy have been published by the Allopathic journals, and yet people will continue to apply blisters, cauteries, and setons!

So much the worse for the poor patients, and also for the doctors, whose easy conscience will continue to transgress the decrees of the Academic council; for all these slights and anathemas emanating from such high authority, ought—at least for them—to have the weight of law.

In the age of progress—since you talk of nothing but progress—can you find no means less cruel and barbarous, with which to divert your patients?

Let Chapelain live again in 1858, and he will tell you.

UN CAUTÈRE! UN SÉTON! "O perruque ma mie!
N'as-tu donc tant vécu que pour cette infamie?"*

Why can you not amuse your patients by playing the juggler with globules, like the Homœopaths? Can you not make use of the white powder and clear water of these quacks, to flatter their imagination?

That the old generation still limps along the path of prejudice, leaning on the staff of routine, I can understand and pardon. But you, young doctors, whose mission it is to carry the balm of consolation into mourning families, will you leave all feeling in the dissecting rooms, and coolly torture, *according to the rules of art*, the poor victims who implore the assistance of your mission?

* CAUTERIES! SETONS! "My dear old wig ne'er thought,
That it, to see such infamy should e'er be brought."

You would be excusable if all these means were but diversions for the imagination, or playthings for children, but can you count as nothing the pain, bleeding, congestion of neighbouring ganglions, nervous lesions, the tetanus that might result therefrom, the erysipelas, the abscesses, the mortifications, and every other consequence, &c. ? And will you pretend that all this is but to affect the minds of patients ! Rather emulate the candour of Mons. Marchal (de Calvi). See what he has written in his observations on this question.

“Mons. Malgaigne is but too much in the right,” says he, “the seton is but a piece of routine, applied for the most part without judgment, or any precise indication for it, having NO OTHER EFFECT than pain, the inconvenience it always occasions, and the unhappy results that it sometimes induces.” Do you know the way in which Magendie behaved in consultation ? Seeing one day that a professional brother persisted in blisters and other such tricks—“Do it,” said he, “if it amuses you !” What would you have said, had you been the patient, and heard these words ? But, it must be confessed that such just and severe precepts, emanating from the masters of science, are hardly applicable to the rising medical generation, but reserved for old practitioners born before our time, and who are stuck fast in the bog of routine. I know several young men, lately come from the schools, who, on this point, have very advanced ideas. When they consent to a blister, it is but to gratify the patient and his friends, they never dream either of cauteries, setons, moxas, or any such senseless remedies.

Shall I speak of the moxa ? Does there exist a physician that makes use of this pretended revulsive torture ? I can understand that a similar instrument of pain, in-

vented in China and Japan, is used by the doctors in that country, where progress has never yet penetrated. I can understand that some unlucky patient, fallen either into despair, or the fanaticism of a Mucius Scævola, would amuse himself—as for example, Hady-Ahmed, ex-bey of Constantine—in torturing his skin with streaks of fire; but in France, such torments ought to be proscribed, and these ideas banished from every reasonable mind.

To those, however, who wish to know what the moxa is, and would be tempted to try it, I shall content myself with saying; the moxa is a little cone or cylinder made of cotton, or any other combustible matter. One end is applied to the skin, and the other set on fire; as the flame advances, the heat becomes more intense; the epidermis is heard to crackle; the skin shrivels, turns brown, and is scorched till nearly black.

What do you think of this? A patient might well prefer meeting a thief in a wood, who would hold a pistol to his throat, and ask for his money or his life, to seeing a doctor who proposes such torture.

I have often heard it said, of certain barbarous practices; “*This is a remedy for a horse.*” I have always considered this expression very exaggerated.

Prove that animals are worse treated than man, and that veterinarians are more to be dreaded than doctors! Is *human* medicine milder than *horse* medicine? Man, in a pathological point of view, is on the contrary a hundred times more unfortunate than animals. His diseases are more tedious, frequent, and above all, more complicated. Do you know many horses taking cod liver oil? Would you find many wearing an abominable cautery as long as you do? Could you train horses to such a pitch of patience, that they would

bear all the tortures inflicted by your doctor upon you?

No! the horse is neither so unlucky, nor so stupid as you imagine. To him a wolf is a wolf, and not a doctor. He distrusts him, and does not blindly give himself up to his treatment. Thus very often, less complaisant than you, the cunning steed

..... "lui lache une ruade
Qui vous lui met en marmelade
Les mandibules et les dents." *

I will now relate a fact which is alone sufficient to prove, that animals are not worse treated than men. I shall remember it as long as I live—I was treating a young child about ten years of age, attacked by a gastric worm fever. It was in the beginning of my practice, when I was not at all inclined to Homeopathy, and had scarcely given it a thought.

The child constantly refused to take the black and nauseous potions that I ordered; neither my patience nor the solicitude of his afflicted parents, could conquer his obstinacy. An old practitioner was called in consultation. Taking the fixed look for a symptom of cerebral compression, and the death-rattle for pulmonary congestion, the wretched bungler prescribed an emetic and a large blister all over the head. The head was shaved, and the blister applied. In vain did I oppose the barbarity of this old Torquemada with all my power, the friends were *so possessed with the idea of his being a skilful man*, as Sganarelle says, that they consented to these savage

* "Meanwhile, suspicious of some trick
The wary patient nearer draws,
And gives his doctor such a kick,
As makes a chowder of his jaws."

expedients, and the child expired in the most cruel tortures.

Oh shade of Ambrose Paré!!! "*It is a great pity,*" said the Physician of Charles IX. "*to see the doctors so torture their victims. It is the act of a bad Christian to cause so much suffering.*"

In casting a synthetic glance over our last three Conferences, what do we discover? What are the batteries of the old *medical* school?—Bleeding, leeches, purgatives, emetics, blisters, cauteries, setons, moxas, &c.

And this is progress!

And to know how to do all *thts*, it is necessary to sit for eight long years on the dusty benches of the schools; to have the right to do this in France, one must be a *bachelier ès-lettres*, *bachelier ès-sciences*, *docteur en médecine*, and furnished with a parchment, called a diploma! To teach this, one must have a scarlet robe, and an ermine mantle, and be as eloquent in the professor's chair, as a Cæsar, or a Cicero!

But all *this*, every one has seen done, every one knows how to do it, and every one does it; the simple accoucheuse as well as the doctor; the nurse as well as the professor; and Goazet of Toulouse, was perfectly right, when—as Bordeu reports—he made a public speech in which he affirmed, that "*in ordinary diseases the nurses knew as much as the doctors; and that in extraordinary ones, the doctors knew little more than the nurses.*"

And this is progress!!

Labour then for thirty years, spend all your youth, and come to this! Is it necessary then, to be a Sydenham or a Barthez, in order to put the machinery of your therapeutics into play? Must one be a Rossini or a Mozart in order to turn the handle of a barrel-organ?

But say you, we nevertheless cure with such means, therefore

Stop, and be in no haste to conclude, let me give you the opinions of your professors on this question.

Mons. Guersent, after having spoken of all these therapeutic means, recommends doctors to be very prudent in drawing conclusions from the effects they obtain, and concludes by saying, "Delusions in medicine are easy and numerous, and we are too often led to attribute to the effect of an insignificant, *or even sometimes hurtful* means, those favourable changes which are the result either of atmospheric influence, a moral impression, or a spontaneous effort of nature, which happily sometimes cures *in spite of our mistakes*."

Mons. Velpeau, who has supported the seton in the debates of the Academy, becomes much embarrassed in the end, and speaking of the treatment of amaurosis by this means, he says, "I never employ the seton, but in cases where the affection which caused the amaurosis is not well defined."

"I well know there is a great difficulty (*here is the thorn*) in ascertaining, if, when an amaurosis has been cured after the application of a seton to the neck, it be the seton that effected the cure, or if it would have been cured without it, or by the medicine employed during the time of the seton; this difficulty is certainly immense, but it weighs heavily on all practice and means of cure, and I believe that if we thus examined all the agents employed in therapeutics, there would be very little left to science if submitted to such tests."

But say you, we do cure with such means.

Listen then to another of these little sallies that I would have left asleep under the veil of bashfulness, had you not forced me to be indiscreet.

"When I was yet quite young," writes our facetious Bordeu, whom I so much like to quote—"I was called in as a fourth physician, to a person attacked by fever, pain in the side, and spitting of blood. I had no advice to offer; that is easily understood. One of the three other doctors proposed a third bleeding, (it was the third day of the attack); the second advised an emetic combined with a purgative; the third a blister to the legs. The debate was warm, no one would give in. I would have sworn that they were all in the right. At last, it will scarcely be believed, that on account of circumstances useless to relate, this dispute became a matter of interest to five or six numerous families, divided like the doctors, and who equally wished to take possession of the patient; it lasted beyond the seventh day of the disease. However in spite of the terrible threatenings of my three masters, the patient, reduced to the strictest regimen, managed to get well. I watched this cure, for I was left alone. I found it laid down in the school of Cos, and I exclaimed, 'This then is the road we ought to follow!'"

Here is another story. In this the satirical professor is not afraid to name the authors. It relates to the Sérane, father and son, physicians to the Hospital at Montpellier. The father invariably ordered tartar emetic, with or without the addition of two ounces of manna, for every disease. Bleeding was the great hobby of the son. "However," continues Bordeu, "the patients were cured without much bleeding, because old Sérane did not approve of it, and also without taking the emetic, for young Sérane proved to his father that this remedy increased inflammation. The patients were cured, and I profited by the lesson. *From this I concluded, that the bleedings multiplied by the young Sérane when*

he had the case to himself, were quite as useless as the repeated emetics to which the old Sérane was so partial"

Listen to this fine confession of faith !

"I declare calmly, and with the modesty to which I am condemned by my imperfect knowledge, that when I look back, I am ashamed at having so much insisted, either upon bleeding, purgatives, or emetics."

Poor Bordeu ! then, he did not approve of progress ?

Have you ever pruned the dermatological tree better than the celebrated Alibert ? Listen to one more little anecdote, the most perfect model of medical scepticism. A lady came one day, to thank him for having cured her of the ringworm.

—— I cured you of the ringworm ?

—— Certainly, doctor.

—— No, you are mistaken ; I have never cured any one of the ringworm.

—— Oh, doctor, you are joking. I am Madame N — whom you treated last year ; I have returned from Périgord, where I went, according to your advice, to confirm the cure ; you can see for yourself, that the ringworm has disappeared.

—— Enough Madam, I repeat, I never have cured the ringworm, next spring will prove this to you.

These are *naïves* confessions, but they dreadfully wound the conscience.

I will not finish this Conference without bringing before you, the energetic testimony of Mons. Marchal, (de Calvi). 'No Academician, no orator, no modern writer, has so eloquently 'exposed the therapeutic system of Galen. After having thrown doubt, with the most burning irony, upon the cures professed to have been made by Mons. Bouvier, by his setons, he applies a red-hot iron to the old doctrine.

"The facts which he alleges," says he, "are examples of that deplorable system of medicine which I have called *episodic*; the system of the hospitals, which gives to society medical men, obliged to begin their education afresh at the expense of their patients, during several years of groping, experiment, chances and reverses; amidst anxiety of mind and torment of conscience; a system termed clinical, which lays so much stress in the disease, to the episode, the actual casualty, the manifestation of the moment, to the neglect of the disease itself; a deceptive system which gives itself the airs of mathematic exactitude, by making use of figures to show cures *that the next hour belies*; a system of plastering, which bedaubes a ruined wall with a layer of mortar, when we ought to begin from the very foundation, to build afresh. *We have no need to measure terms, since it is not only a question here of personal, but of general error.*"

In face of such testimony, I am sorry to be a Homœopath.—Try to understand my meaning. I would be an Allopath to-day, for the pleasure of turning renegade to-morrow. The old camp is undermined, and may blow up at an any moment. You have heard it; we have been warned; the mine will spring; one of the generals *has sold the match!* Oh, how I should like to be an Allopath that I might have the satisfaction of deserting!

You may still persist in quoting me cases of cure; I know that very well, but you must learn how to interpret them.

Thus, a doctor said to me one day:—"I assure you that with four blisters I have cured my mother, who was given over in a consultation of two doctors."—"I do not doubt it," I replied, "that only proves, that cantharides can cure this disease, and if you had given this medicine internally, and in proper doses, the cure would

as certainly have been effected, but in a more agreeable manner."

Thus it is that the means or remedies applied to the skin are absorbed, and cure the affections that are similar to them. In this manner I give remedies daily by outward application; and thus, those diseases which come under the power of quinine, arnica, belladonna, nux vomica, &c., are easily neutralized, by frictions on the skin. I even go further, and shall probably astonish many persons by that assertion; there are cases in which I should apply a blister, or even blisters; for instance, where cantharides could not *possibly* be given internally. Then, in order to introduce this medicine into the system by means of absorption, I might make use of frictions of this ointment, or of a blister, and that, without for one moment ceasing to be a Homœopath, without transgressing one hair's breadth the doctrine of similars, or without running the risk of being accused of the least apostasy.

You can then see perfectly well that we do not wish the cutaneous surface to be condemned to absolute inaction. When it is necessary, we avail ourselves of its absorbing property, and we entrust it with the mission of carrying various Homœopathic remedies, into the very centre of the system.

But cauteries, setons, moxas, never!!! If the blister could be employed in a case as rare as a total eclipse of the sun, the use of these barbarous means would not be more impossible than the stopping of this luminary in its course.

But, you repeat, since these means are not medicines, you might employ them, even when you administer remedies with which they cannot interfere.

— Even were these means completely harmless, I

should not approve of them in any case. What do you want with them when this remedy is alone sufficient to effect the cure? Would you harness a horse to a locomotive?

Speak no more of progress, when you talk about your old system of medicine; the old roads, the heavy carriages, the horses that haul a boat, or the aerial telegraph that leaves news to sleep on the road.

Do not speak of progress, when you labour to bring the cross bow and javelin to perfection, with the idea that they will again come into use, and that gunpowder will soon have had its day.

Do not speak of progress, when you show yourself like those Arabs, who at the battle of Tchaldiram, persisted in fighting with arrows against the Turks, who blew them to pieces with their cannon.

If there be any means that can replace bleeding and leeches, purgatives and emetics, blisters and cauteries, setons and moxas; if, to the exclusion of your delusive theories of derivation and revulsion, there exist a principle that goes to the root of the matter, expeditiously and more agreeably than all its rivals, we have the right to say,—this is progress!

Yes, Homœopathy is the medicine of progress, and Allopathy, as the facetious Bordeu says, is a coquette, who, now that she is old, decks herself with ornaments and finery; she was simple in her youth, and it was thus she was beloved by Hippocrates, her first admirer.

Sixteenth Conference.

THE MESSIAH OF MEDICINE.

IN the kingdom of Saxony not far from Dresden, at the confluence of the Elbe and the Meissa, stands the little village of Meissen ; it can boast of having given birth to two families, celebrated in the annals of literature and science.

The first is the family of Schlegel. The eldest, Elias, has obtained an honourable rank among the German poets. His nephew, August Wilhelm, distinguished himself by his literary works, and attracted the notice of Madame de Stäel, Goethe, and Schiller. Friederich was celebrated, not only for his historical writings, but also for his patriotic poetry. The latter, composed by him during the invasion of the French, gained him the appellation of the *Tyrtæus of Germany*.

The other family is that of Hahnemann; and in this respect the little town of Meissen will be as celebrated as that island in the Ægean sea, which boasts of being the birth-place of the immortal Hippocrates.

About the year 1755, there lived at Meissen a painter on porcelain called Christian Gottfried Hahnemann. He gained his living in the manufactory at this place, which

supplies the celebrated Dresden china. He never knew what it was to be rich, but on the other hand, he never suffered from poverty. His only treasure was a son, whom God gave him this same year, and who, though at first the subject of a fresh care, became afterwards the source of the greatest consolation.

This child was called SAMUEL CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH HAHNEMANN. He was born the 10th of April, 1755.

The dawn of early years generally presages the noon and evening of existence. The promise of the man is in the child as the fruit in the flower. At an early age, Samuel showed the tone of his future character and mind. He manifested little inclination for juvenile games; but rather resembled those children, whom we are disposed to reproach with too much gravity of manner and conduct. When alone, he seemed absorbed by the love of study, but the sweetness of his character charmed his family, and the goodness of his heart was seen in the smallest trifles.

We will pass over his early days.

Samuel Hahnemann entered his twelfth year, and his mind began to seek for a larger amount of scientific food. He was then taken to a provincial school, where there was greater scope for his activity. Dr. Muller the director, immediately perceived the capabilities and inclinations of his new pupil. Therefore, in order not to oppose the peculiar bent of his mind, he gave him full liberty in the choice of his reading, the distribution of his time, and every other detail of his conduct.

The first necessary condition for the development of genius, is liberty. Dr. Muller has had good reason to congratulate himself on having comprehended the tastes and inclination of the boy, and freed from the trammels

of rule, one, who at a later period, was to burst the bonds of old prejudices.

After a time, Gottfried Hahnemann began to think of his son's career, and like all fathers, hoped to find in him, a successor to his business, and a support in his old age. To fit Samuel for a liberal career! The poor father was never able to think of such a thing. For that, one must have the means, and he had none. One day, when alone with his palette and pencil, he made up his mind that his son knew enough to enter his shop, and become like him, a painter on porcelain.

But fathers propose, and Providence disposes.

Thus it was that Galen was not an architect, like his father, Nicon; that Barthez was not a civil engineer; that the celebrated physician of Napoleon I., born two months before Hahnemann, was not a lawyer like his father Corvisart.

Dr. Muller then became the good genius of young Samuel; he opposed the resolutions of the father with all his might, and in order to cultivate the budding talents of the boy, he undertook to pay all the expenses of his studies. In this new atmosphere, the intelligence of the youth developed rapidly, so much so, that at fourteen he could replace the Greek professor in his lessons.

We will pass over details. The moment arrived when the future disciple finished his superior studies, and it became necessary for him to enter upon a liberal career.—He fixed upon medicine.—His turn of mind led him to choose this profession, which he embraced most ardently. He set out for Leipsic in 1775, carrying in his purse 20 ducats, which his father gave him, regretting it was all he could spare from his exhausted store.

Twenty ducats! That is, less than £10 sterling—just enough to give one the opportunity of breathing for a

few days the air of a new existence!—that is, not even enough to buy the first-fruits of independence which every student tastes on entering a medical school.

Hahnemann might have said, like the Philosopher of Priène, that he carried all his property along with him, for his only possessions consisted in his knowledge of Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and English. This is the field which for two years furnished him with his daily bread. He translated English and French works into German, and this labour, if it did not supply all his wants, at least prevented him dying of hunger.

But how provide both for the requirements of material life and those of his medical studies? Hahnemann then adopted the plan of enriching his stores of time, by adding night to day. He sat up every other night, and in order to lengthen both life and labour, he employed every kind of effort against fatigue and sleep.

“Those”—said one of his biographers—“who, seeing the old doctor smoke almost incessantly, could not prevent themselves from maliciously observing, that he prohibited the use of tobacco, ought to remember, that the poor student who expected from the labour of the night, his bread of the morrow, was driven to seek in his pipe, a means of conquering sleep during his tedious watchings.”

Would that every student, in leaving his medical school, had but to reproach himself with having cultivated, in the garden of amusement, the tobacco plant alone.

Was it not for his good, that Providence refused riches to the young Samuel? Make this young man of twenty years rich; give him the power of buying every pleasure; gold enough to drown in its torrent, life, time, and intelligence, and then answer for his future. What great men

has poverty made ! What great men riches have ruined ! The poor student toils, and he who thus acquires the habit of work, at last rises above the waves of misfortune, and reaches the port designed for him by Providence.

Samuel was twenty-two when he left Leipsic for Austria. He went to Vienna, but his slender purse did not long hold out against casualties. At the end of nine months, therefore, he left this city to try his fortune in Hungary. At last, having reached Leopoldstadt, he was patronized by Archdeacon J. Quarin, and authorized to attend the sick in an hospital kept by monks, and at the same time to practise medicine in the city.

Soon after, unexpected good fortune called him to Hermannstadt. The Governor of Transylvania here offered him the situations both of librarian and that of private physician. Hahnemann did not fail to profit by these new opportunities of cultivating his mind. He made many fresh connexions, and soon a favourable wind pushed him forwards into a pretty extensive practice.

But if the protection of a person of rank can gratify the self-love of a low mind ; if, in certain circumstances, it can even take the place of a diploma ; with Hahnemann, it lost all its prestige and importance. The student felt himself called to greater things, and for the first time, listened to the voice of his genius.

He therefore left Hermannstadt in 1779, and went to Erlangen, where he read and defended his inaugural thesis, and was received doctor the 10th of August in the same year. Here a new epoch commenced in the young man's life that may be called the period of his migrations. Having received his title, he went into various countries, allowing himself to be led by the impulse of circumstances. He remained some time at

Hettstadt, and at Dessau, where he gave himself up, almost exclusively, to the study of chemistry.

Hahnemann had already wandered six years in the field of practice. He at last settled at Gommern, near Magdeburg, and soon after married Henrietta Kuchler, the daughter of a chemist. At the end of two years, he went to Dresden, where he found numerous friends. He became intimate with the most influential persons, formed a brilliant practice, and obtained the esteem of Dr. Wagner, the first physician of the city, who, in order to rest after a long illness, entrusted him, by the consent of the magistrate, with the duties of chief physician to the Hospitals.

Surrounded by such favourable circumstances, Hahnemann made rapid advances in the path of success. But his numerous clinical occupations never prevented him from devoting a considerable time to study. Criticism has dared to reproach him with being ignorant of chemistry. And yet it was at this time, in an interval of about four or five years, he published a dozen treatises, which showed the most intimate knowledge of chemistry, physics, and natural history.

It was at that period, and during his chemical experiments, that he found out a new method of detecting adulterations in wine, and some tests in cases of poisoning by arsenic. It was then he also discovered his precipitate of mercury, which Allopathy as well as Homœopathy, employs under the name of the *soluble mercury* of Hahnemann. And yet he has been reproached with being ignorant of chemistry! But accusations still more unjust have been brought against him, as we shall see.

Nevertheless, the reputation of the young doctor increased daily. Fortune bestowed upon him the most

ample favours, and already he had left the path frequented by ordinary minds. Invited in 1791 by the Economic Society of Leipsic and the Academy of Science at Mayence, he returned to the former city where he had gone through his first important studies.

If we recall with pleasurable emotion the happy events of our life, this emotion becomes yet more rapturous, when our hours of suffering and pain present themselves to our memory. What a perfume do tribulations shed over the heart! What a charm for the future is hidden in the trials of the past! Remember the words of the Trojan hero to his companions, to raise their courage, and fortify their heart against misfortune.

“Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.”

From this hemistich flow the streams of persuasion and hope.

“Some day e'en this remembered, may delight.”

Hahnemann returned to Leipsic. This city contains a small room, which was the witness of the former struggles of the young man against bad fortune; a small room, whose walls had been the depositories of many a bitter secret. Neither at this time was Hahnemann rich, but he possessed a reputation already immense, and had friends in the highest region of the social atmosphere. He was no longer the obscure and unfortunate student, but the genius become a man, recently adopted by that capricious parent called Destiny, who had treated him like a harsh step-mother up to that day.

What a contrast between the past and the present!

What will be the fate of the young doctor? Will he consecrate all his zeal to the cultivation of a large practice? Will he water the tree of fortune with the

sweat of his brow, that it may bring forth riches and honours in return? Will he plunge into the arid path that leads to the professor's chair? No, . . .

He had already raised himself too high in the horizon of medical science, and this is why he so quickly perceived all was vanity. He had penetrated too far into the sanctuary of Hippocrates, and he too well felt all the winds of the systems that there blow and bluster, and disappearing daily are driven out by others more ambitious still; he therefore leaves this temple, and breaks his former idol, in which he has no longer any faith.

Hahnemann's belief in medicine is gone; he abandons it; he leaves the paths of practice, and in the midst of the uncertainty of medical science, furls his sail, casts anchor, and remains stationary in his unbelief.

In taking this resolution, the young doctor obeyed the voice of conscience, and from that day, put the cup of tribulation to his lips, and took his place at the mournful banquet of the doomed. All happiness forsook him, and it was not long before care, misery and poverty, knocked at the door of his home.

Hahnemann had eleven children by Henrietta Kuchler. It was a numerous family; too numerous for a poor man. And now, from what spring can he quench their thirst? What harvest will feed them when they are hungry?

It would seem that Genius, be it that of a Newton or an Archimedes, knows not how to make such calculations.

It is said that his wife did not bring any large amount of sweet temper as a dowry; that it was not necessary to press hard on her heart, to squeeze out a few drops of gall. What anguish this new Socrates must have suffered! How often he must have been drenched with the thunder-showers of his angry Xantippe!

The father applied himself to work for the support of

his children, and began his old business of translator ; it was by this tedious occupation that he sought both bread for his family, and consolation for his mind. He also published several small treatises, the fruit of his night watches and constant research.

When the misfortunes of life assail us, we doubly value the sympathy and help of our friends and relatives. This consolation was wanting to Hahnemann ; his friends misunderstood and forsook him ; his wife was opposed to his ideas, and carried on a civil war against him. He stood alone, the victim of misfortune, yet never of discouragement. But each day, one trouble succeeded another, sickness visited the abode of him who would no longer be a doctor ; his children were attacked by serious disease.

Picture to yourself a medical man, who, having practised for eight years, gives it up because he had no more faith in his system, at the time his children were ill ; throwing down his arms at the very moment, when he had to face the enemy that had come to attack his family !

Of this moment of extreme distress, of solemn aspiration to divine help, I will be silent. I would rather show you Hahnemann alone, plunged into deep meditation, and offering a fervent prayer to the God of consolation and truth. Contemplate the physician in his retirement, the father in his love ; see his thoughts rising heavenward !

“Where then find certain help? Darkness and desert surround me. No relief for my oppressed heart !

“Eight years of scrupulously careful practice, have shown me the nothingness of ordinary curative means. My sad experience has taught me but too well what may be expected from the advice of the greatest men.

"However, it is perhaps, in the very nature of medicine, as many great men have already said, to be unable to arrive at a very high degree of certainty.

"Blasphemy! Disgraceful thought! What! has not the infinite wisdom of that Spirit which animates the universe, been able to furnish means to relieve the suffering caused by disease, which has been permitted to afflict mankind!

"What! The sovereign paternal bounty of Him whom no name can worthily designate, who provides largely for the wants even of those small insects that are invisible to us, who sheds in profusion, life and well-being over all creation, would be capable of a tyrannical act, and unwilling that man, made in his own image, should, by the assistance of the Divine breath that penetrates and animates him, find in the immensity of created things, some means to rid his fellow-creatures from sufferings, often worse than death itself! He, the Father of all that exists, should see with indifference the martyrdom to which disease condemns the most cherished of his creatures, and not permit the genius of man, which, nevertheless makes every thing possible, to find a sure and easy way of considering diseases in their real point of view, and to interrogate medicine, in order to arrive at the knowledge of what in each case would be useful, and furnish a real and certain relief!

"I would renounce all the systems in the world, rather than admit such a blasphemy. No, there is a God, a wise God, who is goodness and wisdom itself. There must then, be some means created by Him, of looking at diseases in their real aspect, and of curing them with certainty, a means which is not hidden in endless abstractions, or in hypotheses where imagination alone plays a part.

"But how is it, that this method has not been discovered during the twenty or twenty-five centuries of men, calling themselves doctors?

"It is because it is too near and too easy, and because neither brilliant sophisms, nor seducing hypotheses are necessary to reach it.

"Well! since there must be a certain means of cure, as sure as there is a God, the wisest and best of beings, I will quit the barren field of ontological illustration; I will no longer listen to arbitrary opinions, with whatever art they may be reduced to system; I will no longer bow to the authority of celebrated names! But I will seek close around me, where must be this means, of which no one has dreamed, because it is too simple and does not appear learned enough; because it is not encircled with crowns for the masters in the art of building hypotheses, and scholastic abstractions."

Hahnemann had just received the spark of divine inspiration. He will seek it and find it It is so decreed above!

"It is thus," said he, "that I entered this new path." "I must," thought he, "observe the manner in which medicines act upon the human body, when it is in the repose of health. The changes which they then occasion, are not in vain, and must certainly mean something; otherwise, why do they take place at all? Perhaps this is the only language in which they can express to the observer, the end of their existence."

And this thought, at once simple and profound, began to work in the brain of the future reformer. Now one day, when translating the *Materia Medica* of Cullen, at the article *Cinchona (quinquina)* Hahnemann remarked the useless efforts made by science to explain the action of this most useful, and frequently employed

medicine. He sighed over the vain systems invented up to the present time, to discover the febrifuge qualities of this substance. Not a single ray enlightened the abyss of this question, although so simple !

His decision is made. Hahnemann is about to carry a torch into the darkness of past ages, and it was upon himself he tried the first experiment, destined to solve the mystery.

For several days he takes quinquina. His constitution is perfect, and his physiological crucible cannot belie his experiments ; he waits. One day a real attack of fever breaks out : first, the shivering ; then the heat ; then the sweat ; in a word, the three stages of fever manifest themselves in their most decided form.

With this fact before his eyes, Hahnemann sees the phantom of doubt appear before him. Like the old man operated upon by the illustrious Cheselden, he is dazzled with the sudden light of truth. But fearing to be the plaything of some perfidious deception, he hastens to communicate his observations to his colleagues, and humbly asks an interpretation. Some treat him as a visionary, others are persuaded he is mistaken, in attributing to quinquina, a fever that is undoubtedly due to some other cause. In France, what would our Academicians have said ? They would have attributed it all either to chance or to madness.

What is the best means of escaping from so dark a labyrinth ? They are very simple. Hahnemann tried the experiment again The same result. He repeats it several times upon some zealous persons, and under the most favourable circumstances The same result.

The fact then is clear, certain and true. The power of curing fevers is possessed by quinquina, only by virtue

of being able to produce them. Yes, here is a fact,—but from an isolated fact to the generalization of a principle, there is an immense abyss. A principle cannot rest upon any capricious exception; we must have a series of self-evident facts, before we have a right to announce it.

Hahnemann is about to clear this abyss. The impetus is given, the bound will be easy. He submits to the test of experiment upon the healthy subject, the best known and most usually employed medicines; such as sulphur, mercury, belladonna, nux vomica, &c., and this evidence always confirms the truth of the first fact. The genius doubts no longer, his eyes become accustomed to the light of truth. Like the ancient legislator of the Hebrews, Hahnemann had struck the rock of medicine, and the spring of true doctrine gushed forth. After having made experiments on the healthy subject, the future reformer was then obliged to try them on the sick one, and this he did. He applied to children and other persons the theory of *similars*, and had the happiness of curing them.

It was from this moment that Hahnemann weighed the anchor once cast on the shifting sands of incredulity, and embarked in the vessel of pure experiment, in search of a new medical world. By the aid of observations made upon the healthy body, he drew the symptomatic physiognomy of several medicines; some totally unknown to practice, others only used by the blindest empiricism.

' In the year 1800, a terrible epidemic of scarlatina, spreading over a great part of Germany, favoured the partial discoveries of Hahnemann. In experimenting with belladonna, he had found this medicine produced symptoms exactly similar to this disease; he at once

seized the idea of treating it by belladonna, and the results exceeded his hopes. A kind of intuition afterwards led him to give this medicine to several persons, as a preservative from the scourge, and he was happy to verify, by experience, that all these persons escaped the epidemic.

By that means he was convinced that belladonna is the preventive of scarlatina, as vaccine virus is of small pox. Allopathic physicians, notwithstanding all their disdain for our doctrine, have not failed to take advantage of this discovery and put it to good use.

When Hahnemann, for the first time, wished to handle the levers of the new machine that he was about to set in motion on the rails of progress, he proceeded with the utmost prudence. In his first experiments, he did not fail to take the most scrupulous precaution. Thus whether he gave remedies to persons in health, or administered them to the sick, he only employed small doses, so as to avoid, both too great a disorder in the system, and too severe pathological aggravation. He administered only small and diluted doses, such as the Allopaths give when they use venemous substances, as arsenic acid, belladonna, morphia, strychnine, and other dangerous alkaloids.

But Hahnemann very soon perceived, that notwithstanding these precautions, the doses generally distressed the patients, and even produced such violent aggravations of symptoms, that he was anxious to avoid them. Therefore he again diminished the doses, which were again followed by the same vital disturbance.

At last, by the force of observation, he was obliged to give only very small doses, and it was the rigorous exactitude necessary for the appreciation of the quantities he wished to prepare, which suggested the idea of mixing a drop of the mother tincture with alcohol for soluble

substances, and of submitting the insoluble to the process of trituration. In a word, he thus discovered the mechanism of the dynamisation of medicines, by making them pass through the infinite degrees of the divisibility of matter.

I have already given you some details respecting the preparation of these dilutions in another Conference, p. 177, I therefore need not advert to it again.

This then, is the manner in which Hahnemann discovered infinitesimal doses,—globules, which have been the laughing stock of those who did not understand them. He perceived, that medicines are not weakened in proportion as they become separated by division from their material envelope, but on the contrary, they acquire new properties, until then unknown.

Upon what base does the truth of infinitesimal doses rest? Upon experiment and observation. It was not Hahnemann that made the discovery, it was experiment and observation that revealed it to him. How then, can the incredulous persist in rejecting these solemn lessons?

Who can deny the existence of a sun, but he who was born blind!

The father of the new medical doctrine then, abandoned the path of old theories, and, whilst putting aside *specificism*, he saw that every morbid case manifested itself in its individual form, and every medicine was endowed with a characteristic physiognomy.—Rejecting all useless, traditional classifications, he recognised and proclaimed, the most absolute decentralization and individualization in pathology.

These are the elements of medical doctrine, to which Hahnemann gave the name of *Homœopathy*, a word, of which I have already given you the etymology.

Here are the four elements of our doctrine; consti-

tuent elements which produce all secondary, theoretical, and practical principles. Put yourself, in imagination, before a geographical map. At the NORTH place the principle of *similars*. The compass ought always to direct the practitioner to this pole, the needle of practice should ever indicate this point and end.

Place *pure experiment* to the SOUTH, on the EAST *the dynamisation* of medicines, to the WEST *the individualization* of morbid cases, and you will thus have the four cardinal points of Homœopathy.

If, after the discovery of his immortal doctrine, Hahnemann had been called away by death, he would not have carried his secret to the tomb, for he immediately made it a matter of conscience to publish his ideas, and to bequeath them to medical posterity. If, after his discovery, it had pleased God to remove him from this world, from what suffering would he have been spared! But the reformer must live on, and pass through the fire of tribulation, to accomplish his work. We know, genius and misfortune go always hand in hand.

As soon as Hahnemann had divulged the solution of the great medical problem, persecutions burst out on all sides, his friends abandoned him, physicians gave out that he had taken leave of his senses, and the chemists alarmed, opposed him in the most determined manner.

In Germany, as in France, the legal dispensing of medicines is reserved to special pharmaceutical establishments. I will not here examine whether medical men alone, ought not to possess the exclusive and sacred right of prescribing, preparing and dispensing their medicines? the law has spoken, *it is hard, but it is the law—dura lex, sed lex*. It is self-evident that Hahnemann in his first experiments, was obliged to make and give his own medicines. As a matter of course, no chemist was yet

able to make up his prescriptions ; it is equally certain, that none were worthy of his confidence, since they revolted against his ideas. He had a thousand reasons to distrust the offers which might have been made him by any one of them ; a thousand reasons to turn away from the kiss of a Judas, who would have sold him for less than thirty pieces of silver. •

Suppose indeed, that Hahnemann had entrusted his preparations to one of these chemists, what would have been the result ? He would probably have given out nothing but labelled lies. The voice of interest stifling that of conscience, both patients and doctor would have been deceived, and all this disgraceful commerce would but have been a multiplied theft, legally sheltered under a wrong name.

These considerations are certainly as evident as an axiom, as clear as a ray of truth : and yet they are every day disavowed : this is the way of the world. About four years ago, in a town in France, a Homœopathic doctor was attacked by the chemists, because he gave his *globules* to his patients. There was no chemist in the place furnished with Homœopathic remedies, and the doctor procured them from a special establishment in Paris. What more could he do ? Was he to draw water from an empty well ?

This lawsuit lasted four years ! By turns the law was favourable to both parties. The Supreme Court has lately decided the question ; the chemists gained the day, and the physician was condemned.

" Yes, here is a trial which we had the good fortune to lose.—Yes, certainly—the GOOD FORTUNE, I am not mistaken ; and I need not change the expression.

In fact, reflect for a moment. Here is a Supreme Court, which in a decision from which there is no appeal,

condemns every Homœopath to write his prescriptions, and to send them to a chemist's, like other doctors. What is here the intention of the law? Evidently, that chemists may not be deprived of the legal gain arising from the *sale* of medicines. Now, what is a sale? It is, by the terms of the Code Napoleon (article 1582) an agreement, by which one person undertakes to furnish something, and the other to pay for it. In this case what does the chemist give in exchange for the money of his customer? Homœopathic medicines. Then Homœopathic medicines are SOMETHING, since the law says that they *must* be bought.

Has a law ever been known to condemn any one for giving his money in exchange for—NOTHING?

The loss of this suit is then a positive triumph for Homœopathy. Does the Court know this? Do Allopathic physicians know it? No, they do not, since they boast in their journals of this sublime triumph.... The BLOCKHEADS! It is the second victory of Heraclea.

However, the chemists pursued Hahnemann with the arm of the law, and united together to put down the new doctrine. It was in consequence of these persecutions, that our master commenced a new series of migrations from town to town. It was at Georgenthal that Homœopathy was practised for the first time. How proud this little town should be, of having furnished a field for the first trial of this new medical doctrine! It will ever remember that it was honoured by the early rays of truth.

There was at this time, in a hospital of lunatics, founded by Duke Ernest of Gotha, a literary man named Klokenbring, who had lost his reason, in consequence of an epigram of Kotzebue's. The old system had been

unable to cure him, and every effort of the most noted Allopaths, had been powerless to restore the balance to this intelligent mind. Hahnemann directed his treatment to the cause which produced the disease, with complete success. By this triumph, he gave at once, both a lesson to the old method of treatment, and destroyed before hand the vain objections of our opponents, who accuse us of using only symptomatic medicine, to the detriment and neglect of the radical causes of the affection.

The rage of opposition pursued our master successively to Brunswick, Keingslutter, Hamburg, Eclemburg, and Torgau, up to 1811, when he returned to Leipsic for the third time.

Up to this time, the life of Hahnemann had in a great measure been passed in retirement. In his hours of tribulation, his mind never gave way to discouragement. Nor did he for a single moment, lose sight of the end he was to attain. In 1810, the edifice which time, far from destroying, will ever preserve, was laid on a solid foundation, defying all the old structures of ancient doctrine. At the end of four years of watchings and experiment, he published the first edition of the explanation of his method, under the title "*The Organon of Rational Medicine.*"

I would here address myself to the confirmed enemies of Homœopathy, and simply say, open this book, read, meditate profoundly on the truths it contains, and you will then see whether your hostility can remain as obstinate and as threatening.

It is related that the celebrated Boerhaave ordered in his will that all his writings should be burned, with the exception of a gilt-edged book, carefully shut up in his secretary. At the death of the professor, great was the haste of curiosity to break the seal, that protected the venerable folio. The sacred book contained nothing

but blank pages ! On the first leaf alone were inscribed these words, "*keep your head cool, your feet warm, your bowels open, and laugh at the doctors.*"

Preserve then, your sneers and jests for the first page of Boerhaave, even blush if you are a doctor, and keep down the veil that this satire has thrown over your face, until your conscience leads you to turn over the leaves of the *Organon of Rational Medicine*, where you will find the truth. Profit by this fact ; which may well teach you by the law of contrast.

The *Organon* of Hahnemann has already reached five German, and three French editions. It has been translated into every language of the civilized world, and it is no more in the power of any proud Erostratus, to condemn this finest monument of medical science to the flames.

When Hahnemann returned for the third time to Leipsic it was no longer as the poor student, nor the young doctor ; it was as the MASTER, the great chief of an immortal doctrine, the reformer of all medical traditions. It was no longer the humble man of letters lost in the crowd, the needy translator working in a garret ; it was the creative genius of the true therapeutical code.

Hahnemann has also produced other imperishable works. It would be tedious to enumerate them, or even to give a short analysis ; we will only mention his *Treatise on Chronic Diseases*, and his *Pure Materia Medica*. The latter, which has already reached several editions, is the most gigantic work ever given to the world by one man in a single life-time. There are six volumes, containing about 80,000 observations of infinitely varied symptoms, and capable of furnishing the most perfect pictures of corresponding diseases. Add to all these materials, the new stones brought by his disciples to the building, and

you may form some idea of the riches of our *Materia Medica*, riches which will stand out with the greater force of contrast, when compared with the old *Materia Medica*, which, satire a part, may be contained in the first page^d of the mysterious folio of Boerhaave.

Up to 1820, Hahnemann trod the path of his sad destiny, without giving way to discouragement. The waves of opposition always arose together with those of his success; but ever tranquil and firm amidst the winds of persecution, he was content to fly, and went thus from place to place, to meet with fresh contempt.

It is related of Aristotle, the prince of philosophers, that being exposed after the death of Alexander, to the attacks and calumnies of his jealous enemies, he found himself accused of impiety, and left Athens without waiting for his judgment, in order to spare the Athenians, already guilty of the death of Socrates, a new outrage against philosophy. How many times did Hahnemann, abandoning the cities that loaded him with abuse, imitate the prudent conduct of the celebrated Greek philosopher, and spare his enemies a fresh crime against the purest vision of truth?

In the midst of the most universal and capricious opposition, there is ever some choice mind that does not close its eyes to the light of progress. For some time Duke Ferdinand had offered an asylum to the persecuted innovator, at Anhalt-Köthen. Worn out with so many tribulations, Hahnemann at last accepted the powerful protection of the Duke, that he might shelter himself from insult, and find a little rest and liberty.

But alas! men are everywhere evil, and in passing through the world, Truth can but seldom find a place of repose.

In this small town, the storm was more violent,

calumny more turbulent, and the fire of criticism burned fiercer than ever. Notwithstanding the protection of the Duke and that of the law, jealousy, did not the less persevere in laying its ambushes, and no barrier was able to stand against the waves of opposition. It was not only a struggle against the animosity of doctors and druggists ; all the elements of hatred burst over the head of the reformer. In addition to raillery, abuse, and the grossest insults, the populace committed the most scandalous excesses. They even went so far as to attack his dwelling, and throw stones at his windows.

This time the heart of Hahnemann was bowed down with sorrow, and such disgust took possession of his mind, that he resolved to retire from public life. His house became a solitary retreat, where for fifteen years, he pondered over the truth of science, like the ancient anchorites of Thebais, who were always meditating on divine truths. Chagrin and disgust might for a moment depress his spirit, but discouragement could never gain the mastery ; his mind was cast in too high a mould ever to be broken down by the blows of misfortune.

He never replied to personal insults, his mind was too elevated for them to reach. He always passed over the raillery, libels or sarcasms of the public journals, and the breath of calumny could never ruffle the surface of his self-possession. When his friends complained of the little heed he took of his reputation, "*Am I not,*" said he to them, "*the same man you have always known ?*" "*I was then worshipped, now I am reviled ; why should I be more sensible of unjust reproach, than I was of merited praise ?*"

For men of genius, the past is nothing ; even the present is but little. Their eagle eye alone sweeps the boundless horizon of the future. Hahnemann, in his

profound meditations, might have said what Oliver Cromwell wrote one day to Colonel Norton, "*I know that God has been above all ill reports, and will in His own time vindicate me.*"

What was the motive of the dignified silence of the reformer? He himself tells us in these judicious reflections.

"The truly wise trample ill-natured prejudice under foot, to make way for eternal truth, which needs neither the rust of time, the attractions of novelty or fashion, nor the declamations of the spirit of system to ensure a good reception.

"It was necessary for some one to enter the lists, and I have done it.

"The path is now marked out. All conscientious men may follow it.

" Refute these truths if you can, by showing a curative means more efficacious, sure, and agreeable than my own; but not by words, of which we have already too many."

"But if experience proves to you, as to me, that my method is the best, make use of it to cure and to save your fellow creatures, and give God the glory."

This is the great meaning of Hahnemann's silence. You saw in the sanctuary of the temple of Hippocrates the strife of the various systems. Paracelsus would dethrone Galen; humourism destroys solidism; the celebrated dichotomy of Brown is overturned by the ephemeral *organicism* of Broussais; and this fiery head of his school, became converted at his death to Homœopathy, whose globules he did not blush to accept.

Here is the ebb and flow of the systems; one wave follows and rolls over another, and then disappears; it is the absolute law that governs the fluctuation of hypothesis and theory.

It was with great reason that Xavier de Maistre said—
“Every writer who confines himself within the circle of strict logic, fails in duty to no man. There is but one kind of vengeance which can be honourably employed against him, that is to reason better than he.”

Hahnemann then, waited in calm and silence, for a new doctrine whose brighter truth should obscure his own. This doctrine did not appear, has not yet appeared, and never will do. The Allopaths are free to have waited 4000 years, and to wait on, in expectation of their Messiah. Like the ancient Jewish nation, they may wait—as to us, we wait no longer. We have seen the Messiah of true medicine, and we are ready to become the martyrs of his faith. We shall have our time of persecution,—our Neros, Trajans and Dioclesians ; but we shall have the triumph of the future.

We must not however think, that the illustrious exile was not visited in his retreat, by the pilgrims of suffering and pain. Truth has an expansive force, which triumphs over the most obstinate opposition. Hahnemann soon saw his modest study crowded with patients of all kinds, especially those suffering from diseases which had been given over by the imperfect skill of his enemies. He was delighted to receive them, and some remarkable cures that he performed upon those who had been condemned by the old school, were the first sparks from a vast focus, which soon spread into all the neighbouring countries. His practice became immense, and it is a remarkable fact, that it was by curing several medical men of affections which the old method had left unrelieved, that he made the most zealous and enlightened disciples. It was thus, after their cure and conversion, Dr. Necker, Aegidi and Petersen became the apostles of Homœopathy.

Towards this period, (1827), Henrietta Kuchler died, leaving Hahnemann with a numerous family. We ought to say, for the justification of this lady, that long before her death, she had made his fire-side happy, and at last devoted herself to the comfort of that man whom she had at one time misunderstood and tormented.

During the widowhood of Hahnemann, a young lady from Paris, Mademoiselle Mélanie d'Hervilly, went to Kœthen, to seek advice for a disease which had been pronounced incurable. Homœopathy restored her, and this young person of good family and fortune, and very accomplished, married Hahnemann, then 79 years of age. The marriage was celebrated on the 18th January, 1835.

This event brings us to the last period of the life of our illustrious master. At the instigation of his young wife, he left Germany, and chose France for his last country. The 25th June, 1835, Hahnemann arrived at Paris, the last stage of his painful and too numerous peregrinations.

Reflect here for one moment upon the caprice of circumstances, the changeable character of the common people, and the blindness of fortune.

What was to be expected from the inhabitants of Kœthen, on learning that the illustrious exile was leaving his retreat? One may here admire the great power and expansiveness of truth! A crowd assembles, and would retain him by force. Fifteen years before, there was the rage of opposition; now, there is the fury of enthusiasm: then—the billows of jealousy that would submerge the innovator—now, the waves of admiration and gratitude that would enclose and retain the benefactor.

Strange caprice of human affairs

Hahnemann was obliged to set out by night, in order to escape the importunity of a populace, that formerly would fain have stoned him, to shun the solicitations of his fellow citizens who, at one time would have contended for the honour of furnishing the hammer and nails for his crucifixion.

Strange caprice of human affairs!

On arriving at Paris, Hahnemann found some disciples who already practised his doctrine. But alas! they were few and unknown. The first care of the Master was to ask for permission to practise, which was immediately granted; this is by no means singular. He then demanded authorization to submit his doctrine to public and legal proofs; but it was immediately refused, neither was this surprising. It is the fate of every truth coming into the world.

I would now revert to an idea which I well remember to have developed in one of our early Conferences; nevertheless, I would again enounce this simple observation. It will not be useless, and the subject is worth the trouble. Hahnemann and his disciples have asked, and still ask for their share in the sun of public instruction—this share has been refused; the reason is simple;—who are consulted in these transactions? Physicians, professors already installed in their chairs. This is natural, for we cannot apply to a council of lawyers for judgment on a medical doctrine. Now, all these professors are interested in keeping back Homœopathy from public teaching; that is also evident, therefore in this judgment given with *closed doors*, they are, both judges and clients, which is contrary to all possible law.

Permit me to illustrate this by an example.

Let us suppose that when it was a question of introducing steam communication into France, the post-

masters had been requested to meet in order to decide *for* or *against* railways: you would immediately guess their decision; they would have rejected locomotives to keep up their stage coaches. Now, in the question of Homœopathy, do you expect the old professors would be more self-denying than these post masters?

Patience! "there's a good time coming."

When St. Paul arrived at Ephesus, his zeal and preaching were the means of a great many conversions. Now in this city, there was a famous temple dedicated to the worship of Diana, and the goldsmiths manufactured little images of the temple and statues of the goddess. These works in silver seduced the superstitious people, who had long been the victims of the most unjust imposition. But, in proportion as the Apostle of the Gentiles opened the eyes of this deluded people, the worship of the goddess diminished, and the sale of her image and temple decreased along with the superstition. One Demetrius, seeing this, assembled the goldsmiths of the city, and said to them: "Sirs; ye know that by this craft we have our wealth; but if we let this man persuade the people any more, it is in danger to be set at nought." The advice seemed just and good, the populace rose up against the Apostle, they sought to give him to the wild beasts in the Amphitheatre, and St. Paul was forced to leave for Macedonia.

Has all this hindered the progress of Christianity?

The disciples of Hahnemann became re-animated with his own zeal, and he laboured to the end of his life, to bequeath to them the largest possible share of the treasure of truth. Notwithstanding his great age, he preserved his intellect unimpaired to his last hour. Death did but close his mind, as we shut a book when it has been read.

Samuel Hahnemann died the 2nd July, 1843.

He is dead! The man and his doctrine are in the balance of destiny. What will be the future of the man? what that of the doctrine?

"I am leaving just at the moment when the play is becoming interesting," said Gay-Lussac on his death-bed; *"a few years from this time, and the genius of man will have changed the face of the world. Could I but take a return ticket, and as a simple spectator of things, live out of pure curiosity!"*

This is what you might have said, O immortal Hahnemann! Some years hence your genius will have changed the face of the world, and looking down, you will see the irradiation of your doctrine in all the countries of the universe!

Hahnemann has his statue, as you are aware, but that does not protect him from the shafts of criticism. Criticism always fixes upon great men, and its flames are destined for their purification. Our illustrious master had to pass through this fire. Unable to attack the foundation of his doctrine, the world has reproached Hahnemann with having invented nothing at all. They would wish to attribute *the principle of similars* to Hippocrates, *the dynamization of medicines* to Paracelsus, *the science of symptomatology* to Aretæus, and the different elements of our doctrine, to other celebrated theorists, ancient and modern.

What would they wish to prove by all these arguments?

I have already said, man invents nothing in the radical acceptance of the term; truths are eternal; the glory of a man of genius is not to create them, but to combine, and to associate them into a body of doctrine;—in this consists the merit of Hahnemann. Had any

one before him, rallying round him other correlative and dependent principles, established all the elements that compose his doctrine on fixed principles? That the materials existed, is perhaps true, but who, before him, had constituted them a UNITY?

Has any one ever thought of blaming Leibnitz because he did not invent figures?—Or Newton, for not having invented the stars?—Galileo, the earth and the sun?—Christopher Columbus, America?—Harvey, the blood?—Cuvier, the races of men and animals?—Arago, the electric spark whose current magnetises iron?—Or indeed any man of genius, for not having invented the principles of which he demonstrates the new developments?

Hahnemann has also been reproached for not understanding anatomy. But what connection is there between anatomy and his doctrine? Besides, what particular merit is there in knowing the different parts of the human body? Is there any credit in being acquainted with geography, or a description of the earth? It is but an affair of time and memory. This is why, *surgical genius apart*, a skilful workman is worth quite as much as a good surgeon.

People have gone so far as to reproach the father of Homœopathy for not knowing physiology.—You have seen that he was accused of being ignorant even of chemistry. Those who raise these objections simply prove they have not read his works. Such men do not merit a refutation; let them slumber on in their ignorance, or their blindness. Pascal has said: "*Our own interest is a wonderful instrument for putting out one's eyes in an agreeable manner.*"

It has also been said, that the Master of the new school was of a hard, severe, and unamiable disposition.

Those who knew his private life, and especially his religious sentiments, would be profoundly indignant at so base a calumny.

At one period, we saw that Hahnemann lived by his translations. Well! It has been said that at Paris, he required an interpreter and secretary, to communicate with his patients. Persons have ingeniously tried to draw between him and strangers, the curtain behind which Aristotle hid himself from the eyes of new disciples. To dare to bring such an accusation against a man who had translated French works, and married a French woman! That also needs no refutation.

It has also been asserted, that Hahnemann went to Paris solely from the desire of gain, and that when he left Germany, he intended to tithe the purses of the French. If that were the case, he might be reproached for having been unsuccessful. At his death, he did not leave the 7,000,000 francs of Dupuytren, nor the 4,000,000 of Boerhaave, for he did not even gain the 100,000 francs of Chomel or Ricord.

Finally, calumny has invented the report, that our illustrious master lost his senses, and died in a lunatic asylum. Professor Requin, profiting perhaps by this idea, has drawn a picture of the innovator, in which he has made a prodigal use of the strongest colours. Without the slightest reserve, he comes to the conclusion, that Hahnemann had a perverted mind, that he uttered nothing but sophisms, paralogisms and paradoxes; that his discovery had but tended to make a great scandal—in fact, that he was but a vain man, a quack and a madman!

Mons. Requin has only proved how low the passionate

love for a high dignity can stoop, when it sees itself menaced upon its throne by a rival power.

*Tantæne animis cœlestibus ira.**

Our doctrine has never been alarmed by this rage, which even the school represented by M^{ons}. Requin has repelled.

Le flot qui l'apporta recule épouvanté.†

'Hahnemann is dead, and these are the shafts that calumny is pleased to throw against his statue! But they all fall blunted on the pedestal.

I will content myself with recalling to the mind of these calumniators, the person of whom Madamede Sévigné speaks, who, being condemned to be hung in effigy, was present at his own execution, and said coldly to the hangman, "You see that this ugly bedaubed little mannikin, is not in the least like me!"

Must I speak of the writings that jealousy pours forth against our doctrine? From time to time we see these libels spring up and die, like a web that spiders weave round the oak. Let them pass. . . . It needs but a breath to disperse them.

But a few days since, one of these libels was brought us on the waves of calumny—let us leave it on the shore. Born of the foam of the wave, it will last as long as the foam, and will disappear with the wave.

It is a happy thing for our doctrine, that our enemies

* Can so much rage enter the tooth of a Requin? (*shark*.)

† "The wave which brought him, rushes back aghast."

do send forth such publications into the world, for thus they take upon themselves to prove to those who wish to know it, that they do not understand that of which they pretend to judge. What do they do? They constitute themselves the echoes of all that ignorance or jealousy can say against Homœopathy.

What ought we to do?

— Let them sleep on. • “*There is nothing so dangerous,*” says Lamartine, “*as reasoning with echoes, for they are not responsible for what they say.*” If we were to go to the root of the matter, we might find that the authors of all these libels are but like a new Erostratus, who would go down to posterity by burning the temple of Ephesus.

Believe me, it is better to leave them in oblivion.

Our Conferences are now ended. May they effect all the good I have wished—this is what I ask from the Almighty. I shall probably have only spoken in the desert; but—as a learned journalist has said—even when we cry in the desert, we are heard by God and our conscience!

THE END.

PRICE ONE SHILLING,
THE RIGHTS OF MAN IN THE DOMAIN
OF MEDICINE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
DR. MICHEL GRANIER,
(OF NIMES.)

BY H. E. WILKINSON, AND C. A. C. CLARK,
(By the special authorization of the Author.)

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FOREIGN JOURNALS.

DR. GRANIER has already appeared before us as the Author of the CONFERENCES UPON HOMŒOPATHY. . . . Without having to pass through a long training, he at once entered the lists as one of the most eloquent and zealous advocates of the new doctrine. That work was a masterpiece. . . . A new book has just appeared that bears the stamp of the same hand. We feel in reading it that it is the development of a pre-conceived and well arranged idea; but if these two works resemble each other, as children of the same father, if the same spirit animate both, they each have their distinctive character and physiognomy.

The *first* is a scientific work; a discussion within the circle of medical theories—the *second* is philosophical.

The *Conferences* wrestle with the old school, and describe its evolutions within the sphere of doctrine—the *Rights* establish the charter of Homœopathy.

The *Conferences* protest in the name of a despised truth, and a rejected reform—the *Rights* protest in the name of the man and the citizen.

The *first* is the Physician—the *second* the Lawyer. The *first* is the Code of Medical procedure—the *second*, the Code of Civil procedure. . . .

This work is an example of the most vigorous power, and the coolest logic. . . . It is a piece of literary sculpture. It is not a pen that writes, but a dissecting knife which probes into the very quick. . . . It lays the axe to the root of the tree, and strikes at the very foundation of medical society. The citizen here claims his direct and absolute rights, in return for the corresponding duties which he fulfils. Works like these have the power of causing a revolution in opinion. . . . This book will be a lasting monument to Homœopathy. It is its most spirited defence, and most vigorous plea—the lever which will move the rock which weighs upon its bosom. An arrow has been shot into the heart of the question that can never be drawn out—From *L'Opinion du Midi*. Dec. 4th, 1859. AL-
PHONSE GAZAT.

DR. MICHEL GRANIER, the brilliant Author of the *CONFERENCES UPON HOMŒOPATHY*, has just published a new work, called the *RIGHTS OF MAN IN THE DOMAIN OF MEDICINE*.

The observations made by the Author, on the actual position of Homœopathic practitioners and their patients, merit the serious attention of statesmen, and those whose study it is to correct the abuses that have crept into medical economy, since a large body of medical men, and a hundred times more patients, have ceased to make use of the old system of medicine.

Looking at the civil equality of citizens in the eye of the law, he demands that the state should give to the partisans of Homœopathy the rights of having Professorships in the Schools of Medicine, and of there proclaiming their doctrines, in return for the funds, which they, in common with others, contribute towards the support of Medical Schools.

This new work of Dr. GRANIER's, is written with that learning and irresistible power of argument that is so admirable in his *CONFERENCES*. It will be read and approved by all who love justice and liberty of opinion. We trust that these eloquent protestations of our French brother may be heard by those whose duty it is to listen, and that he will never cease to call public attention to his just demands. . . . In France, as elsewhere, public opinion must at last gain the victory.—From *l'Homœopathe Belge*. December 1, 1859.

We learn with pleasure that a new work has just appeared by the Author of *CONFERENCES UPON HOMŒOPATHY*, entitled, the *RIGHTS OF MAN IN THE DOMAIN OF MEDICINE*.

With unanswerable arguments, Dr. GRANIER shews that it is the duty of the state to give Homœopaths a right to occupy a place in the Medical Schools, and there discuss the principles of their doctrine.—From the *Allgemeine Homœopathische Zeitung*. December 12. 1859.

Another good Book from the pen of our indefatigable and learned friend. With unanswerable arguments, drawn from a careful study of law, the Author carries to the minds of his readers his own profound convictions of the absolute lawfulness of our rights as soldiers of the scientific army. He lays particular stress upon our position, as subjects of the same empire with our Allopathic brethren, as well as other tax-payers. . . . What opposition could be offered to arguments thus propounded, or what scientific society could be legally established without them; or if it already existed, how could it reasonably continue to oppose the application of these rights to a new doctrine, presenting itself thus strongly armed with equal titles? . . . It is easy to see that this work has required immense research. It is a grand fundamental and noble idea, which at once obliges the reader, of whatever shade of opinion, to concur with us in profound admiration of our eloquent and learned friend. . . . From the *Journal de la Société Gallicane*. Jan., 1860.—DR. F. PERRUSSEL.

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